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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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GOOD RECIPES *Help the* YEARS ROLL BY

Centenarians Reveal Cooking Secrets

Three of Australia's oldest women to-day give you their favorite recipes—beloved cooking formulas that have helped sustain each of them for over a century.

EACH of the three has witnessed great marvels in the 36,000 or more days that have passed them by—railways, telephones, electricity, new home ideas, cars, radio, aeroplanes, each and all influencing home and community life directly and indirectly.

Maybe their recipes will help spin out the years for you—enabling you to see some of the new wonders destined to rejuvenate the world between now and the year 2037.

The combined ages of the three women total over 312 years.

Outstanding in the trio is Mrs. Sarah Musgrave, Australia's oldest woman, who has just celebrated her 107th birthday.

Then there is Mrs. Elizabeth Anne Tremayne Andrews, of Geelong, Victoria, who was born at Cornwall 105 years ago.

Mrs. B. J. Curry, of Adelaide, is the juvenile of the bunch. She's merely 100, "nearing 101."

The ages of the three goes to prove you don't have to be a millionaire to reach a century of life, with all its joys and sorrows and wonders—not the least interesting of which is food.

Now, compare their culinary likings.

Popular Dishes

"I THINK cooking is one of those things that alters very little," said Mrs. Musgrave, whose home is at Auburn, N.S.W.

"The dishes and puddings and soups that were popular when I was a girl are the same as those that are being served now. I have noticed no change worth talking about.

"Baked dishes and roasts have always been great Australian foods," she added, "and there's nothing like a camp oven to cook them in. Although, mind you, those wood ovens were so hot in the summer that they nearly roasted the cook as well as the food.

"I always baked my own bread, and everybody in the Young district, where I lived, said they had never tasted bread like it. I had a special recipe." Here it is:

Bread Recipe

Ingredients: 3lb. plain flour, 2 tablespoons of brewer's yeast, 2 tablespoons of salt, 1 teaspoon of sugar, 1½ pints of tepid water.

Method: Cream the yeast with the sugar and add a gill of tepid water (be careful that it is not too hot or the bread will become heavy). Mix the salt and the flour, place in a bowl, make a hole in the centre, and pour into it the yeast.

Mix in the rest of the water and then knead the dough for 10 minutes. Cover with a cloth and leave for half an hour to allow it to rise.

Then divide into loaves of the required size and bake in a moderate oven for 1 to 1½ hours according to the size of the loaves.

Only a few years ago Mrs. Musgrave gave up cooking the Christmas plum pudding for members of her family who used to visit her at the Christmas season. Her recipe for this is:

Christmas Pudding Recipe

Ingredients: One and a half pounds finely-shredded suet, 1lb. sugar, 1lb. raisins, 1lb. plums (cut in halves), 4oz. candied lemon peel (in thin strips), 1 teaspoonful of spice, 1 small nutmeg, 2 teaspoons of salt, 1lb. breadcrumbs, 1lb. flour, 1lb. eggs (weighed in their shells), ½ pint of milk, 1 wineglassful brandy.

Mix all the dry ingredients together. Beat the eggs to a froth, add the milk and brandy and mix with the dry ingredients.

Let the mixture stand for twelve hours and then put in a buttered mould, tie down with a cloth and boil for 8 hours.

It should then be kept for a few days and boiled again for 2 hours before serving.

MRS. ELIZABETH ANNE TREMAYNE ANDREWS, Victoria's oldest lady, came to Australia with her parents and nine brothers and sisters on February 11, 1849.

Though she is nearly 105, and has borne thirteen children, Mrs. Andrews is hale and hearty.

The rest of the family meals are not altered in any way for her. She enjoys them all, particularly afternoon tea, when relatives and friends are often with her.

She never drinks less than three cups of tea at a sitting, whether morning tea, lunch or afternoon tea.

Her Cake Recipe

Here is a cake recipe she used for many years:

10 eggs, ½lb. sugar, 1lb. butter, 1lb. plain flour, 1 teaspoon carb. soda, ½ teaspoon cream of tartar, 1lb. sultanas, 1lb. currants, ½lb. lemon peel, 1 cup crystallised cherries, 1 cup blanched almonds, a little essence, 1 wineglass water, 1 grated nutmeg.

Beat butter and sugar to cream, add well-beaten yolks, then whites of eggs also well beaten, then flour, nutmeg, cream of tartar and soda, which have already been mixed together. Next comes fruit, and last, water.

Bake 4 hours in slow oven.

Mrs. Andrews has many favorite dishes, including roast beef underdone, and the extract of beef her daughter serves her. She is fond of lamb chops grilled with mushroom ketchup. The ketchup is home-made by her daughter, when mushrooms are plentiful.

Apple tart with plenty of cream is another dish, but otherwise Mrs. Andrews prefers cheese or tomato sandwiches to sweets.

AND here's Mrs. Curry's formulas.

"My advice to cooks, even household ones, is to learn French. Then they can make the most homely dishes sound exciting," she says.

Fried bread is her favorite breakfast food—but it must be cooked just the way she likes it.

The filling is comprised of slices of pork fat, with hardly a streak of lean, and a little salt and pepper.

Here are some of her recipes:—

Cake Custard

Ingredients: Stale bread or cake, one egg, few currants or caraway seeds, white or brown sugar, nutmeg, milk.

Method: Beat the egg and sugar with a little milk, put in the cut-up bread or stale cake, and beat it a little more, throw in the currants, add spices, sprinkle a little more sugar and some nutmeg on the top, put into little basins and bake for five or six minutes. The milk and egg form a little custard at the bottom of the dish.

Creme de Fromage

Prepare some rather thick slices of toast and cut them into fingers all of a size and shape. Arrange some of them in a fireproof dish (a square brown dish with fairly high sides is the best for the purpose) and pour a liberal quantity of cream over.

Stew thickly with grated cheese and season highly with pepper and salt. Then add a second and a third layer of toast, cream, cheese and flavoring, ending with a rather larger quantity of cream and cheese.

Place the dish in a tin of hot water and cover with a tin or a sheet of greased paper and bake in a moderate oven for about 10 minutes. The amount of cream must be liberal, but when you consider the savory has no eggs, it is not more expensive than most.

Macaroni Rissoles

Ingredients: 2oz. macaroni, 1oz. grated cheese, the yolk of one egg, pepper and salt, egg and fine breadcrumbs, one gill of good white sauce.

Method: Boil the macaroni, drain and cut it into small pieces. Put it into a saucepan with the sauce, grated cheese, the egg yolk, pepper and salt. Cook for a few minutes. When cold form into balls, roll in egg and breadcrumbs and fry.

A WOMAN views the wonders of one hundred years, thinks of the next hundred with all their unrevealed splendors and sighs for the secret of longevity which the centenarians mentioned on this page seem to have found. Was it in their recipes?

Don't Overeat—Live Longer!

MRS. CURRY, Adelaide's centenarian, has definite ideas of the value of good diet as an aid to long life.

"If there is anything you like particularly—don't have it!" she said determinedly, "for if you like anything too much you overeat, and that is where the danger of diet lies."

Day's hike revealed her secret

"FILMINESS"—that's the unique quality of Erasmic—gives your complexion *glamour*.

ERASMIC FACE POWDER

Erasmic Vanishing Cream—2/6 Jar, 1/- Tube. Greaseless, delicately perfumed.
Erasmic Cold Cream—2/6 Jar—for your nightly beauty treatment.

1/- PER BOX

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND LEADING STORES

Let's Talk Of *Interesting* People

—Broothorn.

National Y.W.C.A. President

MRS. J. G. POTT, national president of the Y.W.C.A., resident in Melbourne, will have visited all the States when she journeys to Queensland next month. She will also attend the triennial convention in Newcastle, N.S.W., in October.

Mrs. Pott attended the world Y.W.C.A. Regional Conference at Colombo last year, and is a former delegate to the Pan-Pacific Conference. She served throughout the war with the V.A.D's, and was mentioned in despatches.

Viennese Pianist

PAUL SCHRAMM, distinguished Viennese pianist, who arrived recently from the Dutch East Indies, where he has spent the past four years, has signed a contract with the Australian Broadcasting Commission for a tour of National stations. In Java, he founded the Batavian Symphony Orchestra, and composed and conducted the music for the first Javanese all-talkie film, "Pareh."

—Falk.

Leader of Delegation

MRS. J. W. C. BEVERIDGE, of Billabong, Gundagai, chairman of the N.S.W. delegation to the fourth Pan-Pacific Women's Conference, which opens in Vancouver next week, has worked actively for the Pan-Pacific Women's Union. She is a well-known personality in the Country Women's Association, of which she has been vice-president for many years.

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GIVING AWAY £500 *For* RECIPES

Alluring Easy New Competition Open To All—FREE

SPECTACULAR ARRAY OF CASH PRIZES

The richest, jolliest, most alluring recipe competition ever launched in Australia is announced to-day by The Australian Women's Weekly.

Readers are invited to submit their best recipes for cakes, puddings, sweets, dinner dishes, jams, jellies, and preserved fruits.

The spectacular array of prizes includes one of £100, four of £50 each, and 200 consolation prizes of £1 each—a total of £500 to be divided among Australia's housewives.

PRIZES will be awarded for the best recipes submitted in each of four main sections, as follows:—

(1) Cake recipes.
(2) Economical dinner menu.
(3) Puddings and sweets.
(4) Jam, jelly or preserved fruits.

Pick of the prize list is the £100 offered for the best cake recipe. Just imagine it! £100 for one recipe!

Then there's £50 for the best pudding recipe or sweets dish; £50 for recipes for preparing an economical family dinner; £50 for the best recipe for jam or jelly or preserved fruits.

And 200 consolation prizes of £1.

The amazing liberality of this offer is but another indication of how, always, The Australian Women's Weekly has given a lead in newspaper progress. First with free novels, first with knitting books, first with art-gravure color printing . . . these are a few of its successes.

Now it is first to give readers the most spectacular, most generous recipe competition they have ever had a chance to enter in any newspaper.

The competition will remain open until September, when all the entries will be carefully judged by a special committee of cooking experts, and the winners of the £500 chosen. The actual closing date will be announced later.

Each week until the closing date a selection of the entries will be published, £1 being awarded for what is considered the best in that week, and 2/6 for any others published. This will replace the ordinary weekly Best Recipes competition, which will be resumed when the £500 Competition is concluded.

These weekly awards will be quite separate from and independent of the £500 prizes and will not influence the final judging and allocation of big prizes and consolations.

Chance For All

WHAT is your idea of how to make the best cake? Or the best sweets and puddings?

What would you provide for a dinner menu? What is your most cherished recipe for jam or jelly, or preserved fruits?

These are the questions to be answered in this unique recipe competition.

Readers have only to write down the details of their recipes and post them to The Australian Women's Weekly. There is no entrance fee.

Pen and paper, a few minutes' thought, a two-penny stamp . . . these are the simple ingredients that may win you a share of the £500 prize money.

FOOD is a subject in which we are all interested and about which we should all know more.

This competition is designed to provide an exchange of ideas about the cooking of food that will be a source of public benefit.

Through this competition our housewives can show that actually the standard of recipes and home-cooking here is unsurpassed anywhere else in the world, and that our women—and men also—have a keen appreciation of the value of good, wholesome, well-prepared food.

Australia's richest cooking plum is within easy reach, and everyone has a chance of getting a bit. It is a veritable feast of golden prizes—the shining rainbow over the kitchen! Everyone is invited to send along an entry—the quicker the better.

Professional cooks and caterers are not eligible to enter the competition, which is restricted to home cooks and the members of the household.

All who enter must be regular readers of The Australian Women's Weekly, and entries must be accompanied by the coupons printed below.

Full Conditions and Prize List

1. BEST CAKE RECIPE

First Prize.. **£100** Second Prize.. **£50**

Fifty Consolation Prizes of £1 each.

Recipes may be submitted for any type of cake, plain or fancy.

2. ECONOMICAL DINNER

First Prize **£50**

Fifty Consolation Prizes of £1 each.

Recipes in this section may provide for either two or three course dinners, sufficient for a family of four. Recipes for each dish should be given. Points will be awarded for economy of planning.

3. PUDDING OR SWEETS DISH

First Prize **£50**

Fifty Consolation Prizes of £1 each.

The recipe for this dish should be sufficient for a family of four. Any type of pudding or sweets dish is eligible.

4. JAM, JELLY, PRESERVES

First Prize **£50**

Fifty Consolation Prizes of £1 each.

Recipes may be submitted for any type of jam or jelly or preserved fruits.

COMPETITION RULES

ONLY those entries which are submitted according to the rules are eligible.

Readers may send in as many recipes as they like, but each must be accompanied by one of the coupons printed on this page. Four coupons will be printed each week until the competition closes in September.

There is no objection to readers submitting, for example, two or more cake recipes, but a No. 1 coupon must be attached to each extra entry. The same procedure applies to extra entries in other sections.

Readers may save their coupons and submit all their entries at a later stage in the competition.

Entries submitted now, however, are eligible for consideration in the weekly prize awards referred to earlier.

Write your recipe or letter clearly on one side of the paper only, in ink or typed. Not in pencil.

Sign name and address CLEARLY on each recipe.

Give exact weights or measurements in level cups, tablespoons, and teaspoons; not rounding, heaping, or scant measurements.

List ingredients accurately in the order in which they are used. Directions must be clear, complete, and concise.

If recipes are taken from books or current magazines and newspapers please make this clear, giving name of publication.

Points will be awarded for recipes which are original, practical and economical.

The decision of the Editor will be final. No entries will be returned and no correspondence can be entered into concerning recipes.

All recipes submitted become the property of The Australian Women's Weekly, which reserves the right to print or publish any of them on payment of 2/6 per recipe.

USE THESE COUPONS

You MUST cut out these coupons and attach one to each entry in the £500 Recipe Competition:

1. BEST CAKE RECIPE.
Is this your own recipe? .....
State on the recipe when and where you originally got it.
10/7/'37

2. ECONOMICAL DINNER RECIPE.
Is this your own recipe? .. ....
State on the recipe when and where you originally got it.
10/7/'37

3. PUDDINGS AND SWEETS.
Is this your own recipe? .. ....
State on the recipe when and where you originally got it.
10/7/'37

4. JAMS, JELLIES, PRESERVED FRUITS.
Is this your own recipe? .. ....
State on the recipe when and where you originally got it.
10/7/'37

REMEMBER

Your full name and address must be written on each recipe. Address entries: £500 Recipe Competition, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 1551E, G.P.O., Sydney

16 PAGES OF COOKERY—See Centre Pages

Here is Proof! THAT YOU CAN GROW NEW HAIR!!

QUICK HAIR GROWTH!

£1000 GUARANTEE

We guarantee that all testimonials published in this announcement are genuine extracts from reports received, and that we have hundreds more on file open for inspection.

Was Bald for 16 Years Hair Now Growing

"Hair has started to grow over parts which have been bald for 16 years." (Signed) G. L. Horton, S.A.

HURRY!—For this Sensational Offer!

NOW you can test it yourself—try this famous treatment in your own home—under any condition you like, and if it doesn't grow new hair, rid your dandruff, or any other hair trouble you suffer from, within 60 days, it COSTS YOU NOTHING! Not one penny! But you must hurry, this offer may never be repeated. It places you under no obligation, and all you have to do is to post that coupon NOW for particulars.

NEW DISCOVERY ABOUT HAIR

IT does not matter if your hair is falling out, if you are fast going bald—or what you have tried. You have not used the SHORT method. Hundreds of people who had tried all kinds of "boosts" found their hair falling out in handfuls and were fast going bald. But now their hair is thick and lustrous—thanks to the important discovery that—

TONICS WILL NEVER GROW HAIR

THEY never have—because it is impossible while the scalp remains in a choked condition. There is one underlying principle that stimulates New Hair Growth—that principle is involved in the New Murobhon Treatment. It's a new way—entirely different and successful. It approaches baldness, falling hair, etc., from a new angle. With it you can stop your hair troubles overnight or it won't cost you one penny! POST THE COUPON NOW!

GENUINE PROOF!

"You asked me to report in one month on your treatment for the hair. The month isn't quite up yet, but it isn't necessary to wait that long. I could have told you after one application that your treatment would certainly grow hair. I have used a lot of different 'restorers' in my time, but yours is the only one that I ever used that I have had any faith in. You said it would cure dandruff in one week; well, I can beat that easily, as it fixed my dandruff in one night. It has completely changed the colour of my hair. It has turned it from its dry, dead, straw-looking colour back to its original shade of brown, and now, after about three weeks' use, I have a lot of new hair growing all over my head."

C. J. REYNOLDS, M., N.S.W.

"After using your course for one week, my hair stopped falling and began to improve wonderfully. To-day my hair is as healthy as it is possible to be, and the bald parts are almost as abundant with hair as the rest of my head." G. HOEPPER, M., Vic.

SEND NO MONEY!

J. Kelso Murchison, Dept. X, Lombard Chambers, Pitt Street, Sydney.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

10/7/'37.

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JEAN HARLOW *was* BEAUTIFUL *Even in* DEATH

Intimate Account of Tragic End of Great Star

By Air Mail from Our Special Correspondent in New York

The bright and shining vision that was Jean Harlow seems now to have been no more than an illusion.

A crown of platinum on her head, a dazzling, sunny smile, a perfection and grace of bodily form, Jean always wore an air of gallant gaiety no matter how tragic her inner life.

WHEN Jean Harlow was a little girl, she was told that she would never walk again. She had been stricken with infantile paralysis.

But Jean did not accept the verdict. She had the will and the determination to try endlessly, to take instructions, and to persevere no matter what the torture and agony of the exercises that she knew might cure her.

And she grew up to be straight and beautiful.

TWENTY-SIX is too young to die. Her mother, Mrs. Jean Bello, refused to believe that her child was going from her. Up to a half-hour before the end she insisted that her daughter was waging a winning fight. "Jean is a very sick girl," she protested, "but I hope for the best."

Jean was beautiful even in death. She was dressed in a frock of pink organdie painted with pink roses and white daisies and tiny bluebirds. It was tied at the neck and the sleeves with tiny bands of pale blue ribbon. The same pale blue girdled her waist and edged the hem of her skirt.

Her fair hair was carefully arranged in wide waves and soft little curls. This had been done by loving hands. Jean was arrayed in death by two girls who loved her—her studio hairdresser and make-up girl. Their eyes were blinded by tears as they performed their last services for her.

Jean's white slender hands lay quietly on her breast. She wore only one jewel—the giant star sapphire that was William Powell's last gift to her.

It was a strange, fatal series of apparently unimportant ailments that led inevitably to the tragic end. It began last autumn with sunburn. She had spent a day at the beach under the hot sun, and the next day was unable to report to the studio. Because of her rare, fair complexion and the extremely light, transparent texture of her skin, her physician said that she suffered more severely from sunburn than others.

The sunburn was only the beginning. She returned to work shortly after, but during the winter suffered with an infection of the throat.

THE LATE JEAN HARLOW, who was married at 16, became a movie star at 20, and died in tragic circumstances when only 26.

Scarcely had she recovered from the throat ailment than she suffered an attack of influenza. Her recovery after that never seemed complete.

Some weeks before her fatal illness she had to go to the hospital for a week to have four wisdom teeth extracted.

On May 29 she was stricken on the set of "Saratoga." This time it was inflammation of the gall bladder. She was taken home and later removed to the hospital. Five days later it was thought she was recovering. And then the relapse, when she fell into a state of coma from which she never emerged.

The glamorous platinum blonde beauty died on June 7 at three-thirty in the afternoon, despite the efforts of her two physicians, a corps of nurses and three firemen who operated an inhalator.

Not only good taste dictated the simple funeral services chosen by Mrs. Bello for her beloved daughter, but also fear of mob demonstrations such as were incited by the funeral of Rudolf Valentino. Twenty-five special police were appointed to guard the little church, Wee Kirk, and its grounds during the services.

Jean's body, placed in a silver-plated copper casket, was borne through darkness to the Wee Kirk. Police held back the crowds.

Nelson Eddy sang "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life" to organ music, and Jeannette MacDonald lifted her silver soprano to the haunting melody of "Indian Love Call." These were Jean's best beloved melodies.

Unsolved Mystery

NO one person could better typify the glamor, the power, the romance of success, the tragedy, the uncertainty of life within the cinema world than did Jean Harlow.

When she rocketed to fame she was just 20. She was only 16 when she found herself a divorcee. At 22 she was a disillusioned widow, through the suicide of her husband of two months—Paul Bern, who shot himself twice through the head in the bathroom of their honeymoon home; and Jean was left alone to face the awful consequences.

Jean's death leaves forever sealed and unsolved the mystery of Paul Bern's death. His letter which he left behind (but explained nothing) read:

"Dearest Dear: Unfortunately this is the only way to make good the frightful wrong I have done you and to wipe out my abject humiliation. P.S.—You understand that last night was only a comedy."

Jean never revealed how her husband had wronged her. She remained loyal to his memory to the end. But friends close to her feel that ever since that catastrophic event she was never the same, physically or spiritually.

Glamor incarnate is the description for Jean Harlow, and yet she happened to be a girl who cared more for basic goodness and loyalty, sincerity and achievement, than she did for romance and excitement. That sounds like a paradox, considering that her screen appeal was almost entirely physical.

Jean herself never felt that she had achieved artistic success, though it was her greatest desire to do worthwhile work on the screen. She felt her success was an accident.

Her True Love

JEAN'S unfortunate love-life began with her marriage at the tender age of 16. And she did not find happiness until . . .

She met William Powell. Jean loved William Powell deeply and truly. She had thought that she could never really be in love—that that happiness would be denied. Her feeling for Bill was unmistakably the real thing.

Even so it did not bring her unalloyed happiness. She was constantly trying to be what he wanted her to be. She was constantly trying to remould herself, nearer to his heart's desire. She had a premonition that their love would never culminate in marriage.

She wanted children, just as other women do. She wanted a little girl, to dress up and make beautiful; a little boy who would be "tough," able to fight for his rights.

If there were any doubt as to William Powell's love for Jean, it was dispelled at the end, when death parted them forever. At her bedside throughout the last trying hours, he emerged from the death chamber a man bowed down by grief.

"Oh, God!" he cried, again and again. "Why did this have to be! I loved her, I loved her!"

He remained with her mother to the time of the funeral, and they—the two who meant more to Jean Harlow than all the wealth and glory of the world—tried vainly to comfort each other.

Martyr to Career

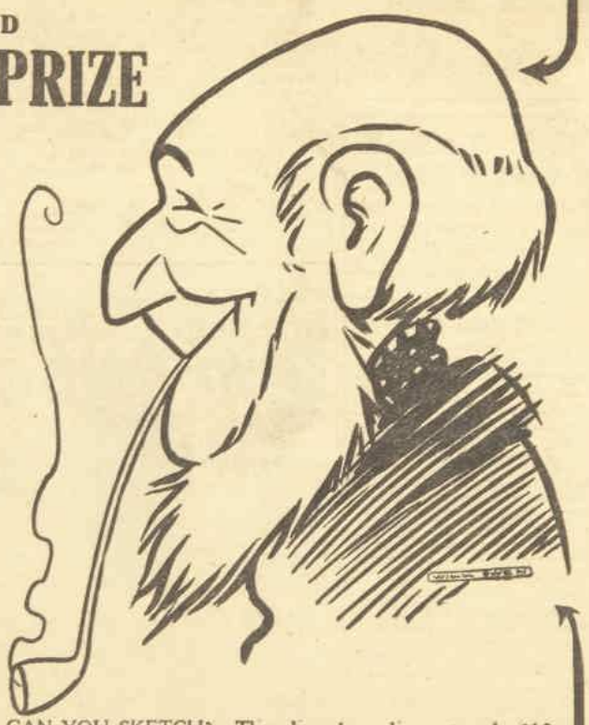
THE finest mother-daughter friendship in Hollywood was that of Jean and her mother, Mrs. Jean Bello. Grief-stricken after her death, Mrs. Bello made this statement to the Press:

"The world did not understand my baby. Our friends knew she was not the type she portrayed on the screen. She had never said an unkind word about anyone. She was always cheerful and always looked for the best in everyone."

Jean's father, Dr. Montclair Carpentier, was no less fond of her. Despite the separation of her parents, Jean remained devoted to him throughout her life, and he flew to California from Kansas City for the funeral.

Hollywood mourned Jean not only as a friend, but as a martyr to her career. It was learned that early in her illness Jean had refused to undergo an operation because she feared it would delay completion of the picture she was working in with Clark Gable, "Saratoga."

DRAW ME AND WIN A PRIZE



PRIZES

1st Prize .. £10
2nd Prize .. £5
3rd Prize .. £3
4th Prize .. £2
5th Prize .. £1
6th Prize .. 10/-

RULES OF THE COMPETITION

1. Anyone is eligible to compete, except employees and students of the Australian School of Sketching and Professional Artists.
2. All sketches must be received by 27th July, 1937.
3. Only one sketch may be submitted by each competitor.
4. The bottom left-hand corner of the envelope should be marked plainly—"Competition."
5. Competitor's full name and address must be written on the back of the drawing, with State.
6. Sketches must not be drawn on paper larger than 8in. high by 6in. wide.
7. All sketches will be returned to competitors at the close of the competition, together with a list of the prize-winners. The Australian School of Sketching cannot be held responsible for any sketch which may be lost in the mails or elsewhere.
8. Sketches must be accompanied by a postal note value 1/6 (one shilling and sixpence). Please do not send stamps or coins.
9. Sketch and postal note MUST BE SENT IN THE SAME ENVELOPE. Competitors are particularly requested NOT to send their sketches in one envelope and postal note under separate cover.
10. Sketches received insufficiently stamped will not be accepted. All packages should be sealed and bear letter rate of postage (1oz. for 2d.).
11. Competitors agree to accept the decision of the Artists of the Australian School of Sketching as final and conclusive.
12. The Australian School of Sketching reserves the right to purchase ANY sketch submitted. Any sketches purchased will be paid for at the rate of £2/2/- (two guineas) for each sketch.

CAN YOU SKETCH? Then here is a chance to win £10 easily. This Drawing Competition is being held to advertise the Australian School of Sketching. Everyone can compete except Professional Artists, employees and students of the Australian School of Sketching.

BEGIN NOW! Copy this Sketch in pencil or pen and ink. See how well you can do it. Sit down now and try. First of all read the rules of the Competition. You can draw on any paper. Prizes will be awarded to the best drawings. All drawings will be returned to competitors at the close of the Competition. Don't miss this. Someone will win £10. Why not you. Send in your sketch to-day.

THE AUSTRALIAN SCHOOL OF SKETCHING
96 A.C.A. BUILDING, KING STREET, SYDNEY, N.S.W.

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PARTY in PALESTINE

There was going to be trouble in the town and Andy meant to be there to write about it

Illustrated by Wynne Davies

Complete Short Story

By HUGH CLEVELY

WAITER! Bring me another Scotch," said Andy Jefferson.

He sat in the lounge of the Grand Central Hotel in Jerusalem, a broad-shouldered young man, with dark eyes and hair, and a firm chin. But his hair was a little untidy, and he looked hot and rather sullen. On the table in front of him was an empty glass.

He had already had a little too much to drink, and he knew it. For three months he had regularly been having too much to drink—ever since he had received that letter from Rita Parker telling him she was married. In the East, once a man start taking too much to drink, it is very easy for him to go on. Andy was going on.

Another young man entered the lounge, a tall, fair young man, with an air of aloof unconcern about him. Andy raised a hand in salutation.

"Hello, Sanderson," he called out. "Come over and have a drink."

The young man turned. His face expressed neither pleasure nor displeasure at seeing Andy.

"Oh, hallo, Jefferson," he said. He sat down at Andy's table. "I'll have a Scotch and soda."

Captain Sanderson commanded the company of Midland Rifles stationed near Remlus. Andy disliked him. He disliked his polite distant manner, his calm air of assured superiority. At times he felt a strong impulse to poke him in the stomach to see if he could make him human. That, perversely, was why he asked Sanderson to drink with him. He had an idea Sanderson didn't want to drink with him.

"How long have you been in Jerusalem?" asked Andy.

"Came up from Remlus this mornin'; going back to-night," answered Sanderson.

"Expecting trouble?" asked Andy.

"Trouble?" echoed Sanderson. The word seemed slightly unfamiliar to him. Andy was irritated.

"You know darned well you're expecting trouble," he said; "the whole country's just ripe for it. What's more, I'll bet that's why you're in Jerusalem to-day. You've come to see someone important, and talk things over."

Sanderson appeared to be mildly amused.

"Quite right," he said. "I've come up to see a barber about gettin' my hair cut. There isn't a decent barber in Remlus."

HE turned in his chair, and made a slight gesture to the waiter.

"Two more whiskies, please."

An elderly woman and a girl of twenty-one or two entered the lounge and went to a table. The girl was slim and lovely, with masses of wavy, auburn hair, and very clear blue eyes. Sanderson glanced at them.

"Americans," he observed. "I saw them in the dining-room at lunch time. A nice-looking girl."

"To hades with girls," said Andy.

He was irritated again. The girl was not nice looking; she was lovely. Anyone could see that. And Sanderson, in his superior manner, referred to her casually as "nice lookin'." Andy leaned forward slightly across the table.

"What would you say if you met a dragon?" he demanded.

Sanderson raised one eyebrow very slightly.

"A dragon?" he repeated.

"Yes," insisted Andy roughly. "A dragon. D-R-A-G-O-N. One of those things you read about, with long, scaly tails, and great pointed teeth, and smoke coming out of its nose. I'd like to know what you'd say if you met one."

"I'd say 'Boo!'" said Sanderson.

He reached out casually for his glass and drank his whisky.

"I'd better be gettin' along," he said. "See you some time."

He nodded casually and strolled away. Andy looked after him with an expression of acute exasperation on his face. He felt that if Sanderson had said, "To hades with you; I don't like you and I'm not going to sit with you any longer," he wouldn't have minded. That was what he had said to all intents and purposes. It was the smoothly polite way of saying it that got on Andy's nerves.

What was more, he reflected, despite Sanderson's evasion, there was going to be trouble in Remlus. And when it happened, he meant to be there, to write about it. One thing a three months' course of steady drinking had not destroyed in Andy was his born newspaper man's instincts for news.

As he was still reflecting, he became aware that the girl sitting at the table on the other side of the lounge had risen. She began to cross the floor towards his table. Her manner was slightly hesitating, and her blue eyes were looking straight at Andy. Their glance disconcerted him. Surely she didn't intend to speak to him.

But she did. She stopped by his table and looked down at him. Andy noticed that there were a few tiny freckles on her nose. They added to, rather than detracted from, her beauty.

"You're Andy Jefferson, aren't you?" she said shyly.

Her voice was very low and clear. It was a nice voice.

Andy blinked at her. Then he pushed back his chair and rose. He had to rise very carefully, because his legs were a trifle unsteady. There was a solemn dignity about his rising that would have befitted an alderman.

"That's right."

He spoke slowly, pronouncing his words very correctly. It was obvious to him that he was drunker than he had realised. He had to concentrate very hard on speaking correctly.

"I'm Jean Fraser," said the girl. "I'm over here with my aunt."

Her tone was friendly. She seemed to take it for granted that Andy would know her name. Somehow it did seem oddly familiar. But he didn't remember it.

"I . . . I'm glad to meet you, Miss Fraser," he said. "How do you like Palestine?"

That seemed a safe enough thing to say. The girl smiled slightly.

"You don't remember my name," she said. "I've heard yours quite often from Rita Parker. She's my cousin. When she heard that I meant to visit Palestine she wrote and told me to look out for you. The waiter told me who you were."

Now he knew who she was. He remembered having heard Rita speak of her American cousin Jean.

"Rita told you to look out for me?" he said.

"Yes. I hope you don't mind. She's married now, of course. Did you know that?"

"Yes," said Andy.

"Have you met the man she married?" went on Jean. "I haven't seen her for nearly a year, so of course I haven't. I can't help wondering what he's like."

"I haven't met him," said Andy stiffly.

Jean smiled.

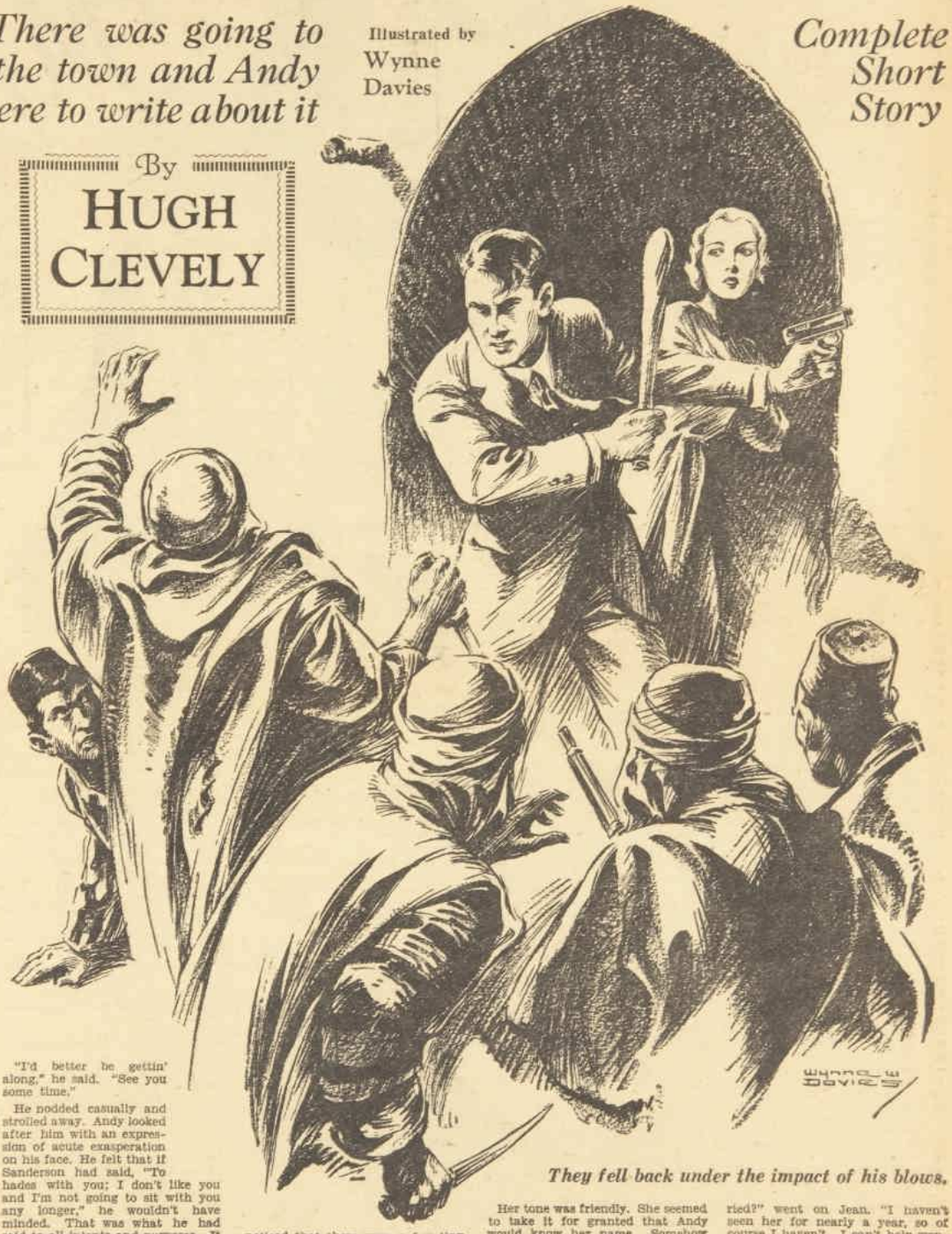
"It seems awfully queer to think of Rita being married," she said. "I know she always had lots of flirtations, but none of them was ever serious. And then she goes and falls in love and gets married, all within six weeks."

"None of them was ever serious," said Andy. He spoke a little thickly, as if something were choking him.

He remembered taking Rita home from a dance. He remembered walking with her in the moonlight on the seashore. He remembered various occasions on which he had met her during the brief month he had known her before he sailed for the East.

He laughed.

Please turn to Page 60



They fell back under the impact of his blows.

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THE FOUR MARYS

By FANNY HEASLIP LEA

Her memories of the last few weeks were of a few stolen moments with Alan.

Illustrated by FISCHER

The Story So Far:

MEG SWIFT, successful journalist, ex-wife of

VIVIAN SWIFT, also a writer, has been holidaying in London.

BROOK AVERY, an Englishman, years her junior, asks her to marry him. Meg's beautiful young daughter,

MIMI, is causing scandal by her friendship with

ALAN WYTHE, married to

ELIZABETH DENT, friend of Mimi.

When Meg has decided to accept Brook's proposal of marriage, she receives a cable recalling her to America, to look after Mimi. Brook becomes bitter, and Meg departs for home. Molly, Meg's mother, tells her of Mimi's conduct.

NOW READ ON.

New Serial Next Week

"The Four Marys" will end shortly. Next week you will find the opening chapters of one of our greatest serials to date. This is "Counterfeit Coin," by Dornford Yates.

"YOUNG people to-day have no morals," said Molly, concluding the recital of Mimi's derelictions.

Meg said, "Morals change—like everything else. You can't expect them to accept standards which they see for themselves haven't worked—with us."

"Must decency work, as you call it," said Molly disgustedly, "before they are willing to recognise it?"

"I'm afraid so, mother. They're better at keeping books on life than we were." Was she thinking only of Mimi, or was she thinking of Brook Avery as well? At the end he had been merciless as the stars in their courses. "Later would be too late."

"You're not looking too fine yourself," said Molly sharply.

Meg said, "I'm all right."

"You must have had a good rest on the ship coming back." Meaning Brook wasn't there. Meaning she'd had no chance, therefore, to make a middle-aged fool of herself.

Meg said, "I did some work."

"I thought you left your column done some weeks ahead."

"I did. This is a book I've started." Started—it was now more than half written. From Southampton to New York she had sat in her cabin with her typewriter before her; otherwise she could not have endured. Otherwise the unceasing call of bottomless darkness beyond her porthole night after night would have been something hardly to be denied. "Finished," had said the hungry sea springing out of that darkness to smash against the port, "finished and done—you're finished." The typewriter had played a desperate obbligato to that. Lucy Cowan had been an escape, an undreamed-of release from prison for Meg Swift. To the muffled tapping of typewriter keys Lucy Cowan had come alive like a silver-winged moth breaking the tortured chrysalis of Meg Swift's brain.

"A book?" said Molly. She looked alert and pleased. "I've always thought you'd come to that."

"It's not done yet," said Meg.

"It will be," said Molly, suddenly serene. As if Meg's book were a child to comfort her old age. She sat forward and laid a fine, withered hand on her daughter's knee. "My dear," she said with ineffable gentleness, "I don't know what's been happening to you—you've got heartbreak in your eyes—but whatever it is—it won't hurt your work. That may not seem much comfort to you now——"

"Not just at the moment," said Meg.

"Sometimes," said Molly, folding her hands in her lap and sighing deeply, "I think women make too much of love. So few of them ever feel it. So few of them ever find it. Mostly they marry for other things—money, a home, children. A man isn't so important as you think, my child. A man and a woman touch each other only for a little while. Then there's just habit." She got to her feet with a smothered groan of impatience. "I get stiffer every day, Meg. I'm glad you're home again. Maybe I'll sleep now." She gave Meg her cheek to kiss, patted Meg's shoulder lingeringly.

"You'd better!" said Meg, laughing.

"Have a talk with Mimi soon," said Molly, turning in the doorway. "Heaven knows what she's hatching in that shameless head of hers."

"You stop worrying about Mimi," said Meg, putting the wire screen before the fire, turning off the lights. "You stop worrying about anything at all."

"Well, maybe I will, now you're here," said Molly. She climbed the stairs more slowly, it seemed to Meg, even than she used to do.

Mimi Faces Elizabeth

MIMI was in bed reading when at last Meg went up. "Hey!" said Mimi lazily. "Shut that door, will you? This house hasn't been warm since last September." She had propped herself on both her own and Meg's pillows. "You and granny been taking down your curls together?" she inquired, returning to her book. Obviously the question was a purely rhetorical one, for she showed slight interest in the answer.

Meg put her shoes and stockings aside and came and sat on Mimi's bed with one bare foot tucked under her.

"Aren't you pretty tired after the ship and all that?" asked Mimi politely. "Too tired to talk," her tone implied.

"Not awfully. What have you been doing while I've been gone, darling?"

"Oh, a little of this and a little of that," said Mimi. "I've seen your friend Kilmartin a couple of times."

"How is Jimmy? Has he sold his comic-strip idea yet?"

"Didn't know he had one. He seems to have carfare." She hadn't meant to say that. Just a rotten wisecrack. Remembering how convenient it had been for her that he had had carfare one Sunday morning not too long ago, Mimi flushed faintly.

"Put down that book and let me look at you," said Meg. "You're thinner, aren't you?"

Mimi laid aside her book, not without reluctance. "Raymond is getting me down."

"Has he been such a nuisance?" asked Meg sympathetically.

"I hate his shadow," said Mimi. She narrowed her eyes and clenched her teeth.

"I think," said Meg, "you make him seem more important than he is, Mimi."

Mimi said, "I've been living in the house with him—you haven't." She reached for her book again.

Meg put out a hand and gently pressed the book down. "I haven't seen you in almost a month, darling."

For the flicker of a second Mimi's little-girl look came into her eyes, but for the flicker of a second only. "Time marches on!" she observed, in excellent imitation of a well-known radio announcement. "Tell me—how is the Avery boy?"

They sat looking at each other after that in silence that held the thrust and bite of steel.

"Suppose," said Meg coldly at length, "that you tell me how Alan Wythe is!"

"Swell," said Mimi airily, "last time I saw him."

"And when was that?" said Meg. "I don't remember," said Mimi, coolly lying, knowing that Meg knew she was lying.

Meg said very slowly, because all her life it had been her creed to mind her own business, and because, in spite of what she had said to Brook about Mimi's being only a child, all of Mimi's life she had tried to treat her just as another human being, with any human being's right to privacy: "Mimi, do you think you're being quite fair to Elizabeth?"

"Come, come!" said Mimi, yawning openly. "Who's to be judge of that? You've been seeing too many British comedies, my sweet."

"And you," said Meg with an anger of which she had not known herself capable, "cannot possibly be the silly fool you are trying to make yourself out." She thought: "Mimi hasn't a penny in the world except what I give her. I could remind her of that"; but she knew, even while the thought rankled in her, that she would never use the fact of Mimi's dependence on her to break Mimi's spirit. She began again more quietly with a different approach: "I understand that your father is not renting the room in New York for you any longer."

"Cost too much," said Mimi. "Mind if I get back to my book?"

"It can wait a little longer," said Meg. "Is that the real reason, Mimi—that it cost too much?"

"So my dear grandmother tells me my father told her." The green eyes smiled charmingly.

"I'm asking you, is that the real reason?" Meg put out her hand—after all, on her first night home——

"WHY don't you ask him?" said Mimi insolently. Of course, she did not for a moment suppose that Meg would really go to Swift to ask him anything at all. "Put up the window, will you, before you get into bed," said Mimi impersonally. She went back to her reading.

She was reading when Meg, tired beyond wakefulness, dropped off to sleep.

The next day Meg went into New York before noon and telephoned Swift from the station. She had a feeling that he was neither surprised nor disturbed by her call.

"Come right on up," he said. "Only too glad of an excuse to knock off work."

Meg took a cab to his apartment. He received her in shabby old tweeds, without a necktie, his shirt collar open at the throat.

"Sit down," he said. "When'd you get back from Europe? Have a successful trip?" He gave her a chair with her face to the light, dropped down himself into one where shadow shielded his tired eyes and politely mocking mouth.

She said, "I want you to tell me, if you will, what changed your mind so suddenly about Mimi's having the room you took for her."

"So she won't talk, eh?" said Swift.

"If I could have found out from anyone else," said Meg, "I would not have come to you. Of course, what you wrote my mother was merely an excuse."

"Suppose I don't care to betray the kid's confidence?" said Swift. He was enjoying himself in an oblique, amiably demoniac way.

"Then why did you have that cable sent me?" said Meg. She looked at him steadily.

Presently he stopped smiling, drew his thinning brows together. "You've got to keep an eye on that girl, Meg."

"For any especial reason?"

"Here's what happened," he told her briefly. He quoted the clipping he had given Mimi from the gossip column. Meg turned white. "Did you know what was brewing in that quarter?" he inquired suspiciously.

Meg said slowly. "I knew she was in love with him."

"AND knowing that, you went off to Europe and left her to get into any sort of devilry she chose. You're a fine mother."

"I have no influence with her," said Meg. "You always had. You might have used it." The uselessness, the ugliness of such recrimination sickened her. "There's no point in blaming each other like this. Tell me, if you know, whether there has ever been anything else printed."

"Not a thing," said Swift. "I've kept an eye out. However, once is enough," he added dryly, "for all concerned, including the man's wife, to have seen it. By the way, where did Mimi tell your mother she stayed the night she didn't go home—the night I told your mother to send the cable?"

"At Tommy Gaunt's apartment. He went to his club."

"I see. Well, it's just possible she was telling the truth."

"Mimi doesn't lie," said Meg quickly—then she heard again Mimi saying she didn't remember the last time she had seen Alan Wythe.

"Any woman in love will lie when, as and if necessary," said Swift. "You weren't so bad at it yourself at one time." He smiled slyly.

Meg stood up, her face stiffening. "I'm sorry to have troubled you."

"No trouble at all," said Swift, slouching to his feet. "Wish you'd do it oftener. After fourteen years' breathing spell, you know, we might have things to say to each other. I read your stuff from time to time. You're coming along very nicely, Meggie. Never would 'a' thought you had it in you." He laid his hand on her arm as he opened the door. "Take care of yourself, and don't let our offspring go haywire."

Please turn to Page 32

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ROAD TO TYBURN

By . . . *Van Harrison*

A story of brisk action and tender romance, in the good old days of rumbling coaches and daring highwaymen.

"You see and know too much," drawled the captain, with soft menace. "Throw out your purse, or shall I take it?"

Illustrated by Frank and Dorothea Johnston

IN whimsical moments, Ludovic Coverdale was wont to declare: "If ever a man was broken on the whirling wheel of Fortune, 'twas I; and if ever there was one remade on that same fickle merry-go-round—then, damme, 'twas I also!"

For, truth to tell, in ten minutes, a series of such small chances as a card too high, a bottle too much, and a woman's name too lightly spoken had sufficed to turn Captain Ludovic Coverdale, of the Green Dragoons, into Galloping Larry of Nowhere; to change a dashing leader of heavy cavalry into a desperate rider and rogue of the highway.

After this tragic descent, some men might have been prone to eschew such accursed millstones as cards, wine and women, but—again to quote our gallant bravo: "'Twere better a dead life than a living death; a dead cavalier than a live monk!"

From which it will be seen that Galloping Larry was occasionally tempted to put his head in the noose for sake of a few minutes' dalliance along the primrose paths once trod by Captain Ludovic Coverdale.

So, on a rainy and gusty evening, Captain Ludovic turned out of Piccadilly into Berkeley Street, stood for a thoughtful moment under the shadow of the trees of old Devonshire Gardens (where now stands the huge head office of a tourist agency), and, with a shrug of the shoulders and twist of golden moustachios, crossed the road and swaggered down the steps of that notorious gaming house known to every Buck and Macaroni of eighteenth century London as "Marco's Hole."

Had he but known it, he was about to be whirled again on Fortune's fickle wheel, and, on this occasion, the same old chance of a card, a bottle and a woman were to lead him on that shameful road to Tyburn Tree, which began in Newgate Prison.

Three hours later he left the gaming rooms, feeling very light of head with the amount of wine he had drunk, and still more light of pocket owing to the devilish way the cards had run.

Yet he smiled happily as he picked a path through the puddles of Piccadilly towards the Three Tuns Inn, where was stabled his horse, for the evening had provided a glimpse of old pleasures, conversation with men of his own class, bright lights, and the thrill of hazard. Also, so far as could be told, he had not been recognised.

As for the guineas—were there not plenty more along the broad highway? "Hang the guineas!" quoth the captain, as his somewhat uncertain feet all but took him into the kennel. "Hang the risk, too!"

It was in this exalted and slightly fuddled state that he strode into the Three Tuns bellowing for the host and ostler. Wise with previous visits, he had paid his reckoning before leaving for the green tables of Marco's, and all he had to do was change his gay clothing to the black velvet riding coat and cloak of Galloping Larry, see his horse saddled, and ride away to refill his pockets from the ever-bountiful Great North Road.

"Ho, there, landlord!" he called. "Ho, there, host!"

Came no reply, and still hailing he walked along the passage and turned into the first room. On the threshold he stiffened, and sobered miraculously, as he found himself staring into the muzzle of a long pistol.

Behind it was the grinning bulldog face of Bill Bridges, the tipstaff. At the same moment the front door slammed and, glancing over one shoulder, the captain became aware of the second constable, Ned Trumper, and another threatening pistol.

CAPTAIN LUDOVIC hesitated, his right hand twitched as though to swing across to the hilt of his sword, and then, realising the futility of such a move, he relaxed and smiled lazy appreciation of the situation.

"Now, damme," he drawled, "a pretty ambuscade for an old campaigner to walk into; taken in front, flank, and rear, and by artillery, egad! A good evening to ye, Master Bridges!"

"Werry pleased to see you, Cap'en Larry," returned the thief-taker, with emphasis. "Werry pleased! More welcome so you be than a long lorst brother—bein' two 'undred pounds more vallyble."

The captain's face expressed profound disgust at this sordid greeting.

"If that is all I'm worth, me good Bridges, then shall I be delighted to double it for a bare five minutes' start——"

"That you would, I'll lay, Cap'en, but atop o' that, which is but the official reward for ye, there's another three or four 'undred a-promised by werry special an' particular friends o' yourn."

"Pooh! A bagatelle, me man! I'll double your six hundred—why, I lost as much but a few minutes gone at Marco's."

Please turn to Page 11

Reflection

BECAUSE I, too, have loved her so
I understand. I feel I know
Your wild deep sense of ecstasy
To think she cares. And what of me?
I have so little I can tell,
I only know I love her well
Enough to give her all I knew
Of joy, in short, to give her you.

My sacrifice is hers to claim;
For knowing she would do the same
If she were I, and I were she—
I but reflect her dignity.

—Yvonne Webb.

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LOVE IS A HAZARD

By GEORGETTE HEYER

GEORGETTE HEYER is the greatest writer of the romantic historical drama. In this story the brilliant author of "These Old Shades," "Regency Buck," and "Talisman Ring" has written a delightful love story of the days of old romance.

THE girl stood away from the light of the guttering candles, still as a statue, with no color in her cheeks. She was dressed in a simple muslin gown, and wore no ornament in her hair.

She did not look at her stepbrother, nor at any one of the four other men who were gathered round the table in the centre of the over-heated gaming room. But she knew who was present; she had seen them all in the one swift glance she had cast at them under her lashes as she had entered the room.

There were Lord Amberfield, sprawling over the table with his head pillowed on his arm. Sir Thomas Fort, a little bleary-eyed, very purple in the face; Mr. Lionel Winter, idiotically smiling, and Carlyon-Carlyon, with his black curls in disorder and his exquisite cravat crumpled, his lean cheeks hectically flushed, and a reckless look in his bright eyes.

And there was stepbrother Ralph, in answer to whose peremptory summons she had got up out of her bed and dressed herself and come down to this stuffy room in the chill, small hours. He was lounging back in his chair, still grasping the dice-box in one hand, while the other sought to refill his empty glass. Some of the wine slopped over on to the baize cloth that covered the table; Sir Ralph cursed it, and passed the bottle on to his left-hand neighbor.

"Fill up, Lionel! Fill up!" he said, hiccuping. "Now, my lord — now, Carlyon. You want to play on, hey? But I'm done up, d'ye see? Only one thing left to stake, and that's m' sister." A fit of insane laughter shook him; he made a gesture towards the girl who stood motionless still, her gaze fixed on a point above Carlyon's handsome head. "I'll set her for my last stake, gentlemen. Who'll cover?"

Mr. Winter said, "Tha's—tha's Miss Helen," and nodded wisely.

"Damme, Morland, this—this is not right!" said Sir Thomas, getting on to his feet. "Miss Morland—very obedient servant, ma'am. Amberfield—my lord, ladies present."

He lurched towards the sleeping Viscount and shook him by one shoulder. Lord Amberfield moaned and muttered:

"Pockets to let: all my vowels in—in Carlyon's hands."

"Preddy, my boy, I'm saying it's not right. Can't stake a lady."

Lord Amberfield said: "Can't stake anything. Nothing to stake. Going to sleep."

Sir Ralph gave a boisterous laugh and produced a dice which he rattled in its box.

Illustrations . . . by . . . FISCHER

She stood as still as a statue before the five men in the gaming-room.

"Who'll cover?" he demanded. "What d'ye say, Lionel? Will you have my jade of a sister to wife?"

Mr. Winter rose to his feet and stood precariously balancing on his heels.

"Sir," he said, looking owlishly at his host, "shall take leave to tell you—no one will cover pre-prepost'-rous stake."

Sir Ralph's wicked eyes went past him to where Carlyon sat, gazing at the girl under frowning, night-black brows. By the Marquis' left arm, stretched negligently before him on the table, scraps of paper were littered, vowels for the money he had won. There were rouleaus of guineas at his elbow, and more guineas spilled under his hand. Through Sir Ralph's blurred mind drifted a thought that he had never seen the young Marquis in so wild a humor before.

He leaned forward over the cards and dice on the table and said mockingly: "Will you cover, my lord, or do you refuse the bet?"

Carlyon's eyes turned slowly towards him. They were not glazed, but unnaturally bright. "I—refuse?" he said.

"There's the true elbow-shaker," crowed Sir Ralph. "Cover, Carlyon! What's the jade worth?"

Mr. Winter laid hold of his chair-back, and with difficulty enunciated four words: "My lord, you're d-drunk!"

"Drunk or sober, no man shall set me a stake I won't cover," Carlyon answered. His long fingers closed over the heap of vowels, crushing them into a ball. He thrust them forward, and his rouleaus with them.

"Good heavens, Charles!" cried Sir Thomas, catching at his wrist. "There's a matter of twenty thousand pounds there. Have sense, man, have sense."

Carlyon shook him off. "A main, Morland, call a main!" he said.

"Seven!" Sir Ralph responded, and cast the dice on to the table.

Carlyon laughed, and dived a hand into his pocket for his snuff-box and flicked it open.

"Five to seven!" announced one of the men, peering at the dice.

The girl's fixed gaze had wavered as the dice rattled in the box and she had shot a swift glance downwards at the chance, as it lay on the table. Her brother gathered up the dice, shook them together and again threw them. They rolled across the table and settled into five and ace.

"Cinque-ace!" called Sir Thomas, constituting himself groom-porter. "Any bets, gentlemen; any bets?"

No one answered; the Marquis took snuff.

The dice were shaken a third time and cast.

"Quatre-trey!" called out Sir Thomas. "Carlyon, you've—you've the d-devil's own luck!"

The girl's eyes remained fixed for a moment on the four and the three lying on the table; then she raised them and looked across the table at Carlyon.

The Marquis leaped up and achieved a bow. "Ma'am, I have won your hand in fair play," he said, and stretched out his own imperatively.

Sir Ralph was staring at the dice, his lower lip pouting and some of the high color fading from his cheeks. Without a glance at him, Miss Morland walked round the table and curtsied, and laid her hand in Carlyon's.

His fingers closed on it; he swung it gently to and fro, and said recklessly: "It's time we were going. Will you come, my golden girl?"

Miss Morland spoke for the first

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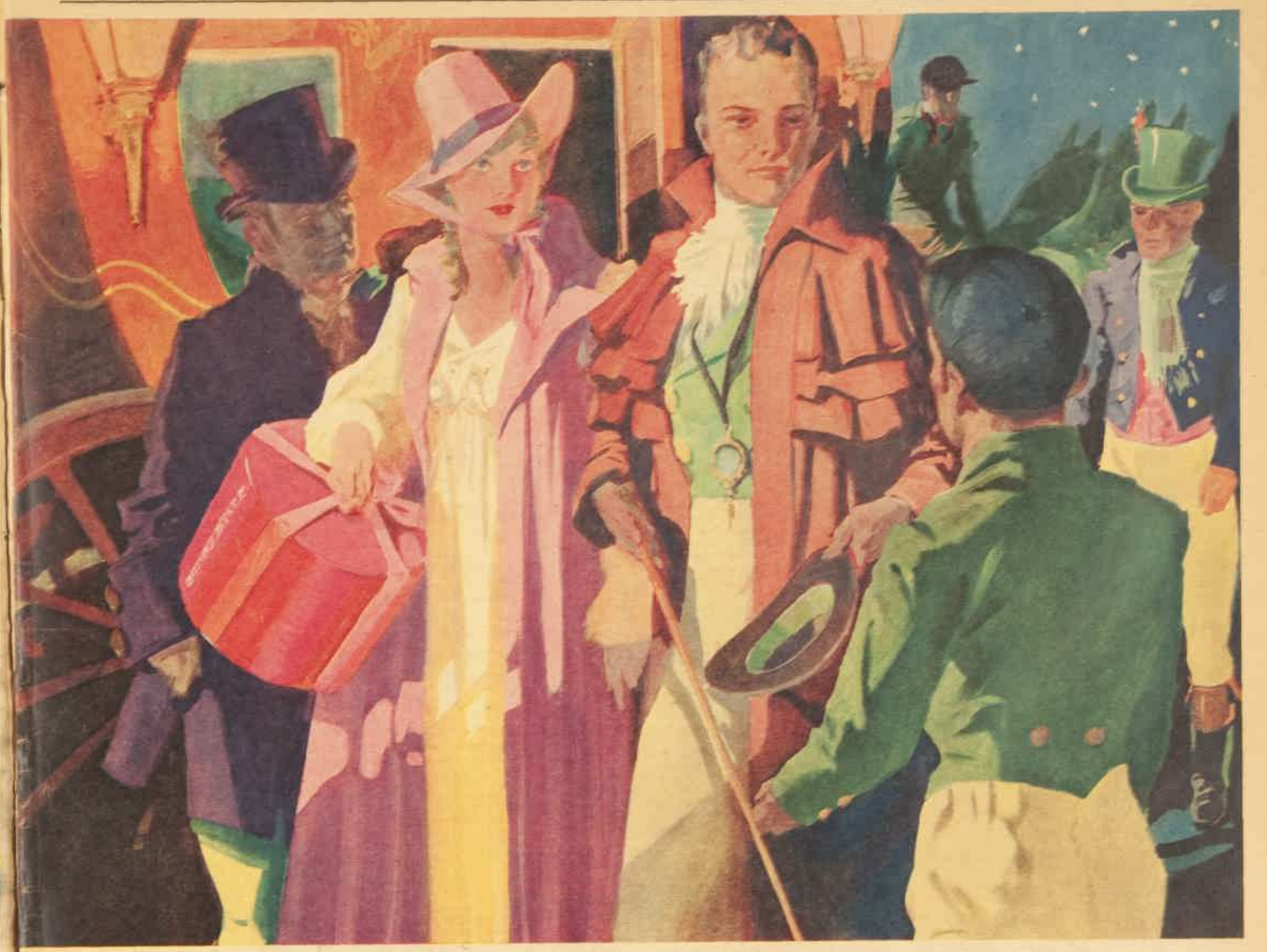

The postchaise was waiting. A servant was holding the door open. "To Gretna Green," said the Marquis.

time, in a composed, matter-of-fact voice.

"Certainly I will come, sir," she said. Carlyon's eyes danced.

"I'm drunk, you know," he offered.

"Yes," she said.

He shook with laughter.

"By heaven, I like your spirit! Come, then!"

Sir Thomas started forward, lurched heavily against the table and caught at it to steady himself.

"Damme, you're mad! Ralph, this won't do—bet's off—joke's a joke—gone far enough!"

"Play or pay!" the Marquis retorted, a smile not quite pleasant curling his lips.

Sir Ralph raised his eyes and looked sullenly towards his sister. She returned his gaze thoughtfully, dispassionately, and transferred her attention to Carlyon.

"I think," she said tranquilly, "I had better go and fetch a cloak if we are leaving now, sir."

The Marquis escorted her to the door and opened it, and set a shout ringing for his carriage. Miss Morland passed out of the hot room into the hall and went across it to the stairs.

When she came down again some minutes later, cloaked, and with a chip hat on her head and a bandbox in her hand, her brother had joined the Marquis in the hall, and was standing leaning against the lintel of the front door, scowling.

The Marquis had put on a high-waisted driving-coat of drab cloth with row upon row of capes. He held a curly brimmed beaver and a pair of York tan gloves in one hand and his short cane in the other, and he flourished another bow at Miss Morland as she trod unhurriedly across the hall towards him.

"If you go, by heaven, you shan't return!" Sir Ralph said.

Miss Morland laid her hand on Carlyon's proffered arm.

"I shall never return," she said.

"I mean it!" Sir Ralph threatened.

"And I," she replied. "I have been your ward three years. Do you think I would not sooner die than return to this house?"

He flushed and addressed the Marquis.

"You're crazy to take her!"

"Crazy or drunk, what odds?" said Carlyon, and opened the front door.

Sir Ralph caught at his coat.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

Carlyon's wild laugh broke from him.

"Gretna!" he answered, and flung his arm about Miss Morland's waist and swept her out of the house into the misty dawn.

His post-chaise-and-four was waiting, drawn up by the steps of the house, with the postillions shivering in their saddles and one of Sir Ralph's servants holding the chaise door open.

The sharp morning air had an inevitable effect on the Marquis. He reeled, and had to catch at the footman's shoulder to steady himself. He was able, however, to flourish another bow in Miss Morland's direction, and to hand her up into the chaise.

SIR RALPH'S house being situated at Hadley Green, and the Marquis having driven out from London to attend his card-party, the postillions had faced the chaise southwards. Upon receiving their master's orders to drive to Gretna Green they were at first a great deal too astonished to do more than blink at him, but as, assisted by the footman, he began to climb up into the chaise the boy astride one of the leaders ventured to point out that Gretna Green was some three hundred miles off, and his lordship totally unprepared for a long journey.

The Marquis, however, merely reiterated: "Gretna!" and entered the chaise, and sank down on to the seat beside Miss Morland.

The postillions were quite aware that their master was extremely drunk, but they knew him well enough to be sure that however much he might, in the morning, regret having ordered them to drive north, he would blame them less for obeying him than for disregarding his instructions and carrying him safely home. No sooner were the steps folded up than they wheeled the chaise, and set off in the direction of the Great North Road.

THE Marquis let his hat slide to the floor, and rested his handsome head back against the blue velvet squabs. Turning it a little, he smiled sweetly upon his companion and said, still with surprising clarity of diction:

"I've a notion I shall regret this, but I'm badly foxed, my dear—badly foxed."

"Yes," said Miss Morland. "I know. It doesn't signify. I am quite accustomed to it."

That was the sum of their discourse. The Marquis closed his eyes and went to sleep. Miss Morland sat quite still beside him, only clasping and unclasping her hands in her lap.

Potters Bar, Bell Bar, Hatfield were all passed. Miss Morland paid for the tickets at the turnpikes with some loose coins found in the sleeping Marquis' pockets. A little more than two miles out of Hatfield the chaise passed through the hamlet of Stanborough, and began the long rise of Digswell Hill. At the Brickwall pike the postillion mounted on one of the wheelers informed Miss Morland that if his lordship desired to press on horses must be changed at Welwyn.

An attempt to rouse the Marquis was unavailing; he only groaned, and seemed to sink deeper into slumber. Miss Morland, who had had time to reflect upon the rashness of this flight, to which sheer anger had prompted her, hesitated for a moment, and then desired the postillions to drive to a respectable posting house in Welwyn, where they might put up for what was left of the night.

In a little while the chaise had drawn up at the White Hart; the landlord had been awakened, and a couple of drowsy ostlers, still in their nightcaps, had lifted the Marquis out of the coach and carried him up to a bedchamber on the first floor.

No one seemed to feel very much surprise at this strange arrival in the small hours of the morning. The Marquis, who was well known to the landlord, was obviously drunk, and this circumstance provided a perfectly reasonable explanation for both his and Miss Morland's presence.

"Though I must say," remarked the landlord as he once more rejoined his sleepy wife, "I didn't know he was one of them hard topers—not Carlyon. Wild, of course, very wild."

The Marquis did not wake until past nine o'clock. His first sensations were those of supreme discomfort. His head ached, and his mouth was parched. He lay for some time with closed eyes, but presently, as fuller consciousness returned to him, he became aware of being almost completely clad.

He opened his eyes, stared filmily upon his strange surroundings, and with a groan sat up in bed, clasping his temples between his hands. He found that with the exception of his neckcloth and his shining Hessians, he was indeed fully clad, the kind hands that had relieved him of boots and cravat having failed in their endeavor to extricate him from the perfectly-fitting coat of Mr. Weston's cutting.

After another dazed look round the room the Marquis reached for the bell-pull and tugged at it vigorously.

The summons was answered by the landlord in person. Carlyon, still clasping his aching head, looked at him with acute misgiving and pronounced:

"I've seen your rascally face before. Where am I?"

THE landlord smiled ingratiatingly and replied:

"To be sure, my lord, your lordship is in the very best room at the White Hart."

"Which White Hart?" demanded the Marquis irritably. "I know of fifty, at least!"

"Why, at Welwyn, my lord!"

"Welwyn!" ejaculated Carlyon, letting his hands fall. "What the devil am I doing in Welwyn?"

This question the landlord, who had had an illuminating conversation with the two postillions, thought it prudent to leave unanswered. He coughed, and said vaguely that he was sure he couldn't say. He waited for his noble client's memory to assert itself, but the Marquis, with another groan, merely sank back upon his pillows and closed his eyes again. The landlord gave another cough and said:

"The lady has ordered breakfast in a private parlor, my lord."

The Marquis' eyes opened at that.

"Lady? What lady?" he said sharply.

"The—the lady who accompanies your lordship," replied the landlord.

"My Heaven!" said the Marquis, and clasped his head in his hands again. There was a pause. "Oh, my Heaven, what have I done?" said the Marquis. "Where is she?"

"The lady, my lord, spent the night in the bed-chamber adjacent to this, and awaits your lordship in the parlor. Your lordship—er—does not appear to have any trunks, or cloak-bag."

"I know that, curse you!" said the Marquis, casting off the coverlet and setting his stockinged feet to the ground. "Damnation take this head of mine! Help me out of this coat, fool!"

Please turn to Page 10

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HAZARD

Continued from Page 9

THE landlord extricated him from it, not without difficulty, and suggested that his lordship might like to be shaved. "For I have a very reliable lad, my lord, and should be honored to lend your lordship my own razors."

The Marquis had poured a jugful of hot water into the wash-basin.

"Send him up, man, send him up!" he said. He dipped his head into the basin, but raised it again to say: "My compliments to the lady, and I shall do myself the honor of joining her in half an hour."

Downstairs in the private parlor Miss Morland had ordered breakfast for half-past nine. When the Marquis at last appeared she was drinking a cup of coffee, and looking as neat and as fresh as though she had her maid with her, and several trunks of clothes.

The Marquis had been shaved, had had the creases pressed out of his coat, and had contrived to arrange his starched but crumpled cravat in decent folds, but he did not look very fresh. He was pale, and the reckless look had gone from his face, leaving it worried and rather stern. He came into the parlor and shut the door behind him, and paused with his hand still on the knob, looking across at Miss Morland with a mixture of remorse and bewilderment in his fine eyes.

Miss Morland's color rose, but she said calmly:

"Good-morning, sir. A very fine day, is it not?"

"I have not noticed whether it is fine or not," replied Carlyon. "I have to beg your pardon, ma'am. I have no very clear recollection of what happened last night. I was drunk."

"Yes," said Miss Morland, a slice of bread-and-butter halfway to her mouth. "You explained that at the time. May I give you some coffee?"

He came to the table, and stood looking down at her in even greater bewilderment.

"Miss Morland, drunk I may have been, but was I so drunk that I forced you to accompany me to this place?"

"I came with you quite willingly," she assured him.

He grasped the back of the chair before him.

"In Heaven's name, what induced you to commit so imprudent an action?"

"You won me," she explained. "I was the stake set by my brother."

"I remember," he said. "I must have been mad, and he——" He broke off. "Good heavens, ma'am, that you should have been subjected to such an indignity!"

"It was not very pleasant," she agreed. "It seemed preferable to go away with you than to remain under that roof another hour." She paused, and raised her eyes to his face. "You have always treated me with a courtesy my brother does not accord me. Besides," she added, "you assured me that your intentions were honorable."

"My intentions!" he exclaimed.

"Certainly, sir," said Miss Morland, casting down her eyes to hide the gleam of mischief in them. "You informed my brother that you would take me to Gretna Green. We are on our way there now."

The Marquis pulled the chair out from the table and sank down into it.

"Gretna Green!" he said. "My dear girl, you don't know—this is appalling!"

Miss Morland winced a little, but said in a considering voice:

"A little irregular, perhaps. But if I do not mind that I am sure you need not. You have a reputation for doing odd things, after all."

He brought his open hand down on the table.

"If I have, the more reason for you to have refused to come with me on this insane journey! Were you mad, Miss Morland?"

"Oh, by no means!" she replied, cutting her bread-and-butter into thin strips.

"Of course, it is not precisely what I should have chosen, but you offered me a way of escape from a house in which I was determined not to spend another night."

"You must have relatives—someone to whom——"

"Unfortunately I have no one," said Miss Morland composedly.

The Marquis leaned his head in his hand and said:

"My poor girl, you do not appear to realise the scandal this escapade will give rise to! I must get you to some place where you will be safe from it."

Miss Morland bit into one of her strips of bread-and-butter.

"As your wife, sir, I shall expect you to protect me from slanderous tongues," she said blandly.

The Marquis raised his head and said with a groan:

"Helen, the notice of my engagement is in to-day's 'Gazette'!"

There was just a moment's silence. The faintest tremor shook Miss Morland's hand, and she grew rather white. But when she spoke it was in a voice of mild interest.

"Dear me, then what can have possessed you to accept my brother's stake?"

He looked at her with a queer hungriness in his eyes and answered:

"I have told you that I was drunk. Drunk, I only knew what I wanted, not what I must not do." He got up and began to walk about the room. "No use talking of that. We are in the devil of a fix, my girl."

"May I ask," inquired Miss Morland, "who is the lady to whom you are so lately become engaged?"

"Miss Fanny Wyse," he answered. "It is a long-standing arrangement, I can't, with honor, draw back from it. That accursed notice in the 'Gazette'—it is impossible for me to repudiate it."

She regarded him rather inscrutably.

"Are you attached to Miss Wyse, sir?"

"It is not that!" he said impatiently. "Our parents made this match for us when we were in our cradles. It has been an understood thing. Yesterday I made a formal offer for Miss Wyse's hand, and she accepted me."

"I suppose," remarked Miss Morland thoughtfully, "that your excesses last night were in the nature of a celebration?"

He gave an ugly little laugh.

"My excesses, ma'am, were an all-too-brief escape from reality!"

Miss Morland looked meditatively at the coffee-pot.

"If you do not care for Miss Wyse, my lord, why did you offer for her?"

"You don't understand!" he said. "She has been brought up to think herself destined to become my wife! I could do no less than offer for her."

"Oh!" said Miss Morland. "Is she very fond of you?"

He flushed slightly.

"It is not for me to say. I believe—I think she wishes to marry me." A somewhat sardonic smile crossed his lips. He added: "And God help both of us if ever this adventure should come to her ears!"

Miss Morland poured herself out some more coffee.

"Do you mean to abandon me, sir?" she asked.

"Certainly not," replied his lordship. "I shall put you in charge of a respectable female, and compel your brother to make provision for you."

She raised her brows.

"But you told my brother you would marry me," she pointed out.

He paused in his striding to and fro and said:

"I can't marry you! God knows I would, but I can't elope with you the very day my engagement to Fanny is published!"

SHE smiled at that, but not very mirthfully, and got up from the table.

"Calm yourself, my lord. I have only been—punishing you a little. I came away with you because I was a great deal too angry to consider what I was about. What I really wish you to do is to convey me to London, where I shall take refuge with my old governess." She picked up her hat and added: "I think—I am sure—that she will be very willing to engage me to teach music and perhaps painting in her school."

He strode over to the window and with his back to her said:

"A Queen's Square boarding-school. Helen, Helen——" He broke off, biting his lips, and staring with unseeing eyes at a chaise that had just drawn up outside the inn. The chaise door opened, a young lady looked out, and the Marquis recoiled from the window with a startled oath.

Miss Morland was tying the strings of her cloak, and merely looked an inquiry.

"Fanny!" the Marquis ejaculated. "Good heavens, what's to be done?"

Miss Morland blinked at him.

"Surely you must be mistaken!"

"Mistaken. Do you think I don't know my promised wife?" demanded his lordship savagely. "I tell you it is she! Someone must have sent her word—that meddling fool, Port, I daresay!"

"But surely Miss Wyse would not pursue you?" said Miss Morland rather aghast.

"Wouldn't she?" said Carlyon, grimly. "You don't know her! If she does not have hysterical spasms we may count ourselves fortunate!" He looked round the room, saw a door at the opposite end of it, and hurried across to open it. A roomy cupboard was disclosed. "Go in there, my dear," commanded Carlyon. "I must get hold of that landlord and warn him to keep his mouth shut." With which he thrust Miss Morland into the cupboard, closed the door on her, and went quickly towards the other door leading into the coffee-room.

He was not, however, in time to warn the landlord. As he stepped out of the parlor that worthy was escorting Miss Wyse into the coffee-room.

Carlyon, realising that it would be useless now to deny his extraordinary elopement, greeted his bethrothed with biting civility.

"Good morning, Fanny," he said. "An unexpected pleasure."

Miss Wyse was a plump little lady, just nineteen years old, with huge soulful brown eyes, and a riot of dark curls. When she saw Carlyon she let fall a very pretty muff of taffetas, and clasped her hands to her bosom.

"You," she gasped, with a strong suggestion of loathing in her voice. "Carlyon!"

The Marquis grasped her wrist in a somewhat cavalier fashion and said angrily:

"Let me have no vapors, if you please. Come into the parlor."

Miss Wyse uttered a throbbing moan.

"How could you, Charles? Oh, I wish I were dead."

The Marquis fairly dragged her into the parlor and shut the door upon the landlord's scarcely-veiled curiosity.

"You do not waste much time, Fanny," he said. "Is this a sample of what I am to expect in the future? The very day our engagement is announced."

"Do not speak to me," shuddered Miss Wyse, who seemed to have a leaning towards the dramatic. "I am so mortified, so——"

"I know, I know," he interrupted. "But you would have done better to have stayed at home."

Miss Wyse, who had tottered to the nearest chair, sprang up again at this and said:

"No! Never! Do you hear me, Carlyon? Never!"

Please turn to Inside Back Cover

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY visits the twentieth. In a recent English pageant an unusual feature was the appearance of a woman as King Charles I. Here she is shown, all dressed up, a medieval character contrasting strangely with modern vehicles.

"What! Go to bed? . . . Now? . . . Well, that's a dirty trick! We let you get us all dressed up, and we did our best stunts for your old company . . . and now your dinner's ready, you pack us off to bed!"

"We won't lie down—and we'll never go to sleep! Not one eye will we close all night long. You'll see how much noise twins can make! Our feelings are hurt — and we're prickly and cross!"

"Ah-h . . . look! She's getting that smooth Johnson's Baby Powder! (Good teamwork, eh?) When we get sprinkled with that silky-slick powder we'll purr like kittens. Mother — we forgive you!"

Johnson's Baby Powder is the comfort and joy of millions of babies, because it soothes away all little skin irritations and makes baby happy. Soft and smooth as satin, it is good for your own skin, too.

Johnson's BABY powder

"Best for Baby - Best for you"

A product of Johnson and Johnson—World's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings, Johnson's Baby Soap and Cream, Tek Toothbrush, Modess, Etc. A13.36

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DAD COOKS the DINNER . . . . . By Lahm

ROAD *to* TYBURN

Continued from Page 7

"ANYTHING you 'as on your person we'll take care of—such bein' per—perquisites under the law, and to be collected according," pointed out Bridges, with a knowing wink.

"Sorry, but anyfing you 'as 'id away be too far to trust such a fly bird as you, Cap'en, and you can whistle to Jack Ketch for. Nell, me cockalorum, bring along the darbies——"

Ned grunted pleasurably and brought along the "darbies"—great clumsy ring-and-chain handcuffs.

"Stick out yer flippers, Cap'en," he invited, shoving the pistol in his belt and holding the heavy irons ready.

The highwayman thought swiftly. Once those 'cuffs were on him—— In a second's flash of vivid mental pictures he saw a Newgate cell, the farce of a trial, the hangman's cart, and the last scene at Tyburn to the slow tolling of the death bell of St. Sepulchre's.

Better for an ex-captain of the Greens to die now, with past, present and future blown to merciful nothingness by the gaping bell-mouthed horse pistol which the leering Bridges held so steadily.

Languidly he straightened from his lounging attitude against the door-post, slowly he raised his hands towards the bracelets.

Bridges was watching like a cat; Trumper stepped nearer, officiously jingling the darbies, a ring in each of his dirty hands——

The captain's glance flickered over Bridges' shoulder; his eyes flashed meaningly; he nodded approvingly.

"Smash him, Jem!" he cried, and ducked.

The trick was an old one, but surprise is ever new.

Startled by the sudden shout and fear of attack from behind, Bridges half-turned—the pistol barrel wavered. Only for a split second was he off guard, but a split second can be a life-span for a desperate man in desperate case.

Darting like a snake, the captain dodged behind Trumper, butted him in his ample stomach, swung a vicious right to his fleshy jaw, plucked the pistol from his belt and struck again.

Trumper fell against Bridges—who, until then, had been unable to fire for fear of hitting his comrade. Now, as he staggered, he pulled trigger; the ball flew high.

Captain Ludovic leaped in, swinging his pistol barrel like a club at the bullet head of the reeling ex-staves. Trumper crashed as a tree falls, and an instant later Bridges toppled, limp, still, and utterly out across his partner's body.

The highwayman wheeled and came face to face with the landlord, who had watched the brief scuffle from the comparative safety of the taproom door.

"Good work, Cap'en," grinned the worthy host. "As nifty a piece o' knock dahn an' drag out as ever I did see. Your nag's ready saddled an' waiting in the yard, for some'ow I thought them two block'eads ''d be no match for you.

"AS I says to my ostler not 'alf an hour past, 'You mark my words,' I says, 'the cap'en will pick them two up in one 'and, twirl 'em rahnd a bit, make 'em dizzy, an' . . . .'"

"'Twas a close enough shave," interrupted Coverdale curtly, "and they'll be up an' roaring in a couple o' minutes. Fetch my riding clothes and cloak. 'Twere high time Galloping Larry headed for the open road——"

Trumper groaned, rolled, and instinctively drew his legs from under the dead weight across them. When, after a few minutes, he sat up to gaze giddily around, the solicitous landlord was bathing Bridges' head in an endeavor to bring him round.

"Where's him — that villain?" gasped Trumper.

The innkeeper jerked a thumb in eloquent gesture doorwards.

"Which way'd 'e go?"

"Lord knows," answered the host. Bridges came to, sat up, cursed horribly, and staggered to his feet. "An eel 'e be; an eel ter catch and an eel ter hold," he raved.

"An' an 'ole box full o' heels fer hartfulness," added Trumper fervently. "I only wish as——"

"Never mind wishing," snarled his more practical colleague. "Let's to horse an' after 'im. He'll ride north—the 'Amp'stead Road for a guinea."

The tipstaff was c...rect. At that moment the grey was splashing and clattering out of the Oxford Road (now Oxford Street) into the Tottenham Court, on the clear stretch to Hampstead; his rider complacently reviewing the lively happenings of the past hour.

After crossing Hampstead Heath the captain took a narrow lane which brought him on to the North Road between the villages of Highgate and Finchley. Of pursuit he had not much fear, confident that the great stallion beneath him could outspeed any mounts the thief-takers mig'it have.

BUT, not wishing to leave too glaring a trail and loath to delay so soon and with the hue-and-cry afoot, he allowed a fast cabriolet and two lumbering coaches—all London bound with passengers unconscious of their peril—to pass unmolested.

"Going the wrong way, Nero," he muttered. "Presently shall we find a convenient wood and await some city gentleman, fat o' paunch an' purse, who travels north in his own carriage."

Please turn to Page 14

The Farmers

They should be close to God
who plough the earth,
Tear up the briers and turn
the nettles in,
Bank high the rich brown soil
and smooth it down
And harrow paths for life,
straight, firm, and thin.
They should be men of faith
and vision, all
Who sight in each torn,
trampled plot a yield
Of sun-gold harvests; ears
Have they to hear
The secrets whispered by a
growing field.
They should be gentle. Earth
is soft as wool
Fresh turned, and rain is cool
and sweet in spring;
Where crickets chirp and little
wings hum praise
Men must be kind and love
the smallest thing.
They seek and find the simple
life—the bread
Of fields, the crystal waters
of the stream;
A sheltered hut against the hills,
a hearth,
And warmth when winter
comes and men would
dream.

—By Philip Jerome Cleveland.

How can You SLIM safely

SLENDERNESS is possible without fasting or injurious dieting. There is a safer, pleasanter way of banishing unsightly fat, without changing one's habits. Gently, gradually, surely, a nightly dose of Bile Beans disperses the surplus poundage, enabling you to "slim while you sleep."

And all the time you are taking these fine vegetable pills, observing your figure returning to normal, you will note an improvement in your health and well-being. You'll feel years younger and your looks will improve.

So start with Bile Beans tonight on the sure way to health and slenderness.

"I was worried about putting on weight. But since taking Bile Beans they have reduced me by thirty pounds. To all who wish to slim safely and without dieting—I say take Bile Beans nightly." Mrs. M. E. Lowe.

* * *

"Some months ago I put on weight to such an extent that I had rolls of ugly fat. But Bile Beans removed all the surplus, got my waist-line back to normal and gave me a slim, youthful figure." Mrs. G. Hackett.

BILE BEANS

IMPROVE YOUR HEALTH AS WELL AS YOUR FIGURE

WHEN THE CHILDREN COUGH

WHOOPYCROUP

—She wants it!

Those little ills that beset a household—it's a satisfaction at least that children don't dislike taking **Bonnington's Irish Moss.** For those 'whoopy' coughs it is unrivalled, it will SOOTHE—it will ease breathing, it will reduce any slight FEVER—moreover a single dose soon stops a sleep-disturbing NIGHT-COUGH.

IMITATIONS: *Don't accept substitutes! You want Bonnington's. Price, 1/9 & 3/-.*

For Coughs and Colds

Bonnington's IRISH MOSS

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An Editorial

JULY 10, 1937

BACK TO BETTER FOOD

IT is good to live in an age of renascence. When art and learning struggled back into the light after the darkness of the Middle Ages, it was like spring over the earth. When laughter came into men's lives again after the iron suppression of the Puritans, civilisation flowered.

To-day we partake in the rebirth of the art of eating.

The Georgians were gluttons, but they knew good food. The early Victorians knew it, too, though they tended to abandon subtlety for solidity.

But thenceforth there began the decline and fall of food. Through the stodge of the mid-Victorians we came down to the sheer bad cooking of the end of the century, with burnt meat, vegetables boiled to rags, ponderous puddings, and cloying cakes.

The Edwardians — excepting always the minority of gourmets — entered an even more dreadful era—the age of pressed beef and pickles, tarts and trifle, slushy jam and greasy ham, all washed down with weak tea.

We come into the present age, perhaps the most sinister of all.

All around, the shocked gaze of the true food lover finds wretched humans living upon synthetic foods, and imagining they like it.

Soups without savor, fish without flavor, parched poultry, indigestible entrees and joints are but burnt sacrifices on the altar of ignorance.

Salads are slimy conglomerations of limp lettuce leaves and acidified beetroot.

Desserts look like colored electric signs and taste like sugared rubber.

All that is changing now.

Australian women, quick to add to their knowledge of the arts of life, are studying cooking, studying diet, studying the aesthetics of food enjoyment.

The Australian Women's Weekly dedicates to Australian cooks this special issue devoted to the new and better craft of food preparation. May it go down well!

—THE EDITOR.

POINTS OF VIEW

Science For All

TWO Australian professors have voiced the same sentiment—that a general training in science should be a more prominent part of our educational system.

There can be no question of the wisdom of this view. The detail of the various sciences is one thing—and a thing only to be mastered by the specialist willing to devote years of work to it.

But the general scientific outlook must be comprehended by any man or woman who would understand the modern world and its civilisation.

Also, though scientists themselves are the first to admit how small is their knowledge compared to the bulk of the unknown, a knowledge of scientific fundamentals helps us to understand better the universe in which we live.

And finally, a broad scientific training is the best of all possible methods of inculcating logical thought in the growing mind.

Food And Health

ONE of the most progressive steps in recent Australian administration is the Commonwealth Government's dietary survey of the nation, now being conducted by a council of experts.

Everywhere in the world people are realising more and more the vital part played by diet in the making of the individual and the race.

It is pleasing, but not surprising, that the commission has already found that the standard of nutrition in this country is generally good. So it ought to be, with our excellent food resources and our high income standards.

Our Locked-Up Larder

THE experts have found that, though we mostly spend plenty on food, we don't always spend it wisely. Our high meat ration is not considered harmful, but the council urges that we should consume more milk, fruit and fish.

All these precious foods are plentiful here—with modern transport they should be available to even the remotest settlers. But all are relatively dear.

Everything should be done to make them cheaper and so increase the demand.

Teaching Them To Learn

SOUTH AUSTRALIAN education authorities report notable success in their experiment of allowing children to choose their own subjects of study during part of the school day.

If this system can be made to work—and results so far are promising—it will have the great advantages of developing initiative and persuading children that learning is really their own affair and not a punishment inflicted on them by unsympathetic grown-ups.

LYRIC OF LIFE

OFFERING

In the glade we have discovered,
In the woodland we have found,
We have built a secret altar
That the gracious trees surround.
It's proud we are in offering
So beautiful a thing,
We've planted here narcissi
As a gesture to the spring.

—P.D.-B.

Film Without Hero

DR. AXEL MUNTHE has finally agreed to let Hollywood film "The Story of San Michele."

He makes two stipulations—that he himself shall not be portrayed in the film, and that the proceeds be devoted entirely to the promotion of kindness to animals, particularly birds.

This must be the first time in history that a film or play based on an autobiography has not included the autobiographer!

But then, Munthe is like that. His book is rather a reflection of the vivid scenes through which he passed than of his own personality—though that engaging personality keeps peeping through.

The other stipulation is also typical of the doctor—love of animals is one of the dominant motives in his book and his life.

Whatever the conditions, however, millions of readers will eagerly await the screen incarnation of "San Michele," and millions of movie fans who have not read the book will be treated to an amazing drama.

THESE PRETTY American twins—Gloria (left) and Barbara Brewster—are so much alike that they can act the part of each other's reflection as shown above. So realistic is the deception that there is no likelihood of it being detected unless one steps through the frame of the "mirror."

Is The Game The Thing?

MR. S. M. BRUCE, High Commissioner for Australia, and former Prime Minister, has told boys at an English school that the fact that he was a Cambridge rowing Blue is the biggest distinction in his life and gives him more satisfaction than having been Australia's Prime Minister.

On this reasoning, would it be unfair to suggest that Mr. S. M. Bruce must regard his present job as Australia's representative in London as being less significant than his place in the school football team long ago?

The British conception of sport as a moulder of men has excellent points, but to hold sporting achievements in themselves as greater than high public tasks is surely an absurd inversion of a fundamentally sound idea.

One Language for Recipes

Universal Tongue Would Help Women

If the average Australian housewife suddenly wanted to exchange best recipes with the household cooks of half-a-dozen other nations, a problem of differing languages would arise, difficult to overcome.

FOR example, how many know the Chinese for "flour and baking soda," or the Hindu for "cook twenty minutes" or the Russian for "six eggs"?

However, this matter of an international code for recipe collectors will present no difficulties to an important gathering of peoples of many lands, including Australia, to be held in Holland and Poland during this month and August.

Those attending will be of many colors and creeds, but they will talk in one language, Esperanto, the language which they hope to make universal.

At this congress of people interested in Esperanto, women will discuss maternal and child welfare, international ideas on child training and the strength and frailties of women's organisations.

One of the sidelights, as far as the women are concerned, is the hohus-bolus exchange of recipes.

This, although they will speak a common language, is not quite so easy as it sounds, as there are so many kinds of conflicting weights and measures. And what is just "flour" to one woman might mean any one of a dozen kinds of flour to another.

However, it is a step in the direction of enabling the housewives of any one land to learn the cooking secrets of another, and it stresses the value of a universal language for better understanding of all matters.

Several Australians will be present at the congress. They include Miss Marjorie Hind, of Sydney, who is in England now doing some courses of study, Dr. Williams, a medical missionary (originally an Australian) in Papua at Samarai, also studying in England, and Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Couche, of Adelaide.

In National Dress

THREE THOUSAND delegates from 40 to 50 countries are expected, the delegates from India, China, Japan, and elsewhere will take their national dress to add an interest and international flavor to the ball which is to be held.

Mrs. Couche lamented that Australia has no national costume, so she took a koala handbag, and Mr. Couche took some boomerangs and slides depicting Australian industries.

The first Universal Congress was held in 1905, but very few Australians have been present at any Esperanto Congress since 1914, when several Australians went as delegates, and were sitting on the wharves of France in the drizzling rain when they heard that war had been declared, and they had to return to their own country!

The congress will have its special post office, whence letters will go out all over the world in many languages, the envelopes bearing the one postmark that is being designed for the congress.

Briefly, the story of the birth of Esperanto concerns Zamenhof, the child of a poor schoolteacher of Warsaw, Poland, who found himself in continual language difficulties, for his father was moved from one place to another in that country, and each part spoke a different dialect.

The child was subjected to ridicule by his classmates when he could not understand their language. He was a Jew, which made matters even more difficult. He determined to found a language which all men could speak.

In 1887, his first book on the subject was published. It proved a phonetic language, with one letter for one sound, without irregularities, without exceptions.

In Europe, to-day, 30-day classes have proved sufficient to give every one of a whole class of students sufficient knowledge of the language to converse and write freely in it.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . *By WEP*

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Some NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen,
When we are old and mellow they'll still be evergreen."

"How many strokes have you had so far?"
"Three."
"Why, I counted ten myself."
"Well, it wasn't my fault I had to kill a snake."

INSURANCE AGENT: But, Madam, it's a shame to let your husband's insurance lapse.
LADY: But I've been paying it for eight years and had no luck yet.

HUSBAND: Ten pounds for a hat! It's a crime.
WIFE: Don't worry, dear, the crime will be on my head.

CANNIBAL CHIEF: He doesn't look too good to me.
CAPTOR: Try before you buy, Chief.

ON YOUR FEET ALL DAY?

If So You Need

Zam-Buk

HOW many thousands of women say to themselves during the day, "Oh, my poor feet!" Hours of standing and walking—cleaning, cooking and other household duties—shopping or out at business, are responsible for tired, aching feet and swollen ankles. Therefore be sure your hard-worked feet have regular care and attention.

First bathe them every night in warm water. Then, after drying thoroughly, gently massage Zam-Buk Ointment into the ankles, instens, soles, and between the toes. The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are readily absorbed into the skin. Thus

Pain, Swelling and Inflammation

are quickly relieved. Hard skin, corns, and bunions are softened, chilblains are healed, joints, ankles, toes and feet are made easy, and you can again walk and wear shoes in perfect comfort. Start with Zam-Buk to-night.

1/6 or 3/6 a box. *Of all chemists & stores*

"I had as many as twelve broken chilblains on one foot at once and lost much with them. But regular use of Zam-Buk now keeps me free from chilblains, and I no longer dread the winter months."—Miss M. H. Smith.

"For years I had tired, aching feet. I could get very little relief. When I started with Zam-Buk the effect was magical and I now walk or stand without pain or discomfort."—Mrs. A. Coleman.

Rub ZAM-BUK In Every Night

Brainwaves

A Prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

MOTHER (in 1950): I wish you would speak to John.
Father: Why?
Mother: Well, he's been flying up and down the Atlantic all morning, and he won't even go to China for the rice for dinner.

OLD SALT: Why were you out cruising so late with that landlubber last night?
Daughter: Sorry, Dad, but we got becalmed. The wind dropped right out of one of our starboard tyres.

"DADDY, do they raise political plums from seeds?"
"No; political plums are usually the result of a clever piece of grafting."

"MY ancestry dates back before the days of Charlemagne. How old is your family?"
"I really can't say. You see, all our family records were lost in the Flood.

"PRESENCE of mind is the main thing in an accident."
"Absence of body is handy, too."

SMITH: How are you getting on with married life?
Jones: Before we got married the wife was always asking me for a lock of my hair. Now she just helps herself.

"I'M running into town, dear."
"Shopping?"
"No, I shan't have time. I'm just popping in to buy a few things I need."

"WHY are you eating with your knife?"
"Because my fork leaks."

TEDDIE is always with you!

The instruction in my postal course is so fascinating—so simple to understand—that it is as if I were standing right beside you at the piano in your own home. Thousands have already learned and expressed their entire satisfaction. Why not you? Be the envy of your friends! No matter where you live, nor whether you are an Absolute Beginner, a Medium Player, or an Advanced Classical Pianist—I can teach YOU!

YOUR SUCCESS POSITIVELY GUARANTEED!
Remember "KEYBOARD KAPERS" from 2GB, 2UE, 2SM, 2CH, 2KO, 4BC, 4GR, 4MB, 5KA, and 6AM?
FILL IN COUPON BELOW, AND POST AT ONCE.

TEDDIE GARRATT, STUDIO W., NATIONAL BLDG., 250 PITT ST., SYDNEY.

I have a piano at my disposal, and can spare at least 30 minutes daily to practise, so please send me your handsome, new, illustrated 44-page booklet, "The Secrets of Syncopation," and your special enclosure—a unique and surprising musical novelty—for which I enclose 2/6 (P.N. or stamps). This payment does not place me under any obligation.

NAME.....
(Print in Block Letters.)

ADDRESS.....

Her Figure is lovely too!

HOW DOES SHE MANAGE IT?

The answer is found in

PEEK FREAN

Vita-Weat REGD.

CRISPBREAD

The daily bread of slender, modern women is Vita-Weat. Each crisp, nut-brown, wafer-thin slice is full of energising goodness, and free from fattening unconverted starch.

You can safely eat as much Peek Frean Vita-Weat Crispbread as you like, and it is so delicious you'll want to eat lots.

Vita-Weat is good for your health, your teeth and your figure. Put it on the table at every meal, and see what it does for *you!*

Reduced Prices
(slightly higher in country districts and outside N.S.W.)
½lb. Cartons 6d. . . . ¾lb. Cartons 1/- 1lb. Loose 1/9.

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TRY PEEK FREAN CRACKERETTES
THE BEST OF ALL BISCUITS FOR SAVOURIES

Let *"Sip-pel"* design your coiffure for day and evening wear

At Sip-pel Beauty Salons exquisite hair styles are designed to suit your individuality, and—how important for daytime!—to suit your hat, too. This season's hats and last year's hair styles just won't go together.

The first essential for day and evening coiffures is a foundation permanent by Sip-pel introducing latest methods for firm cluster curls, massed ringlets, and natural lustrous waves.

Styles from Fifth Avenue fashions, New York.

Eugene 25/-, Croquignole ends 25/-.

RING FOR APPOINTMENT

City Address: **Sip-pel** Beauty Salon C.T.A. Arcade, 35 Castlereagh Street, and 35 Martin Place, 2 doors from Hotel Australia. Tele.: BW6505.
No. 2 Salon: 32 Darlinghurst Road, King's Cross. Tele.: F2960.

ESTABLISHED 10 YEARS

JONES: Do you think I can make her really happy?

Brown: Well, she certainly will have something to laugh at.

WHAT do you think of the new air-conditioned railway trains?"

"They were inevitable—the passengers could never open the windows."

RENEW YOUR KID GLOVES

2/- LACQUERED ANY COLOUR GUARANTEED NON-CRACKING

MUSK—7th Floor, 155 King Street Phone M2030.

ROAD *to* TYBURN

Continued from Page 11

"AN' i' the morning mayhap we'll lighten the York stage, which leaves the Black Swan in Holborn so prompt at five o'clock. Ah! likely spot——"

They were half-way up a short, steep hill, and he pulled the grey off the road into a small covert, which, to the highwayman's experienced eyes, was admirable as an ambush.

It afforded a clear view of the road under the now rising moon, was below the skyline, screened to the grass-edge of the ditch by trees—and, best of all, any vehicle coming from London could do no more than crawl up the last rise of such a wicked little hill.

The captain adjusted a black velvet mask, pulled his hat low, and arranged his long cloak so as to leave his sword hilt free.

Very soon appeared a black patch flanked by twinkling lights, which came swiftly to the foot of the hill and slowed for the climb. It was a light two-wheeled vehicle, drawn by a pair of magnificent horses hitched abreast.

"A curricle," mused Captain Ludovic, with satisfaction. "Some young blood o' the town, top-heavy wi' paternal guineas.

"Pull up!" he called. "Pull up, and stand and deliver!"

The horses shied at the sudden apparition and ringing voice, but the man handling the ribbons was an expert and within a few seconds they were standing quietly, and the highwayman had drawn alongside the curricle, a long-barrelled horse pistol in hand.

Inside were a young man and one of the prettiest girls Captain Ludovic—who had an eye and discriminating taste for beauty—could remember seeing.

"A thousand pardons, my lady," he said, "but I will not detain you long. If you, sir, will be so good as to throw your purse, you may drive on——"

The travellers were getting off lightly for, as a rule, a highwayman took rings, watches, brooches, and every article of value, and it was no uncommon thing for women to be roughly searched, and even stripped, by robbers who suspected they had concealed their jewellery in their clothing.

The youngster rapped out an oath and half rose, but his companion laid a tiny gloved hand on his shoulder and after some trouble forced and coaxed him back in his seat.

"Give him your purse, George," she whispered. "Oh, give it him, and let us on! They must be close behind——"

"But without money, Clarice, we may's well give up. Damme, I'll out and——"

The girl looked up at the sinister black-cloaked figure and caught her breath.

"You speak as might a gentleman, sir," she began; "perchance——"

"Gentleman!" interposed her companion, violently. "Art crazy, Clarice? A demned sneaking cutpurse, a low——"

"Be quiet, George!" She regarded again the impassive man on the great horse, and continued as though never interrupted:

"Perchance you are the renowned Galloping Larry, who, I have heard, retains some claim to gentility?"

The young man beside her sat bolt upright and stared in newborn interest at the highwayman.

"Zooks, Clarice, you've hit it!" he cried. "The rogue does speak less like a ruffian than most, and egad, dressed in black from boots to hat and astride a grey stallion— 'Tis Coverdale!"

"YOU see and know too much," drawled the captain, with soft menace. "Throw out your purse, or shall I take it from your body!"

The tone of voice, backed by the steady pistol, left no option. Slowly, reluctantly, the youth drew out a well-filled purse and tossed it to the highwayman, who caught it deftly.

In a paroxysm of despair, the girl turned to address the now curious and attentive Coverdale.

"Sir, if you will return us that purse, Master Tregenna here will give his word of honor to remit double the amount to any address you care to name, within a week. Won't you, George?"

Master Tregenna grunted affirmatively, but added:

"Don't plead wi' the fellow, Clarice. He's not likely to take my word."

Coverdale leaned forward in his saddle.

"May I ask," he said, "why this money is of such vast importance?"

Even in the moonlight he could see her blush as she answered. "We—George and I—are eloping, and my father is in hot haste close behind. We were going to Gretna Green to be married, but now—without even a guinea for the road——"

"'Sdeath!" swore the captain in enlightenment. He laughed merrily, shoved his pistol back in the holster, and again leaned towards the unhappy couple.

"Had I but known," he said sincerely, "I would ne'er ha' delayed ye by a second. Here, sir"—he thrust the bag of guineas at the astounded young man—"take your purse and with it the best wishes o' Galloping Larry——"

"Oh! how can I thank you! It is——"

"Sh—sh!" The highwayman was peering back the way they had come, his trained ears catching the familiar sound of wheels and fast-driven horses.

"You said you were pursued?"

"Yes, my father—in a carriage and four——"

"Then here he comes," said Coverdale grimly, "for no less than four nags could make that clatter."

"He's got us then!" groaned George Tregenna. "Damnation! 'Gainst my two, good as they are, he'll run us down in a mile!"

CLARICE sank back in her seat, her bright face suddenly white and frightened.

"He'll kill you, George," she sobbed. "He swore he would—and with his terrible temper. Oh! what—what shall we do!"

"Leave it to me," suggested Captain Ludovic unexpectedly. "I know little of irate parents, but hardly think he will kill me, or e'en," he chuckled, "drag me home by the hair. Since 'twas my fault you are delayed, then shall I see you get another good start for Gretna."

They stared at him.

"What mean you?" asked Tregenna.

"Simply that I'll stop the angry father e'en as I, all unwitting, did stop the runaway daughter——"

"You are—oh! wonderful!" sighed Clarice. "No words can—" She faltered and broke off.

Coverdale wheeled his horse to face down hill.

"'Tis a pleasure, Miss Clarice," he said lightly. "Now, off with you, sir—the carriage lights are in plain view and coming fast."

Young Tregenna gathered his reins.

"Good luck, Captain Larry, and some day may I have opportunity to repay you."

The highwayman swept off his hat as the curricle leaped forward.

"PITY women have eyes, Nero," he murmured to the stallion, "they are apt to make such demned fools of us!"

But not for an instant did he consider that in the ingenuous person of Miss Clarice Bellwood had the third, and most dangerous, hazard overtaken him. Luck is blind.

The carriage slowed at the foot of the hill, and again did the highwayman wait until the leading horses were close before leaving the shadows and planting himself on the centre of the road.

"Hold there!" he cried, aiming a pistol at the driver. "Pull up an' pay toll o' the toby!"

The carriage stopped, the coachman heaving his weight on the ribbons. From the off window was thrust a heavily-bewigged head.

"Out o' my way, demmit! Here's my purse. Take it an' go to the devil. Drive on, Johnson!"

Coverdale took it, expressing courteous thanks, which were wholly wasted on the fuming Sir John.

"Saw ye a racing two-wheeler on the road ahead?" he snapped. "Eh, what? Speak up, demmit!"

"'Tis a fine night after the rain," answered the captain chattily, "so methinks you'll not catch cold, sir, and I take the liberty o' putting your cattle to grass."

"Eh, what? Is the feller mad?" demanded Sir John. "Hey, Johnson—Johnson, take a flip at the confounded rascal—damme if he isn't going to cut our traces!

"Hey, you there, whatever your demmed name is, leave those traces alone; I'm in a devilish hurry, confound it!"

Still shouting at the top of his voice, Sir John flung open the carriage door and got down into the road.

Please turn to Page 22

SWOLLEN GLANDS and SORE THROAT

NEVER neglect a Sore Throat, especially in children, as it may be an early symptom of German Measles, Diphtheria, Scarlet Fever or Croup. Similarly, persistent Swollen Glands in children or adults are often the forerunner of a more serious complaint. Delay is dangerous—experimenting is folly. Call the Doctor, at once!

For the first-aid treatment of simple cases of Sore Throat, Chest Congestion, Bronchitis and Swollen Glands, there is no better remedy than a dressing of Iodex over the affected part. Early treatment reduces inflammation or swelling, relieves the pain and congestion and prevents the development of more serious conditions. In case of Mumps, Iodex is invaluable, quickly reducing swelling, inflammation and pain.

Keep Iodex in your home and be ready for all emergencies.

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FARMER'S

FARMER'S HAS YOUR BREAKFAST READY every morning from 8.15 in the Galley Cafeteria—downstairs from Market Street. Eggs and bacon, 1/-; grilled steak with chipped potatoes, 1/3. These are but two of the many appetizing items on the menu. All served with tea or coffee.

USUALLY 29/6. Gussett court. Black or brown kid. 90 pairs. 4½, 2 to 7½. **22/9**

USUALLY 21/- Black suede instep tie. Cuban heels. Gen. pumps. 4½, 3-8. **15/9**

USUALLY 29/6. Health Shoes. Kid oxford. 4½, 2-7½. Blk. or brown. 100 prs. **22/9**

US. 21/- Black kid court. Baby Louis heels. 50 prs. 4½, 2-8, except 3 and 6. **16/9**

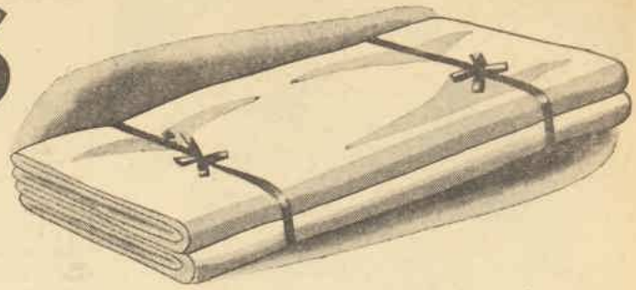
USUALLY 21/- Black patent whole cut court. Two heels. 60 pairs. 2 to 7. **14/9**

July clearance of shoes

Not a clearance of old stock, but of thrilling, breath-taking styles that are the current leaders — and successes — overseas. Even some Health Shoes are included in this stupendous clearance. And it's only between you and Farmer's that they were so substantially reduced. There will be none for 'Phone and Mail orders. *On Farmer's Third Floor.*

Farmer's cares for feet and fit

Farmer's "Foot-vision" X-ray assures of a perfect fit in shoes. And should there be any worrying corns, Farmer's chiropodists will whisk them out—painlessly. Chiropody, on the Third Floor. 3/- for one foot, 5/6 the two.



SHEETS CLEAR

Famous "Elephant" brand reduced

Us. 9/6. Size 54" x 90", **6/11**
Us. 12/6. Size 63" x 90", **9/9**
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Us. 16/6. Size 80"x90", **12/6**

"BABNAPS"

15/10 Baby squares go at 9/11

Farmer's famous "Babnaps" now reduced for a limited period. Gloriously soft baby's squares as soothing as a Mother's caress. With a selvedge all round and of a wonderfully soft and absorbent quality. Size 24 x 24 ins.

52/6 wool blankets — 37/6

There's extra special value in the rich cosiness of these blankets. A wonderful argument for early nights in bed. Large double bed size, 81" x 99".

From the First Floor. Why not use Farmer's easy Lay-By!

Undie sale

Lay-by these glorious Winter Undies whilst they're reduced

32/6 Dressing Gown of pure wool flannel. In a tailored, double-breasted style that easily buttons right up to the neck. Blue, green or pink. Sizes S.W., W. and O.S. At, **21/9**

11/6 Pyjamas of a softly cosy British flannelette. Tunic top that has been daintily trimmed with satin applique. In soothing pink or lemon shades. Sizes S.W., W. and O.S. At, **7/10**

25/6 Nightgown either of woven wool, or wool and silk mixture. Short sleeves. Pink, white, or blue or green. Trimmed, toning colours. Sizes S.W., W., O.S. and E.O.S. At, **12/9**

Fourth Floor

Less than HALF

Usually 21/-. Something delightfully different for our delightful young moderns. For those young sylphs who've never heard of a diet ... never saw an excess ounce, yet want some smoothing influence. Lace Lastex corselette with a two-way stretch, and the so necessary up-lift top. Cut low at back. Bust sizes, small and medium. Priced at **9/11**

Fourth Floor

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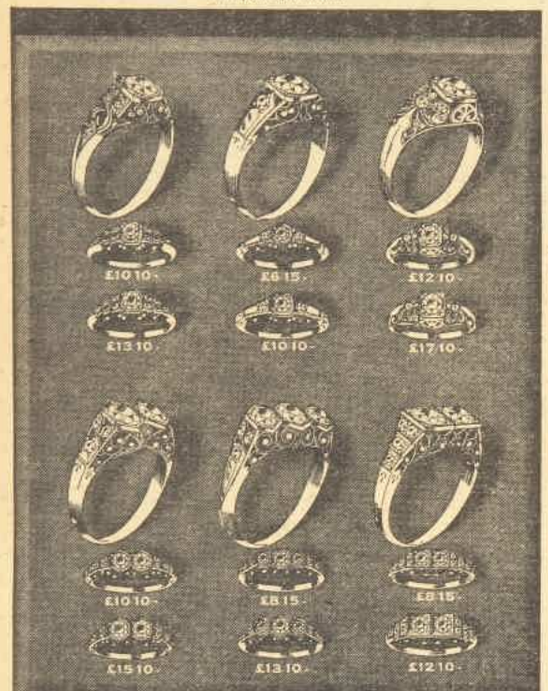

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FINEST VALUE AND QUALITY OFFERED IN AUSTRALIA

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TWO STORES
401 PITT ST. RAILWAY SQ.
NEXT ANTHONY HORDERNS' SYDNEY

SLIM
FOR HEALTH AND VIVACITY

Slim, active youth—these words suggest health. Excess fat is dangerous. The most frequent cause is delayed elimination, an old complaint and an old cause of increasing stoutness. Beecham's Pills not only overcome constipation, liver and stomach disorders, but they have a marvellous "reducing" effect upon all who suffer from the most prevalent type of obesity—the accumulation of flabby puffy fat under the skin. It costs very little to buy them, there's no pain or "upset," and they will certainly benefit your general health, activity, energy and good spirits.

BEECHAM'S PILLS
Worth a Guinea a Box

CORONATION *Chairs for* AUSTRALIA

Banners Become Blankets.... Lions Will Be Lampstands

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Correspondent in London

Fifty years from now little Australians will be allowed to look with awe upon the chair in which grandma sat when King George VI was crowned.

When it was announced that the entire Coronation furnishings in Westminster Abbey could be bought as souvenirs nearly every one of the 7700 guests present applied for the chairs or stools in which they sat at the service. A number of these will go to Australia, bought by the privileged one hundred, including Dame Enid and Mr. Lyons.

COVERED in royal-blue velvet, the chairs are ornamented on the back with an embroidered royal monogram. They have been sold at cost price, £2, and the stools, also covered in blue velvet, at 26/-.

Many Australian visitors applied for lengths of the blue or gold carpet on which the King and Queen and their retinues trailed their ermine-trimmed robes during the splendid procession.

Others have bought lengths of the blue and gold brocatelle which covered the fronts of stands, at 19/6 a yard. Some people have planned to give them to churches in Australia for altar frontals.

A few lucky applicants were able to secure frock and coat lengths of the drapings in the annexe and Abbey.

Reserved for Royalty

GOLDEN lions will become lamp stands, iron braziers will find a resting place in ornamental gardens, and House of Parliament bricks left after building restoration will be used for rockeries.

One of the 217 lions decorating the Abbey, together with a chair and stool bought by Chief Yeta of Barotseland, will be towed 500 miles up the Zambesi River in a royal barge rowed by 300 native oarsmen.

Hundreds applied for the chairs in which the little Princesses sat, but these with all other Royal chairs are reserved for the King and Queen.

Overseas people wanted to buy the chairs in which sat the peers and peeresses they most admire, but the peerage came early to the Abbey sale and purchased the chairs for themselves.

Besides the Abbey furnishings, London's street decorations will go to all ends of the earth. Indian princes have bought several of the big decoration schemes for the celebrations of the Delhi Durbar next year.

On fete occasions little schools in remote corners of the Empire will flaunt the bunting that brightened some of the greatest streets in the world, and the long wool cloth banners of Bond Street have already been made into blankets for the little Bilbao refugees encamped in the south of England.

WRINKLES *Do Not* MAR BEAUTY

By Air Mail from Our London Office

Looking for scraggy necks to beautify is the life-work of Rose Laird, well-known American beautician, who is now in London.

A smart dresser and attractive looking, despite that she is over 60, Miss Laird has spent the last 40 years teaching women how to keep their faces "easy on the eye."

MISS LAIRD doesn't mind a few wrinkles. In fact, she regards them as natural.

But a scraggy neck she thinks ruins completely any claim to beauty a woman may have.

Muscle exercises are the secret, and she declares that every man every day spends more time on keeping his face young and handsome than practically any woman. Only he doesn't realise what he is doing.

"Shaving is the best facial exercise anyone could want," she said. "You do this," and she stuck out her upper lip, "then this," stretching her jaw and pushing her chin forward.

"Fastening a collar stud is marvellous exercise for jaw and neck, while a man's efforts with a dress tie are worth a whole course of treatment to any woman.

"What is beauty, anyway?" asked Miss Laird. "It's not just a pretty face. You wouldn't call me pretty, would you, and you needn't be afraid of saying so. I'm sixty-three, and I don't look it, and my face won't grow old because it is well looked after.

"Wrinkles? I don't mind a few wrinkles; I've got some myself. No woman can live without getting wrinkles. If her face is interesting at all, there must be a few expression lines, something to show that she has laughed and cried, loved and suffered."

PURE
VIRGIN
OLIVE OIL

May be used for medicinal purposes as well as for culinary use. Recognised as the finest quality Olive Oil procurable, backed by the Faulding guarantee.

Refuse the many substitutes—insist on "Faulding's."

IF IT'S FAULDING'S··IT'S PURE

TO BOYS & GIRLS GIVEN

WRIST WATCHES
Cameras, Ma Ms Dolls, Pens, Pens, many other valuable prizes for selling small parcel of tested garden seeds. Send for parcel and big catalogue of presents. Send no money now, only name and address. Write to-day!
JOHN B. MURRAY, 661V, George St., Sydney

"Beauty is *Second-Skin* deep"

SAYS SKIN SPECIALIST

... Face Powder should filter Air and Sunlight on to growing *Second Skin*

PRESENT SKIN RENEWED EVERY SIX WEEKS

Your present skin will last only six weeks, but growing beneath it is the *Second* Skin, preparing to take its place.

GROWING *SECOND SKIN* NEEDS AIR AND SUNLIGHT

If this growing Second Skin is to come through soft, clear and smooth it *must* get air and sunlight. These vital forces bring out its lovely natural colouring . . . develop smooth texture . . . clearness.

HEAVY FACE POWDERS ENDANGER FUTURE BEAUTY

Because they keep out air and sunlight heavy face powders starve the young, growing skin, and later it emerges sallow . . . coarse in texture.

GOSSAMER - FINE CALIFORNIAN POPPY FACE POWDER FILTERS AIR AND SUNLIGHT

Californian Poppy Face Powder is so finely spun it has a special quality—it filters air and sunlight through on to the growing Second Skin . . . brings it glowing health.

Gives Radiant Loveliness

Beauty lies in Californian Poppy Face Powder. Sifted to gossamer fineness, it gives a smooth and lovely radiance . . . and there's romance in its haunting fragrance.

NEW SIZE BOX 9D

CALIFORNIAN POPPY
Face Powder
IN 4 SHADES — *Large Size, 1/6*
At all Chemists and Stores

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FASHIONS IN ARTGRAVURE

Designed for DEBUTANTES

. . . Famous fashion creators evolved these cheery notions for youngsters "coming out."

● BELOW: "Femina" suit in honeycomb woollen material of kingfisher-blue, with a primrose line. The buttons are primrose wood and the scarf plain primrose crepe-de-chine.

● RIGHT: New waltz dresses from Schiaparelli, with short full skirt, made of mousseline, in rose, with a gold-and-blue stripe. Worn with pale blue sandals and blue net gloves. Yellow primroses are attached to the back of each glove.

● DANCES at the beach call for a frock like this, says Schiaparelli. Made of cotton, printed with large colored butterflies, it is worn with a black linen jacket which serves as a wrap. Rose kidskin sandals.

Schiaparelli's Spring Madness

From MARY ST. CLAIRE. By Air Mail.

PARIS Exposition, the Coronation, and horticulture have inspired Schiaparelli's spring collection. She adds that touch of inspired nonsense which always characterises her work.

Medals as fasteners, flower-seed catalogues as patterns, rabbits, vegetables, masses of hand-made roses such as we used to put on handkerchief-sachets and nightdress-cases, hat trimmings of metal cut like the papers we used to cut for the pantry shelves, and a celluloid fan, shaped like a lyrebird's tail and painted in pastel shades, were part of her springtime madness.

Like several other designers she has based the design of some of her hats on the Australian Digger hat, but she adds an extra romantic touch with one side of the brim shaped like the top of a heart.

"Shocking" pink, the same rosy, cerise shade of the cartons of her new perfume called by the same name, sweet-potato yellow, ultramarine-blue, and spun sugar white are some of her new colors.

Most charming illustration of the flower-seed catalogue idea is a pale blue linen frock with flowered patches like flower-seed packets appliqued all over it.

Medals featuring the Exposition, and silhouettes of the "Shocking" perfume-bottle, shields, porcelain flowers and vegetables are used as fasteners and trimmings.

Echoes from the Caribbean provide Louisane prints — native heads, figures and scenes printed in black on blindingly bright colors. Horticultural prints include red tomatoes in diagonal rows on a green background with a row of porcelain-green tomatoes on the belt, and white rabbits, looking at green-and-white cabbages, with a row of porcelain-green rabbits and white mice round the neckline. Watering-cans splashing water over flowerpots make another bright print.

The Paris Exposition silhouette is svelte and elegant, long and narrow, giving an impression of height. Skirts are straight, their hobble shape sometimes relieved with a gathered frill below the knees. Many of the formal gowns are floor-length.

In contrast, for the very young, are bouffant frocks with the peacock bemline we wore some years ago, short in front and long at the back. Loveliest of these was one of white organza embroidered in wool with large sprays of wattle.

Puffed and frilled tulle capes and fussy little jackets with gold and silver embroideries or flowery lapels are worn with formal dress.

No Orchids FOR HER!

Orchids from the one and only man! The girl never lived who didn't thrill at the thought.

But here's one girl who can never have this thrill — for men avoid her.

She is the girl who is careless about herself; who has allowed the disagreeable odour of underarm perspiration to cut her off from good friends and good times.

What a pity it is! Doubly so, since perspiration odour is so easy to avoid. With Mum!

Just half a minute is all you need to use this dainty deodorant cream. Then you're safe for the whole day!

Another thing you'll like—use Mum any time, even after you're dressed . . . For it's harmless to clothing.

It's soothing to the skin, too—so soothing you can use it right after shaving your underarms.

But it does prevent every trace of perspiration odour. And how important that is!

Don't let this personal fault come between you and the popularity you ought to have. Depend upon the daily Mum habit!

At all Chemists and better class Stores
Price 1/6. Double size 2/6 . .

MUM Takes the Odour out of Perspiration . . .

E5478

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MARCH OF THE MODE by Rene

Designed for the Not-So-Slim

● ENSEMBLE of navy diagonal angora, designed to give the slim line, makes a feature of two vertical strips of white wool pique, fastened inside the straight front of the finger-tip length box-jacket with raglan sleeves. Is worn over a matching dress, very simple and straight, with white peaked neck revers and bow.

● WHITE can look extremely dignified on a matron if it is gracefully treated. The gown sketched above is of dull, pebbly chalk-white crepe, cut on simple lines. It has a wide, accented V neck trimming which tends to make the hips look narrower than a barer decolletage.

Smart Trio of Slenderising Models

● VIKING-GREEN woollen redingote dress with a simple shoulder-line fitted into the yoke. The front, inset from neck to hem, is of white angora, the long vertical line giving a slenderising effect to the wider silhouette.

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The Fashion Parade by Petrov

DINNER FROCKS

● *NOTABLE for the absence of sleeves, this rust-red velvet dinner gown fastens its double-breasted tunic with white macrame buttons.*

● *PLUM-COLORED moire here pretends to have a little jacket with three-quarter-length sleeves. The skirt flares out from the waist at the back.*

● *BLACK satin skirt, black organza tunic lined with flesh-color and striped with lines of black chenille. Vivid petunia velvet bow at the waist.*

● *DEEPEST BLUE velvet, almost black, cut on very slim lines, has raglan-shaped sleeves and a very broad swathing of copper sequins.*

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After all, it's your figure line —

—not your weight or age, that matters !

It's how your weight is distributed, how your figure line defies your age line . . . these things matter most to the woman not so slim! INSTANT figure reduction with a "Controlacing" Berlei! Actual cases prove it! "Controlacing" Berleis completely re-fashion heavy figures! INSTANT reduction of several inches in abdominal measurement. Neater waistline. Smooth hips. The whole figure gains new smartness and dignity. And as you continue to wear a "Controlacing" Berlei, hip and waist measurements are FURTHER reduced by the Patented Liftbac Control. To adjust, merely pull side straps. Immediately, back lacing is perfectly regulated, abdomen flesh lifted up and back, the organs supported as Nature intended.

"Controlacing" Berleis are not expensive . . . actually very moderate in price. Be personally fitted at your favourite store. Every "Controlacing" garment guaranteed.

Back View, showing Patent Leverage Control and *Instant* Lacing adjustment . . . . .

Berlei *Patent* CONTROLACING FOUNDATIONS

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Old copies of London "Sphere" show how fashions changed with the years.

1898: This yachting costume would create no envy in the modern girl who favors shorts and jumper for aquatic events.

1911: The bobble or peg top skirt in lustrous silk with a tunic blouse of lace was a mode greatly favored for race wear.

1904: Elaboration was at its height in Edwardian days. Slim waists were fashionable, and skirts swept the ground.

CAVALCADE *of* BEAUTIFUL CLOTHES!

"What They Wore" is the Drama of Milady's Dress

The cavalcade of clothes! What a pageant it presents marching down the centuries. Women have always loved beautiful clothes and worn them to perfection.

A smart woman of to-day admiring her winter wardrobe, built from ideas plundered from the four corners of the earth, thrills to the drama of it all.

"All new," she murmurs proudly. NEW? Every item in that list is as old as history!

"OF course, my dear!" The echo comes from the smart young matrons of Greece, Celtic Ireland, Rome, and nine English centuries as they move, amusing and graceful, through Margaret Jackson's latest book.

The modern writer intended her work to be—"What They Wore." Instead, it is—what women always wear, when they charm fashion into flattery.

Only the names change. To-day's pleated evening gown was a chiton to Athena. The Grecian woman had her dress-clips, too, in "circular brooches of ornamental metal" on the shoulder. Where a modern dinder frock has metal woven into wool by machine, Celtic Ireland's young matron did her own—by hand. And she also liked her wool material richly dyed, so that it set off her cunningly-painted face.

That cocktail jacket was worn in the 13th century. It was even more extravagant then, for it was "worked all over in a honeycomb pattern with embroidery and jewels." Flared skirts were eighth century. And as for belts!

Belts have aroused the delight of women and the carping of men for seventeen hundred jewelled, tasselled and embroidered years. A masculine critic of the ninth century said tartly—"You pit girdles about your middles would buy an earldome!"

Echo catches again and again that nagging male voice. In 594 B.C. it was Solon, passing a law forbidding women to wear more than three elaborate overdresses at festivals and funerals. In late Roman times it was the citizen, telling his wife that togas were now only worn by women of dubious reputation.

"The taste for jewels among citizens of the Empire became so extravagant than an edict was issued, forbidding unmarried women to wear precious stones or pearls . . . . It is said that the number of marriages immediately increased."

And those flowers? Coronets of tiny, fresh blooms were quite the thing for the 12th century debutante. Jewelled chaplets made in the form of flowers were in vogue among girls and ladies of rank in the 13th century. Even the dreadful Victorian era sported artificial flowers at each side of a centre hair-parting.

The modern woman may spare a pitying shake of the head for the English women during the reign of Richard Coeur de Lion.

"Richard Coeur de Lion spent only eight months of his 10 years' reign in England, and fashions changed but little in that time. Women's dress also remained much the same—for Queen Berengaria never came to England to set new fashions."

"What They Wore" has, it must be confessed, some horrible examples of feminine slavery to dress. The worst was the poor Anglo-Saxon lady of high degree. Under a thick gown with wide sleeves she wore another so long it trailed on the ground, and made with close-fitting sleeves. A semi-circular cloak was worn over the whole dress.

"As if this were not sufficient to isolate the wretched wearer from the fresh air, a veil was worn over the head, and drawn round the face under the chin."

The book is slashed with color. The 1927 reader, chanting over this year's shades—good earth, vintage, orchid, capucine, pineneedles, and chamois—will be matched by the Roman lady's list. It ran—purple of Tyre, scarlet, vermilion, saffron, sulphur, viridian-emerald, and a tone described as being like "an unripe grape."

And what more poignant contrast between fashion and frumpery can color give! Plantagenet England's favorite colors were Cramoisy, cendre, garance, murrey, pavonailis, and pers. Victorian England liked puce, purple, bottle-green, plum, and navy-blue.

The modern young matron must, nevertheless, be grateful to the last century. It brought respectability—and dowdiness—into men's clothes. It made masculine appearance a sombre background to set off her own brilliance. Whereas, "What They Wore" was always eclipsed by what men wore—an astounding, arrogant, sumptuous wardrobe, dripping in velvets, brocades, furs, jewels, and silks. The smart young matrons of Greece, Celtic Ireland, Rome, and nine English centuries had double the dress-competition!

"What They Wore," by Margaret Jackson. London: George Allen & Unwin Ltd.

"PIOUS PETTICOATS"

IN her fascinating book on fashion through the ages, Margaret Jackson says:

"In Cromwell's reign, pious young ladies embroidered moral sentiments upon their underwear, and Fairholt quotes the remark of a character in a contemporary play:

"'Nay, sir, she is a Puritan at her needle, too;
She works religious petticoats.'"

BOOKS

A Library List

"THREE COMRADES." Erich Remarque. A brilliant novel by the author of "All Quiet on the Western Front."

♦ ♦ ♦

"SON OF HAN." Richard La Piere. China is the setting for this splendid yarn.

♦ ♦ ♦

"HAND IN GLOVE." Mignon Eberhart. Mystery story—American setting.

You'll Look an Angel in HOLEPROOF SHEERS

Because they're heavenly! . . . the most enchanting piece of silken flattery to ever thrill the feminine heart.

HOLEPROOF, because of their overseas associations, make sheers with a distinctive styling. Why! Even the stars in the skies twinkle at the mention of their clearness, sheerness and perfect fit.

Girls! Wear HOLEPROOF Sheers and develop that "leg-appeal".

BLACK MAGIC—The gloriously bewitching chiffon—25% sheerer and 100% lovelier—to wear for your more glamorous moments.

GAY DECEIVER—a gay, alluring aristocrat, with cunningly concealed long-wearing features—correct to wear at any tick of the clock.

SHEER LOVELINESS—Australia's best long-wearing sheer—just right if you are hard on hosiery.

Then, there's **ALL-IN-ONE**, a luxury sheer crinkly crepe with two-way s-t-r-e-t-c-h that gives knee action, and twice the wear of ordinary sheers.

Of course, all are manufactured under genuine Kinglas Patent.

If you prefer service sheers, ask for **JOY**—the famous happy medium weight. Rich silk from top to toe, it "just wears forever"

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY

The Loveliest in the World

WG

The Protection You Want at Lowest Price . . . . . .

MODESS

1/- BOX OF 12 ex. st

Modess is the finest Sanitary Napkin made. Softer . . . Safer . . . Yet costs you less.

Product of Johnson & Johnson—World's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings.

Price throughout West Australia, 1/7.

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ROAD *to* TYBURN

Continued from Page 14

IN fact, he alighted from the carriage just in time to observe a new and surprising development.

Coverdale, still mounted, was hacking through the traces with his cut-and-thrust sword when a loud crashing in the hedge behind made him turn swiftly in his saddle. The subsequent happenings were a matter of seconds.

Two dark figures were running across the road towards him, but, before he could wheel his mount or even back clear, a pistol flashed and roared within two yards range and he felt a savage tearing pain in the right arm.

The world heaved, roared, went black, and Captain Ludovic slumped forward across his horse's neck. . . .

He came back to consciousness with a sickening feeling of calamity and a strangely clear view of the moon, serenely sailing between dark clouds.

Instinctively he tried to touch his throbbing head and discovered, in shock of alarm, that his wrists were held by steel bracelets, and that he was lying flat on his back in the road. Kneeling beside him was a burly man, his bulldog face creased into a jeering grin.

"Gotcher at last, Cap'en Larry!" crowed the catchpoll. "All parcelled up nice an' comfy-like fer the stone jug."

"Ah, Bridges, me friend," drawled the captain, "so we meet again. 'Tis true that one good whack deserves another—but, damme, I am no usurer in the matter of interest on such a debt. I'll lay you ha' completely ruined my hat——"

"You're a cool un, Cap'en," acknowledged the thief-taker with reluctant admiration. "A right game chicken, blow me dickey if you ain't. 'Ere you be, all set fer the scraggin' post, an' talking about a dinted 'at——"

"Where's our good Trumper in the hour of triumph?"

Bridges grinned even more widely. "Gone wiv Sir John Wotsisname to overtake a covey wot's eloping wiv 'is nibs' daughter. You 'avin' cut orf the trace, the old un's borrored my 'oss an' my pal ter run 'em dahn.

"How came it you sprang out o' the ground just as I was slashing those accursed traces?"

Bridges winked and tapped his nose knowingly with a forefinger.

"You bain't the only fly covey, Cap'en," he insinuated. "When you leaves Ned an' me stiff 1' the Three Tuns 'twas yore turn. But we comes rahnd an' I sez ter Ned, I sez, "E's gone north—the 'Ampstead Road fer a guinea.'

"I knowed as 'ow yer fav'rite 'untin' ground be atween 'Ampstead 'Eaf an' Warrenby Wick on the North Road. So we follers, and, arter a while, sees a slap-up gen'elman's carriage an' four ahead of us.

"'That's the bait,' sez I, 'for if Cap'en Larry be the 'ighflyer I knows 'im for, 'e won't let a wallyble-lookin' private coach an' four steppers pass 'im wivout a-paying toll.'

"So we keeps a fair distance be'ind until, at last, we 'ears you 'alt the carriage. We rides as close as we dares wivout you 'earing our 'osses, an 'then ties the nags to a gate, an' slips along on foot be'ind the 'edge. Soon's you turns yer back ter cut the traces we outs an' nobbles yer."

"I' faith, wi' such talent for manoeuvre ye ought to be a colonel o' light cavalry, me friend," complimented Coverdale gravely.

"Aye," replied the tipstaff, almost purring with complacency, "'twas a nifty scheme, as nobody can't deny, an' wot I—— 'Allo! 'Ere comes 'is nibs an' Ned—an' gads bobs, they've copped the wench——"

The captain turned his head to see Sir John and Trumper ride up to the carriage and dismount. Clarice Bellwood, in a daze of misery, had been brought back riding in front of her father, who now reached up, lowered her to the ground, and kept a precautionary grip of her elbow.

"Hey, Johnson!" he called. "Ha' ye got the trace mended?"

"Yes, Sir John; patched up strong enough ter take us back, yer honor."

"Right, me man; then we'll not delay. Up wi' you an' turn the coach round—there's a gate a-top o' the hill——"

Leaving the coachman to the task, the baronet, retaining a firm hold of Clarice, walked to where Bridges was standing.

"Well, constable," he said, "we caught her, and I've given your comrade the—er—recognition o' your services I promised. Take good care o' that highway rogue, an' count on me to give evidence 'gainst him when he comes up for trial."

"Yes, Sir John; thankee kindly, yer honor."

Clarice spoke in a low, but tense, voice.

"Father, you cannot swear 'gainst this gentleman! An you do, I shall bear witness in court that he did but stop you at our request; that we——"

"Silence, girl! Not a word more—not a word, d'ye hear! Egad, is there no limit to your impudence, miss, that ye would proclaim your shameless an' abandoned conduct afore everyone? How a daughter o' mine can be so brazen—! Come into the carriage wi' you——"

THE girl resisted his rough pull and addressed the captive.

"Sir, I cannot express how grieved I am that, through me, you find yourself in such plight. But rest assured we will do all we can to serve you."

"Tut-tut! I ha' been in worse case, Miss Clarice," smiled the highwayman. "And pray do not distress yourself that 'twere due to you I was taken."

Continuing to rave and roar, the incensed baronet dragged the girl back along the road to where the carriage was now awaiting them, bundled her in before him, and slammed the door.

"'Struth!" rumbled Bridges, as the coach and four swept past on the way back to town, "reg'lar old fire-eater, ain't 'e, Ned? An' wiv as gen'elmanly a power o' cussin' as ever I heerd."

"Aye, a real slap-up toff be Sir John," agreed Trumper, "but, ods bobs, Bill, I wouldn't be in 'is pore daughter's shoes fer anyfink.

"My ole man were a bit of a ripper an' tearer, by all accounts—leastways, all 'e left were an 'eap o' debts, an' empen widow, an' me.

"But I'd rather 'im nor that wicious ole hoity-toity demn-yer-eyes baronite, any day 1' the week. Took me all me time ter stop 'im from pistolling that young sprig, that it did!"

"'Ow did yer stop 'im?"

"Freatened 'im wiv arrest for murder an' kept me own barker on the young feller while Sir John swung the girl over 'is saddle. Frew me a purse afterwards, 'e did, Bill, which we'll divvy up later."

Bridges smacked his lips.

"A good night's work, Ned me cockalorum—wot wiv that, an' nigh six 'underd pahnd for the cap'en, 'ere."

"Ho-ho! you'm right, Bill," chuckled Trumper. "Ods bobs an' blow me dickey, but we'll live like a couple o' fightin' cocks on them rewards."

Please turn to Page 24

My Favorite Poem

Sweep thy faint strings, musician,
The minutes mount to hours,
Frost on the window casement leaves
A labyrinth of flowers.
Ghosts linger in the darkling air.
Hearken at the opening door,
Music hath called them, dreaming home once more.

(Walter de La Mare.)

Sent by Eve McKenny, Mt. Barker, S.A.

Host Holbrook says:

"During the lifetime of Robert Southey THE House of Holbrook was founded in the old world village of Stourport, Worcestershire, England.

Since that time my Worcestershire Sauce has become famous the world over."

The World's Appetiser!

HOLBROOKS WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE

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Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published here.

Pen names are not used, following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page.

LET'S HEAR FROM YOU

Try your hand now at writing a letter in answer to one of those already given on this page, or on some new topic. Our address will be found at top of page 3 of this issue.

WOMAN'S STRENGTH

WOMAN'S true strength lies in her quietness. The noisy, over-zealous, self-assertive type of woman does not succeed in human relationships. Her domineering is just a sham and show—not real strength, and it breaks down on vital issues.

Real strength is shown by those wives and mothers who influence the present and mould the future by avoiding public limelight. It is their reserve that makes their services so valuable to the community.

£1 for this letter to Mrs. A. Nally, 356a Bourke St., Darlinghurst, N.S.W.

❖ ❖ ❖

THEIR WORST SIDE

WHY do so many of our daughters show their worst side to the family?

How often a mother will notice members of her family coming home, only to throw themselves disconsolately into a chair, declaring they have had a "rotten" day, and then proceed to vent their ill-humor on her!

Surely it is not necessary always to have a stimulating experience during the day before the family can be shown a smiling face!

This lack of backbone is deplorable, and young people with very little effort could show more grit and consideration for others.

Miss N. C. Armstrong, 21 Como Crescent, Launceston, Tas.

❖ ❖ ❖

VALUE OF AGE

I THINK it is pitiful if a woman reaches the age of forty or thereabouts without having arrived at a more earnest desire than to appear as inexperienced girlhood.

The middle-aged ought to aim for poise, the ability to lead, and a large-minded tolerance which should carry them far beyond the little limitations of youth.

Mrs. Alma Small, River Avenue, North Ryde, N.S.W.

Your brassware will retain its lovely lustre if you insist on Brasso Liquid Metal Polish

Saying a Kind Word for Matrimony

YOU should not worry, Miss Ford, about the cynical remarks on marriage. It seems to be a failing with married people to warn girls and boys against matrimony. Evidently, it is for the same reason that a doctor will advise a young man to steer clear of medicine as a profession, or a lawyer tell one not to go in for law unless he wants to be a slave all his life.

Very few people are content with their position in life, and imagine that the other fellow is far better off. Some married people delude themselves in the fond belief that if only they had not married they would have remained perpetually young and beautiful. They seem to think they would have been prosperous and successful and would have escaped all the afflictions that beset humanity.

Mrs. Margaret Adrian, Charles St., Roma, Qld.

Completely Satisfying

MISS FORD (19/6/'37) is right. It must be very depressing for single men and women to be continually confronted with cynical remarks on marriage.

But don't worry, Miss Ford. Marriage (to the right man, of course) is the most completely satisfying relationship you could possibly experience. The solid basis of it is true understanding and companionship, and on this basis the man and wife build a citadel so sacred that they don't like discussing it with outsiders. Frightened of "wearing their hearts on their sleeves," they take refuge in cynical jesting—a pity, because it is so easily misunderstood.

Mrs. E. Harry, 21 Doonkuna Avenue, Camberwell E6, Vic.

Why Worry?

YOUR correspondent begs for someone to say a good word for matrimony.

But does it really matter if we do or not? Young people never take any notice of what other people say, and if they want to marry they'll go straight ahead. Which, of course, is only right.

I think, too, to counterbalance the many adverse things one hears about matrimony, there are dozens of nice things. So, why the grumble?

Mrs. Powell, Oatley St., Burnie, Tas.

Don't Listen To Talk

YES, Vera Ford, I have a good word for matrimony. I seethe inside when I hear some of the ridiculous views so many people express in regard to marriage.

Matrimony is indeed wonderful if one chooses wisely. My advice to those intending to take the step is: Don't listen to adverse talk. Just stop and think that, for all the unhappy marriages one undoubtedly reads and hears about, there are thousands of happy ones.

Mrs. R. Heagney, 1 Tonbridge St., Ramsgate, N.S.W.

What You Make It

VERA FORD says writers in magazines are always sneering at matrimony. Yet, in contradiction to this, nearly all books I pick up end

PERFECT BLISS?

with the principals getting married and living happily ever after.

Marriage is a serious thing, but if a couple are willing to carry out their lives on a partnership basis, sharing each other's worries and triumphs, marriage can be made very happy.

Mrs. R. Johns, 177 Main Road, Ballarat East, Vic.

It's Hope That Makes the World Go Round

I AGREE with you, Mrs. C. W. Insley (12/6/'37), that hope is the greatest factor in life.

Hope ever lures us onward, strengthening and encouraging us when things are blackest.

We may not have health or wealth, but so long as we have the strength to hope we will endure our lot.

M. Dickie, care Mrs. A. Walker, Little Barber St., Gunnedah, N.S.W.

Able To Carry On

MRS. INSLEY is correct when she says it is hope, and not love alone, that makes the world go round. It was a very wise person who said: "Hope deferred maketh the heart sad."

Without hope life would be drab indeed. We all hope for a good season; we hope for a good lambing; hope for better prices; hope we will soon be on our feet again out of debt, and so we are able to carry on.

Mrs. Archie Douglas, Eutheila, Nelia, N.Q.R., Qld.

Keep Loving

I THINK Sir Philip Gibbs was right when he said "It is love that makes the world go round."

Love transforms existence, makes it sweeter, interesting, exciting, worthwhile.

No matter under what circumstances a person lives, if he has love he is happy. But hope alone, I am afraid, cannot always bring contentment or give the necessary impetus to carry on.

M. Collin, 27 Lang St., Mosman, N.S.W.

Hope Is Life

YES, Mrs. Insley. Hope is the rock foundation on which the structure of society is built.

Man hopes, and, therefore, strives, and thus attains great and still greater heights, triumphing over all difficulties.

Hope lightens many a heavy burden, and makes life endurable.

Hope is life. Where there is none, there is stagnation and death.

Mrs. C. Sheehan, 5 Devonshire Rd., East Malvern SE5, Melbourne.

Propeller To Mankind

SURELY hope is as a propeller to mankind.

It is hope that sends forth explorers on their quests. Hope that brings forth the achievements of scientists and inventors. Hope that urges great minds to medical research for the betterment of mankind.

It inspires statesmen in their stupendous tasks of remoulding the nations.

It is hope, with love, that causes parents to sacrifice for their children, and a mother to cling to her wayward child.

Hope is the seed from which all greatness springs.

Miss G. Batch, 101 Raglan St., South Melbourne SC5.

Plea For the Abos.

MUCH regret has been expressed that many of the picturesque native races of other countries are fast dying out, but what of our own aborigines? What has been done locally to preserve, to any great extent, the beliefs and customs of these interesting ancient people?

True, sundry volumes have appeared, but the white population of Australia, with few exceptions, regards the natives with indifference.

It seems a pity that what is, perhaps, the most tragically picturesque native race in the world should be nearly extinct.

Moira M. Styles, Ardentennie, Alt Street, Haberfield, N.S.W.

Do Snappy and Modern Girls Score With Men?

MISS BIRD (19/6/'37) says quiet girls who are "models of decorum and femininity" aren't successful with men.

I don't agree. Certainly a girl who is not attractive won't get asked out very much, but if she is good to look at, and is a thoroughly nice girl as well, she will be asked out much more than the so-called "modern" type.

A man, when he asks a girl out, wants bright, intelligent companionship, and to be with someone he is proud of.

Peter Dunn, Clive Street, North Perth.

Only Too True

UNFORTUNATELY, what Miss Bird says is only too true.

No matter what qualities a girl may possess, if she isn't snappy and modern she simply doesn't get asked out.

DOES she have to be snappy to be asked out?

The girl who can sell herself, as the Americans say, by being up-to-the-minute in clothes and wisecracks, gets first preference with the men every time.

M. Dallon, Childers St., North Adelaide.

Sweeping Statement

I THINK Miss Bird is very sweeping in her statements regarding modern man's preferences in women.

After all, people usually sort themselves out into their own little groups, and, generally speaking, the quiet man finds one of his own type when looking for a mate.

There are exceptions to this rule, of course, but I think it foolish to state that the "quiet" girl is dying out, or that the few survivors are condemned to lives of loneliness.

Mrs. Enid Gifford, 20 Prince Edward St., Gladesville, N.S.W.

Those Who Marry

IF Miss Bird observed closely, she would find that it is those same quiet, unobtrusive, feminine girls who are most popular both with men and women. The trouble is that to-day there are so few of them, and although so popular they keep themselves so inconspicuous that it is not realised.

Observe the girls you know of this type. Don't they usually marry?

V. Prosser, Sergeant Larkin Crescent, Daceyville, N.S.W.

Fitting Mate

OF course the modern type of girl is most attractive to men to-day.

Admittedly, she is sometimes noisy and cheap, but beneath all this she is a game little person, and a thorough little sport.

She is, in her exuberance, a splendid mate for modern, go-ahead man.

M. Hudson, Lynden St., East Camberwell E8, Vic.

Man Has No Say

MISS BIRD, by quoting the law of supply and demand, virtually puts the blame on men for the personality of the typical modern girl, to whom she attributes many minor vices.

Thus she says that the modern girl has only adjusted herself to modern man's requirements, and the latter has only himself to blame for her "lounging, indecorum, and other vices."

But what man honestly prefers such a type, which we will accede is the modern fashion, to the quiet, restful, womanly girl?

No, man simply hasn't a say in the matter. Girls will be girls.

O. King, Richmond Street, Maryborough, Qld.

YOUTH IS STATIC!

TOO few young people realise that the education they receive at school is but an introduction to learning.

Having left school, they joyfully enter into sporting and social activities, make themselves proficient in these, and then wake up to find in a few years' time that they know nothing. Youth to-day is static.

Mrs. O'Connor, Robert Street, Croydon, S.A.

❖ ❖ ❖

LOVE IS A MYTH!

THERE is no such thing as love!

In young people it is infatuation, a bubble which the first hint of trouble bursts. In older people it is common sense. The woman marries for a secure income and good home, the man for companionship.

Isn't this true?

R. Lindon Brown, Goolagimbi, via Jackson, Qld.

❖ ❖ ❖

THIS SCURRY!

HOW many of us moderns ever allow ourselves sufficient time to carry out an engagement with ease?

We rush through an all-important meal, only to spend precious minutes idling through a book or paper.

Then ensues a frantic rush to "beat the clock," and we arrive to keep the engagement, out of breath.

Such frantic hurry is unnecessary, embarrassing to friends, and extremely bad for yourself.

Mrs. C. Harris, Robinson Avenue, Coorparoo, Qld.

❖ ❖ ❖

GOING "ONE BETTER"

A CONTENTED mind is the only recipe for happiness, yet it is one of the most difficult things to acquire.

We are born and bred in a world with an insatiable desire for advancement. Our modern designers are so prolific in their output of "latest models" that a coveted luxury soon becomes hopelessly out of date.

Ambition is the term we apply to this continual longing to go one better than our neighbor, but it brings only dissatisfaction and bitterness.

Miss E. Smillie, 10 Raglan St., Mosman, N.S.W.

TAKE NO CHANCES with ½ Way Tooth Pastes

Give teeth the Double Protection they need

IF you are now using an ordinary tooth paste, your teeth may be white and sparkling, but unless your gums are sound and healthy, you are running the risk of serious dental trouble.

Forhan's Tooth Paste was developed by an eminent dental surgeon to do both vital jobs—*clean teeth and safeguard gums*.

End half way care today by adopting this simple method. Brush your teeth with Forhan's, then massage a little into the gums, just as dentists advise. Note how it stimulates the gums, how fresh and clean the whole mouth feels! Buy Forhan's today.

Price 2/-; extra-large tube 3/-.
Asst. Agents: The Sheldon Drug Co. Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

FORMULA OF R. J. FORHAN, D.D.S.

Forhan's

DOES BOTH JOBS — CLEANS TEETH, SAVES GUMS

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NO MORE THICK AND GUMMY NAIL POLISH

The new Cutex is usable to the last drop! Tests prove that it evaporates in the bottle much less than ordinary polishes. It goes on without blotching... holds its jewel-like lustre for days. You'll like the new Cutex "smoky" shades, too. They're soft and glowing — so flattering to your hands. Old Rose, Mauve, Rust, Robin Red.

Send 9d in stamps for Cutex trial kit containing all the materials necessary for a complete manicure.

CUTEX LIQUID POLISH

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. 7W7
379 Kent Street, Sydney, N. S. W.
Name
Address

HAVE YOU A LOVER?

You'll soon know if you listen every Monday at 9 p.m. to Stations 4BK-AK; 2CH or 6IX-WB. Every Wednesday from 3DB-LK at 8.15 p.m., and 5AD-MU-PI at 8.30 p.m.

2GB presents

The Cafe Round the Corner

On Thursday, July 8, at 8.15 you are invited to attend the opening of the "Cafe Round the Corner." Here you will meet an old friend in the person of the delightful host. You will hear entertainment so varied and whimsical, and meet with adventures so romantic, that you will make a point of dropping in to the little Cafe six nights a week at 8.15 thereafter. A. B.S.A. Production — Commencing THURSDAY next.

2GB—The Favourite Station

ROAD *to* TYBURN

Continued from Page 22

"AYE, will we," agreed Bridges. "An' now bring along that wild devil of a grey, Ned, an' we'll set the cap'en astride 'im for the last time.

"Gadsend! 'aven't I allus said as 'ow the flashest of 'igh-tobymen goes to the Tree at last— An' 'ere's Galloping Larry, the owdaciousest of 'em all, goin' to a box in the stone jug on 'is own 'oss—an' to 'is last ride on the three-legged mare o' Tyburn."

Manacled and fettered, dirty, unshaven, and savage with the futile fury of despair, Captain Ludovic sat on a stool in a corner of his cell in Newgate Gaol.

In this foul hole—sunk in filth and wretchedness, deprived of air, in a dark grey twilight by day and velvet blackness by night—the highwayman had existed for a week, and probably would languish many more weeks before the dilatory authorities summoned him to trial.

"'Sblood!" muttered Coverdale, abstractedly twirling his moustachios, "to breathe clean air and feel wind and sun—'twould be joy e'en to be a-riding backwards up Holborn Hill to the Fruitless Tree."

He spoke aloud, as becomes the habit of solitary men, and glared around the damp walls as though, by sheer force of will, he would tear the unheeding stones apart.

When taken he had possessed no money to purchase food, wine and comforts, at the gaoler's prices, as was the custom in Newgate, but, despite empty pockets, he had lacked nothing.

Judging by the thickening of the murky atmosphere, he believed it to be late afternoon when a key grated in the lock of his cell, bolts clashed aside, and the door swung open to admit the turnkey.

"Ha!" greeted the captain, mildly surprised to see him at this unusual hour. "You ha' come to tell me when sits the next sessions, or mayhap bring an order o' release, or perchance do but crave the company an' conversation of a gentleman, Master Turnkey."

Salter merely scowled at these pleasantries.

"Friend ter see yer, Cap'en," he grunted, and stood aside to permit the visitor's entry. Coverdale rose with a noisy clanking of irons and shuffled towards the door.

"Egad, Master Tregenna," he cried, "Now this be right good o' you though must I apologise for the sty in which I am constrained to receive ye."

George Tregenna, with eyes not yet accustomed to the gloom, blinked across the cell and held a handkerchief to his nose.

"Faugh!" said he with a grimace of disgust, "they might ha' given you better accommodation than this, Captain. Why, the place reeks of death and corruption."

"It is death and corruption," laughed Coverdale, as one who laughs at a jest's grim truth. "But no matter—how left you Miss Clarice?"

"I ha' seen her but once i' the past week," answered young Tregenna gloomily, "and for evading that lynx-eyed old harridan of an aunt o' hers to meet me, I fear the poor child will ha' suffered another whipping."

"Ha! they ha' whipped her——?"

"AYE, cruelly, and she is being half starved further to break her spirit. Her mother, y'see, is dead, and her father completely under the thumb of his vinegary sister who keeps house for him an' hates Clarice. Yet our chance will come again."

The turnkey, who had been listening to this harmless conversation interrupted:

"I'll let ye out in half an hour, y'r honor."

"Thankee," acknowledged Tregenna. The door crashed shut, the bolts slid home.

"Now, Coverdale," whispered the young man. "'Twas Clarice's last request that I aid ye, for 'twas through us ye are here. Ha' ye any plan of escape?"

The highwayman shook his head and indicated the stone ceiling, floor and walls with an expressive gesture of impotence.

"I am no house or gaol-breaker, me friend," he said sadly, "an' 'twould take cannon and grand assault to break down these stones. A bird could scarce get through yon grating."

"They are taking vast care o' ye, Captain. I had to fling guineas right an' left to procure these few words, and was searched to the bluff ere they let me in."

"'Tis noble o' you Tregenna, and I presume 'tis also you who are sending me food an' drink——?"

"Yes, but thank Clarice for all when ye are free. She is heart-broken over your plight and its cause."

"What o' my nag, Nero?"

"I bought him from the tipstaves—said 'twas a whim and sentiment. The stallion is in my stable, eating his head off, and looking round at every footfall for ye.

"YOU must not fail him, Captain! Think, man, think: how may we get you out o' this living tomb, this cursed plague spot?"

"Plague spot—plague spot," repeated Captain Ludovic in a slow, peculiar voice. "Quiet, me friend—quiet. By the Great Harry!—Tregenna!"

His speech, his whole manner, was suddenly become tense, thrilling, and vibrant.

"I am going to die o' the pestilence!"

"Eh? You're what——"

"Newgate is ever full o' disease," went on Coverdale more calmly, "and, as ye know, 'tis but forty years since the Great Plague swept London. There are still odd cases and the gaolers—even the physicians—be terrified o' the plague."

"Yes, yes; but of what avail is that? How may ye catch the plague by wishing, and what use a dead man if ye do?"

The captain laughed softly as his racing mind embraced every angle of his daring scheme; saw it fit to the last adjusting point and cover every contingency.

"Can ye come again to-morrow?" he asked.

"Assuredly."

"Then take heed——" He glanced back at the door and sank his voice to the merest whisper.

"ZOUNDS!" gasped young Tregenna as the murmuring ceased, "'tis sheer genius—beyond belief—barring hazard of accident."

"There'll be no accident; my hazards passed wi' the third," declared Coverdale. "Now my star rises—'tis the gambler's way."

Two days later the captain began to sicken. Whenever Salter entered the cell he was lying on the damp straw which served as Newgate's bed, groaning sometimes, retching sometimes.

"What ails ye, Cap'en?" asked the turnkey when, on the morning of the third day, he perceived, even in the dim light, the unearthly pallor of his prisoner's face and violent shivering of his limbs.

"I know not," answered Coverdale feebly, "but I am cold one minute and burning the next. My blood is water and all strength gone."

Salter drew nearer and peered at the prostrate man.

Abruptly he stiffened, an intent look came into his eyes, and his florid face paled as if a terrible fear had entered his mind.

"Lord, Cap'en," he cried. "For the love of heaven, look at your chest!"

He recoiled hurriedly back to the door, still gazing in fearful fascination at the open neck of Coverdale's shirt.

The captain looked down.

"What's amiss wi' it, Salter?"

"Why, those spots, those black spots——"

"Ha! those. Yes, I observed 'em."

"Have you more, Cap'en?"

Coverdale ripped aside his shirt. All over the white skin were large spots and irregular blotches of a bluish-black color.

"Egad, I'm covered with 'em," he said. "What is it?"

"'Tis the plague," croaked the horrified turnkey. "The pestilence—Lord help us all if once it starts to spread; 'twill sweep the gaol."

"Plague?" repeated Coverdale, with the black incredulity of one who hears without forewarning a remorseless sentence of death. "The plague——?"

They stared at each other; the gaoler as at a dead man; the captain seemingly stupefied with dread.

"Mayhap you are mistaken," muttered Coverdale at last.

Salter shook his head.

"I ha' seen cases before, Cap'en, and could not mistake the plague spots. The last I saw were dead in twelve hours."

Coverdale assumed an air of bravado.

Please turn to Page 28

WHO IS THIS 9TH. WOMAN?

.... and why is she always herself?

● Only a woman knows a woman's trials, and only a woman can understand how severely some suffer. But do you know that to-day forty-four thousand are finding relief they once thought impossible?

● You can tell at once that "ninth" woman—the intelligent girl—who relies on Myzone . . . for the magnetism of her femininity is never dimmed by "quiet" spells! She is always mistress of herself, confident of her serene charm — always **poised**, bright-eyed, alert—smart and vivacious! . . .

● For Myzone's amazing new **actevin** (anti-spasm) **compound** spares all such "age-ing" pain! Yes, even when distress and headache is most severe, or prolonged, two tablets with a cup of tea (or drink of water) brings complete relief in 7 minutes!

● Specialists recommend this new Myzone as being the most harmless, certain and swift way to relieve pain without "doping" after-effects. Get a box—to-day, 2/- at every chemist. **Try it on your very next headache!**

LENTHÉRIC FOR LIPSTICKS

Cocktail-proof — lasting — exquisitely flattering, these new lipsticks created by the master perfumer, Lenthéric. In six smart shades that you will love.

3/9 — REFILLS 2/6

LIPSTICKS BY LENTHÉRIC

FACE POWDER - COLOGNES - PERFUMES
ROUGES - NAIL POLISHES L.1

Now You Can Wear FALSE TEETH With Real Comfort

FASTEETH, a new, pleasant powder, keeps teeth firmly set. Deodorizes. No gummy, gooey, pasty taste or feeling. To eat and laugh in comfort just sprinkle a little FASTEETH on your plates. Get it today at any good chemist (2 sizes). But be careful to avoid substitutes.

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Mandrake the Magician

THE STORY SO FAR:

MANDRAKE: Worthy magician of great powers, and his giant servant,
LOTHAR: Go into the desert fastnesses to save
NARDA: Lovely princess dwelling in Gizeh, in Egypt, from being sold into slavery at the slave markets of Tygandi. They return with her, safe and sound, to Gizeh, where
PRINCE SEGRID: Her brother, whose gambling away of trust funds led to his sister getting into the power of the kidnappers, promises to eschew gambling forever. Mandrake then bids Narda farewell, promising to return some day, and with Lothar and all the baggage goes to Capetown, in South Africa. Just as they arrive, and are contemplating a restful holiday, a young woman, crossing the street in front of them, stumbles and falls directly in the path of a speeding automobile. NOW READ ON.

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REAL LIFE STORIES

HUSBANDS *who were Lost and* FOUND

Women's Unusual Stories

How one woman temporarily lost her husband and another found one are the highlights of this week's Real Life stories.

AS you read about them, compare them with your own real life experiences—and if you have a better story to tell, send it along.

Letters, preferably, should not exceed 300 words, and may concern incidents of childhood, work, romance, or any aspect of your life that has some memorable quality.

REAL LIFE DRAMA in four acts. Baby thought he'd help his mother to make the Sunday puddings, and started off well with an empty basin and a look of optimism. Things weren't so good after a bit, though. In weighing the flour, he got most of it over his face; stirring was a boring job, so he thought he would try out his handiwork. The last picture shows the result—an empty pudding-basin and a well-licked spoon.

The *Best* Toothbrush money can buy.....

Tek is better shape. No other toothbrush cleans so efficiently, for no other gets where Tek gets. Back of the front teeth; that's where tarter forms, but Tek reaches there easily; searches out every crevice, leaves every tooth clean and safe. Tek has better bristles too; bristles that give harder, longer wear.

Buy Tek. 2/- with the new better Tumbler.

Tek toothbrush

Product of Johnson & Johnson—World's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings, Johnson's Baby Powder, Soap and Cream, Modess, Etc.

The following story wins this week's £1/1/- prize:—

Lost Husband

MY strangest experience happened during November, 1911, when my little son, aged six years, myself and husband were emigrants bound for Queensland, via the all-red-route—Liverpool, Quebec, Vancouver, Honolulu, Auckland, Sydney.

During our six nights and five days' train journey across Canada we cooked and tuckered aboard.

Arriving at dusk at a little one-horse siding west of Sudbury, Ont., apples were noticed in a shop window.

Six men of our coach bolted for supplies, including my husband in pyjamas, overcoat, and slippers. He had been just about to climb up to the bunk where son and I were already asleep.

A foot of hard snow covered the road to be crossed.

The party were staggered to see the train moving off, almost as soon as they had got clear of it.

Three of them were near enough to jump back to the running-board, but three were left behind—the three married men, including my husband.

A kindly porter, however, discovered their plight, wired 150 miles ahead to Fort William to put the families off on arrival there, and wait for next train, six o'clock the following night. He lighted a slow combustion stove in the waiting-room and advised the lost menfolk to walk about to keep warm until the following morning train.

Meanwhile, I was awakened, dazed to hear my husband had been left behind and worried to think of the cold, and his want of sufficient clothing, and as to how we could be reunited— I and my little son inexperienced travellers in a strange country.

I can assure you my feelings were not relieved until next morning, when the stationmaster at Fort William informed us that all would be well at the end of the day.

£1/1/- to K. G. Dickins, Kelvinhaugh, Oakey, Qld.

Cupid's Trick

ABOUT five years ago a girl friend and I set off on a business trip to various country centres. The trip was uneventful until we reached Gilgandra, N.S.W., where it had rained heavily for days.

Despite warnings that the road was under repair and impassable, we decided to push on.

We put the chains on the tyres and set off along the flooded roads. We made slow progress. On reaching a particularly muddy part our car bogged to the axle.

After repeated efforts to get the car started, and failing, we looked round for habitation, and saw a house in the far distance.

Seeing the fields were flooded, we donned our bathing costumes and shorts and started on our muddy walk.

In one place we had to wade to our armpits in water.

How thankful we were when we arrived at the house, where the warmth of our welcome and the true country hospitality extended to us soon made us forget our troubles.

We were made welcome guests for the night, and made to promise that we would call again on the return trip.

The following morning the father and son helped to drag our car out of the mud.

The sequel was the beginning of a firm friendship, and, let me whisper it, I am now married to the son of the house.

5/- to Mrs. Beryl Gray, 19 The Avenue, Ashfield.

Caught in Quicksands

ONE Christmas a few years ago my father, mother, two sisters, two brothers, and I went camping along the beaches of Yorke Peninsula, South Australia, and were camped for a day or so on the beach a few miles from Ardrossan.

We left Mum and Dad at the camp one day while we explored around, two going on the cliffs, the rest of us along the beach. The tide being out, I walked on the damp sand.

After a while I found, though quite close, I was cut off from the others by a small sheet of water which meant walking half a mile to get around to them again. They said they would wait while I did this. My brothers lay on the sand while waiting, one complaining of a bad attack of indigestion, the other footsore and weary.

I wasn't too keen on walking so far, and when they weren't looking, and I saw a narrow place, I thought I could easily cross.

To my horror the moment I took my first step into the water I was in quicksand and sinking fast, as I thought.

I yelled, "Help!" My brothers could see me slowly going down. Their indigestion and sore feet forgotten, they ran like hares and grabbed my arms, then one got a large tree branch and put over the water and stood on it and pulled me out. I'll never forget the sensation as long as I live.

5/- to Miss Amy R. Denton, Farrell's Flat, S.A.

A Wild Scramble

WITH a camping-out party we had been out shooting. On our return to camp, one of the male members of the party leaned over the fire to prepare billy tea. To our amazement we saw bullets pouring out of his shirt pocket into the fire.

There was an immediate wild scramble for refuge behind rocks and any available safe-looking place, as the bullets exploded.

We lay low till we felt quite sure that the last of the bullets had gone off. It turned out to be quite a humorous escapade, but what tragedy there might have been.

5/- to Mrs. Baker, Ross St., Ivanhoe N2, Vic.

Tragic Fright

THE most memorable moment of my life happened one night many years ago.

We had just been transferred to a new home, and I did not know the people who had lived in the place had been in the habit of having a blackfellow coming to cut their wood.

One evening as I was busy getting a cup of tea ready I heard footsteps, and thinking it was my husband I went to meet him, and imagine my horror when I was met by this blackfellow.

I collapsed on the spot, but could hear a voice saying, "I am very sorry I frighten you, lady, but I did not know Mrs. —— gone."

The shock was so great that a week after I gave birth to my baby boy.

And a few days later a tiny coffin was brought to my bedside to say farewell to my darling baby I had looked forward to so long.

Although many years have passed, that night is as vivid in my memory as were it only to-night.

5/- to Mrs. D. Brigginshaw, Pomona, N.C. Line, Qld.

Tank Adventure

ONE day, when I was only ten, I was playing in a big tank which was on its side.

The tank rolled over the piece of wood that was holding it, gathered speed, and, with me inside, seemed to do about 50 m.p.h. down the slope, landing in a disused claypit 25ft. deep but covered with a thick mat of water hyacinth.

I could tell by the sway of the tank I was over deep water, but seemed safe although I could not get out since the outlet of the tank was out of my reach.

Luck was my way, as mother had seen me go, and within ten minutes I was rescued and on land once more.

For some time I could not sleep on a spring mattress as I still had that sinking feeling when I moved.

Even to this day I shudder at what might have been the tragic end of my strange predicament.

5/- to E. M. Wells, Maling North, via Landsborough, N.C. Line, Qld.

Robbery Under Arms

NEARLY six years ago a startling incident occurred at the bus terminus in the neighborhood in which we live.

A few streets from the terminus a man got on the bus one Saturday night at a quarter to ten and sat on the seat immediately behind the driver.

He was the only passenger on the bus, and as the driver was slowing down at the journey's end the man suddenly stood up and dealt him several hard blows on the head with a bludgeon.

Though badly injured, the driver pulled on the brakes and tackled the robber. A terrible struggle took place.

Our neighbor, who lives just at the terminus, heard her dog barking furiously and ran out. She was horrified to see what was happening.

She called her husband, who rushed to the rescue, then she ran to the dividing fence and called "Help, help! Come quickly!" My husband, my son, and a friend and I were playing bridge, and we all jumped up and ran out of the house.

The boys flew along and, rushing into the bus, they found our neighbor's husband in grips with the desperado, and the poor busman in a state of collapse from loss of blood.

When the boys arrived the robber's hand flew to his hip pocket, but my son grabbed his arm and prevented him from drawing his gun.

The struggle was soon over, but we all felt we had lived through an eternity—as we fully expected to hear that gun go off and take the life of one or more of the rescuers.

5/- to Mary M. Johns, Glynde Rd. Firle, S.A.

WHAT IS YOUR STORY?

EVERYONE has a story to tell of some memorable incident in which he or she was concerned.

Through this weekly column our readers in every corner of the world are invited to "swap" stories with each other. For the best story sent in each week, £1/1/- is paid, and 5/- for any others published.

Address letters to "Real Life Stories," Australian Women's Weekly. Full address is at top of Page 3.

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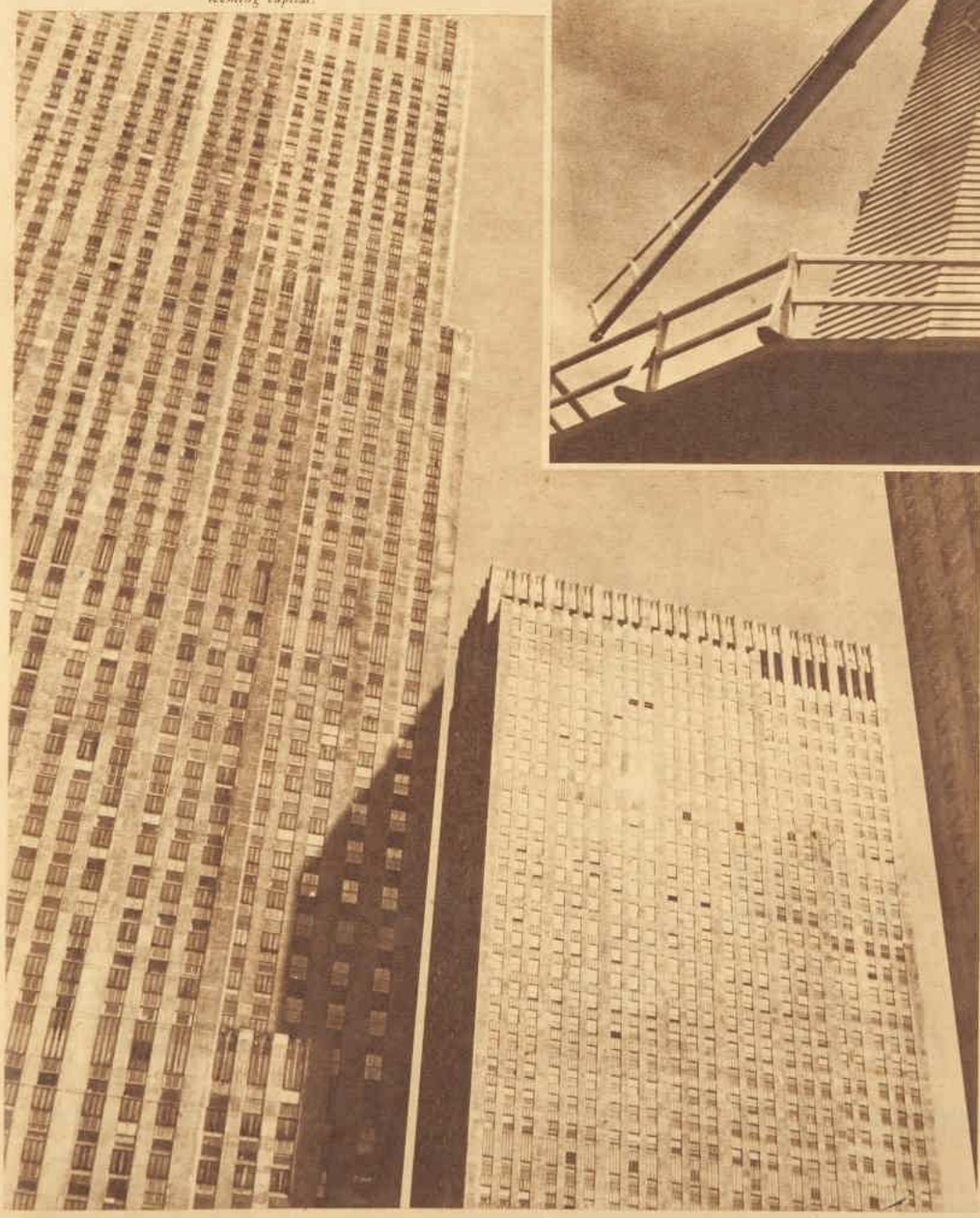
Contrast in Worlds

PICTURESQUE VIEW of a world-famous landmark, Tower Bridge, London, which retains all its Old-World charm despite the bustle of the teeming capital.

WINDMILL IN RYE, Sussex. Elsewhere the world changes, gigantic concrete buildings grow but here the beauty of a bygone age lives on.



SYMPHONIES IN CONCRETE AND GLASS. Radio City, New York, towers above its neighboring buildings. A city in itself, it is symbolic of the amazing new worlds built by man, with their atmosphere of swift activity replacing the peaceful scenes of other days.

WHERE EAST MEETS WEST in a new world. The telephone exchange in Chinatown, San Francisco.

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ROAD *to* TYBURN

"SO! Well, demme, as well to die o' the pestilence as jump from the hangman's cart. Ha-ha!

"But when they committed me to Newgate to await trial they did, at least, save my travelling to the end o' the road to Tyburn. I've cheated the law hounds, Salter—cheated the dogs, an' the topsman, too!"

The turnkey glanced fearfully at him and opened the cell door.

"Stay a moment," pleaded the highwayman. "When my friend was last here he remarked how ill I appeared and promised, when next he came, to bring a physician, since none seems available.

"They should come this afternoon, so shall we know for certain the manner of complaint I have. You will admit them without delay?"

"Certes will I!" said Salter, emphatically, "and, i' the meanwhile, Cap'en, must I report your state to the chief turnkey."

The eternal twilight was again thickening when next the cell door opened, and Salter ushered in Tregenna and a tall thin man in sombre clothing.

"This, Captain, is Master Brent, a most worthy physician," said young Tregenna.

Coverdale looked much weaker, and could barely lift his head to acknowledge his visitors. Tregenna and the gaoler remained just inside the closed door while the physician gingerly approached his recumbent patient.

Swiftly, and taking almost extravagant care not to touch him, Master Brent made cursory examination, and, shaking his head gravely, returned to the silent watchers by the door.

"Well?" inquired Tregenna.

"'Tis, without doubt, the plague," answered the physician, "the poor fellow is sinking fast and I fear will be gone by midnight."

Salter shivered. "Then must I inform the chief gaoler," he said. "Do you gen'elmen purpose staying here, as I must lock the door after me?"

"We'll remain until you return," replied Brent.

NO sooner had the turnkey gone than a remarkable change came over the "dying" man and his solemn-faced friends. Coverdale sat up, smiled impishly, and heartily shook hands with the two conspirators, who evidently were no longer afraid of infection.

"It works, demme, it works!" cried Tregenna, capering like a schoolboy.

"An' all through a little white chalk an' a bottle o' most undrinkable wine," said Coverdale.

"How are the spots lasting, Cap'en?"

"Admirably," pronounced the highwayman, pulling aside his shirt in evidence. "See, they are as fresh as when you put 'em on, George.

"Certes, you are a famous artist, an' the paint you used fully merits the good wine bottle it came out of. 'Twas a rare thought to bring plague spots i' the form of uncorked wine—oh! demme, a rich jest!"

Tregenna laughed. "Then all that remains is for you to die naturally, but Master Brent will inform you as to that—dying being no hobby o' mine."

The physician's face sobered.

"Yes," he said, "and must we be cautious, for there are several doors yet atween us and the open sky, and I, for one, have no wish to accompany Captain Coverdale to Tyburn. So take careful heed, Captain, o' these instructions:

"I shall stay with you until the end, and from now on must you appear to sink lower and lower. About midnight, I shall give ye a powerful sleeping-draught — an opiate which will make ye appear dead by temporarily paralysing movement and even restricting the breathing.

"Whether the chief turnkey will summon his own physician I know not, but, an he does, even a physician will not venture too near a dead case o' such virulent and infectious pestilence as I shall describe to him."

"Are you a physician?" asked Coverdale.

"I am," Master Brent admitted, "but not in London, nor under the name ye know me by. Master Tregenna I have known for years and, for reasons that matter not, I would serve to the death.

"So am I here and, will wager, am sufficient master o' my art to bluff any ignorant poisoner or leech that Newgate may produce."

Thus it came about that the notorious highway rogue, Galloping Larry, died at one o'clock in the morning and, within fifteen minutes, old Newgate Gaol was in turmoil.

Following the terrible scourge of the Great Plague of London—still in living memory—which had caused the deaths of 70,000 people within the city, fear of the dread disease was enough to panic every inmate—whether staff or prisoner—of the gaol, while the menacing body lay unburied or unburnt.

The chief turnkey was well aware of this and, immediately the news was brought him, hurried down to the death cell accompanied by the sheriff and a physician.

"Dead, is he?" asked the chief turnkey, halting prudently outside the door of the quiet cell, which was lighted by only a couple of guttering candle lanthorns.

"He is," said Master Brent. "The man was far gone when I arrived, and the case hopeless from the first."

"Ye had best view the body, Master Ringrose," put in the sheriff to his physician.

MASTER RINGROSE reluctantly entered the cell, stood for a few moments and at some yards distance regarding the still form of the highwayman, and fell into conversation with his brother physician.

"A rank bad and swift case, sir," he observed. "Never saw I such clearly defined symptoms — such devilish spots."

Master Brent gravely agreed, and forthwith entered into a learned discussion on the rival forms of bubonic and pneumonic plagues.

Satisfied, Master Ringrose returned to the group in the doorway and gave his honest opinion that the prisoner had died of the plague, and, for fear of the infection spreading, advised that the body be removed and immediately buried.

"Then need we hold no inquest," declared the sheriff, with manifest relief, "and you may put on record, Master Turnkey, that Ludovic Coverdale died o' plague before the sitting o' the sessions to which he had been committed."

And with his responsibility thus shelved, the sheriff, closely followed by the physician Ringrose, abruptly left the scene of death. Like all great men, he had plenty of subordinates paid to take risks and do the dirty work.

The chief turnkey turned to address two of his underlings. "Go you and bring a coffin from the death-house, and put him in," he ordered.

The gaolers hesitated—but, doubtless reflecting that the mere bringing of a coffin would not lay them open to infection, went slowly along the stone passage on their errand.

Young Tregenna approached the chief turnkey.

"A sad affair," he remarked.

"AYE, y'r honor," answered the official, who knew the youth as a patron of the deceased prisoner and very liberal with guineas.

"I his' heard," continued Tregenna, "that, in certain circumstances," a chinking and pleasant sound came from one of his pockets, "a friend may demand the body of a dead prisoner to afford it a Christian burial."

"Assuredly, sir, in certain circumstances——" hinted the gaoler, inwardly delighted at getting the disease-riddled carcase off his hands so profitably.

A purse of money covertly changed ownership.

"'Twill—er—pay for the coffin," murmured young Tregenna, "and my curricle is stabled but a stone's throw away."

The grim face of the chief turnkey creased into a somewhat sardonic smile.

"Perchance, sir," he suggested, "having so much friendship, you an' Master Brent would care to avert mutiny in Newgate by placing the body in the coffin yourselves, for demme if I think my men 'ud touch it——"

Captain Ludovic awoke in blackness and with a feeling of compression. His hands moved questioningly across rough wood; wood beneath, above, and on either side of him; wood that fitted close to his body from chest to back and head to heels.

Then as it were the memory of a dream, he remembered.

He was in his coffin. Awakening senses became aware of clatter of hooves and roll of swift-turning wheels. The motion was by no means pleasant, for they were too obviously rattling over cobblestones.

Ha! then they were out of Newgate. But how far?

Tentatively he tapped on the coffin side. The lid was lifted a little and a grinning face looked in.

"Art recovered, Captain?" asked Tregenna.

"Aye, am I. Can I not feel the night wind, smell the fresh air, and e'en see my old friend, the moon, smiling down on me? Tell me, George, is't prudent to get up beside ye?"

"Not yet; have patience a while longer till we are out o' town. Some chance passer might remark a corpse awaking and raise alarm along the street."

"Where are we?"

"Mounting Holborn Hill."

"Ha!" Captain Ludovic laughed softly as he let fall the coffin lid, "the end o' the Road to Tyburn!"

(Copyright.)

AMY MOLLISON MAKES-UP

AN unusual view of the famous English airwoman who is reported to be seeking a divorce from husband Jim Mollison. She recently broadcast an appeal for a co-pilot to do a round-the-world flight —"a flier as good as Jim," she said.

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NO MORE "PERMS" By *Half-Baked* HAIRDRESSERS!

Proper Training To Be Enforced By Government

Women's hairdressing has now been given the status of a profession.

The registration of hairdressing colleges in New South Wales, as approved by the Government last week, will guarantee to every woman that her hair will be dressed by a competent tradeswoman.

Heretofore the trade claimed that hairdressing "quacks" were foisted on the public, but under the new regulations, which demand two years' tuition in colleges before competency is recognised, pupils will be issued with certificates.

These will be their guarantee to the public that they are qualified to cut, wave, or otherwise treat women's hair.

THIS is the result of the fight which hairdressers have waged for years to have legislation introduced to regulate hairdressing colleges.

The outcome of it has been a statement by the Minister for Labor and Industry, Mr. Dunningham, that, from August 1, hairdressing schools, their principals and teachers, must be licensed.

Within recent years a number of hairdressing colleges have grown up in city and country towns of the State.

The colleges undertake for a fee to teach girls to become qualified ladies' hairdressers. The period of tuition in some of these colleges is three months, some six months, some an indeterminate period.

After numerous complaints to the Government by the Master Hairdressers' Association, and the Hairdressers' Union that these colleges were carrying out hairdressing service to the public and seriously interfering with the genuine trade, it was decided to investigate the methods of teaching.

Complaints were that hairdressers were required by law to operate within specified hours and pay award wages, while the colleges were not governed by these awards, and received fees from their pupils who carried out hairdressing work on the public. Consequently, it was asserted, it became impossible for hairdressers to compete with the colleges.

To meet the position, the Government introduced regulations which require that all persons conducting hairdressing colleges for profit or reward must obtain a licence.

A licence is issued to the principal of a college as head of the teaching staff, and each teacher must also hold a licence.

Students receiving tuition are not to exceed 25 to each licensed teacher.

Applications for licences have already been made from 19 hairdressing colleges in the State.

What They Say About It

PROMINENT hairdressers and college principals when approached by The Australian Women's Weekly freely expressed their opinions regarding the new regulations.

The Union

MR. O'REILLY (secretary of the Hairdressers' Employees' Union):

"From the employees' point of view the new regulations are most desirable, and have been sought for many years past.

"They are very necessary in the interests of the students, the trade, and the public, who will benefit considerably."

Master Hairdressers

MR. A. BROWN (President of the Master Hairdressers' Association, and practising ladies' hairdresser): "I consider the regulations begin a new era for the hairdressing trade.

"Unfortunately, they do not embrace the door-to-door hairdresser, or the registration of hairdressers. This is particularly urgent.

"Hairdressing, particularly permanent waving, requires a wide knowledge of hair texture and other conditions which takes many years to acquire, and cannot be taught in a few months.

NO MORE OF THIS!

"The present conditions governing apprentices is four years, during which time the apprentice must spend the whole of the time with a particular master, unless she is transferred. She is not considered a journeywoman until her four years' training has expired.

"While it must be admitted that with intensive training in a college a girl can learn as much in two years as she can with an average employer during her apprenticeship in four, a lesser period than two years must certainly be followed by salon experience, **to make a girl competent.**"

Hairdressing College

MR. DARELLE (principal of the Hollywood College of Hairdressing, Castlereagh St., Sydney): "In my opinion the public should be the first to be protected. Apprenticeship should be abolished, so that the public have only competent licensed operators working on them. Trainees should be examined and certified by an independent authority before being admitted to the trade.

Although the object of the new licensing Act for hairdressing colleges is worthy, the regulations have been made by the Apprenticeship Council, who are more familiar with matters pertaining to apprenticeship training than to college training, and they are apt to confuse one with the other.

"The object of the new regulations would seem to be to put a stop to the improper training methods that are now becoming a racket.

"Regarding the two years' training, this would appear desirable at first glance owing to the confusion between apprenticeship training and college training.

"But it is possible, under trained teachers, to learn the business after six months' instruction. In my opinion, this is at least equal to a five years' apprenticeship."

Store Salon

MISS SUTHERLAND (principal of Farmer's, Ltd., Ladies' Hairdressing Salon):

"From a business point of view, it is very necessary that hairdressing schools should be licensed.

"It is a protection to a capable teacher, and also a protection to a student.

"I think that apprenticeship for four years with a reputable company is most desirable for those who wish to become hairdressers. Apart from a good knowledge of the trade, apprentices get an expert business training which plays a large part in any profession."

Private Hairdresser

MR. J. D. BORROWMAN (member of the Institute of Trichologists in London, who has been practising as a ladies' hairdresser in Sydney for over 15 years):

"It is a very much needed legislation to prevent the influx into the trade of people who are inadequately trained.

"This is the first step in the right direction, but until every hairdresser is licensed there is always an element of risk and doubt regarding the experience of the hairdresser.

"With the registration of hairdressers, the hairdressing trade will be automatically raised to the status of a profession.

"Under the existing conditions in New South Wales, the apprentice must serve a term of four years to the trade, and it seems manifestly unfair that some people can go to the colleges for six weeks or so, then blossom out as fully-fledged hairdressers, to practise upon the public.

"With the registration of hairdressers, there will be set up a certain standard which will prevent this being done."

that SPOON is wrecking your health

You took a harsh medicine again this morning—thinking that it would keep you well. If only you could see an X-Ray Photo of the shock that such medicines give to the muscles of your intestines! It left them slightly weaker than they were yesterday—less able to keep their natural regularity.

The Truth about Constipation

So that real facts might replace unsupported opinions, the Kellogg Company has aided for some years in leading nutrition research. Studies made on a group of healthy women showed that two tablespoonsful of All-Bran daily continued to relieve constipation over a period of months. How different from cathartics—where dosage must constantly be increased to continue effective. And it is this constant dosing, with harsh medicines, that weakens the natural peristaltic action of the bowels which keeps you regular.

Common constipation is usually the result of insufficient "bulk" in the meals you eat. Kellogg's All-Bran supplies this "bulk" in the form of a nut sweet breakfast cereal. Two tablespoonsful daily will gently exercise your system and keep you well.

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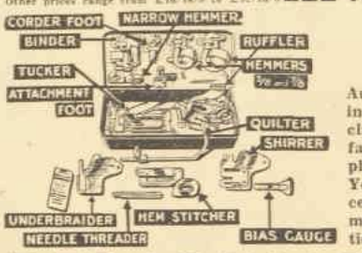

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WOMEN Guard against INDIGESTION!

Every woman who wishes to preserve her youthful vitality and possess clear healthy skin must take special precautions to guard herself against Indigestion—chief cause of many of those sudden Bilious turns, dull throbbing headaches, attacks of giddiness and nausea, and sallow, blotchy skin that make so many women look old and "faded" before their time.

BiSoDoL—*Amazing new TWO WAY remedy offers complete and lasting* RELIEF!

At the first sign of trouble take a teaspoonful of BiSoDoL and see how quickly it settles the stomach and provides *complete and lasting relief.* No other product is so quick and so sure in its effect.

Why BiSoDoL Succeeds where others FAIL!

The whole secret of BiSoDoL's astounding effectiveness lies in its unique formula—its *correct* balancing of proven ingredients that *instantly* counteract acidity of the stomach (the cause of practically all digestive troubles)—prevents any possibility of a "reaction"—and assists the system to digest properly the food eaten by the sufferer.

BiSoDoL contains, for example, Sodium Bicarbonate, a proven corrective for acid conditions. Its effect, however, is not always lasting, and, therefore, BiSoDoL contains a further active ingredient, MAGNESIUM CARBONATE. This remains in the system long enough to counteract any return of acid condition after the effect of the Sodium Bicarbonate has worn off. Magnesium Carbonate is *harmless* and if not required by the system acts as a mild laxative.

In addition, BiSoDoL contains two of the most valuable aids to digestion known to modern medical science. These actually tend to PREVENT attacks of indigestion by assisting the natural stomach juices to digest meats and other "hard-to-digest" foods by providing the activating enzymes that are missing from the dyspeptic's system.

Thus BiSoDoL acts in TWO ways—gives you instant relief and at the same time prevents further attacks. NO OTHER PRODUCT OF ITS KIND IS SO *COMPLETE* — SO EFFECTIVE!

Take advantage of this overwhelming evidence of BiSoDoL's superiority and buy your first tin *to-morrow.* Accept no substitutes. Sold by all chemists and stores.

BIG VALUE TIN **1/9** GIANT SIZE TIN **2/6**

Amazing Results Reported!

"It gives me great pleasure to write a few lines of honest praise of your remedy for indigestion. The first few doses of BiSoDoL made a wonderful change in me. Any wise person will take and recommend this wonderful remedy," writes Nurse W.

"I tried BiSoDoL with a patient who failed to progress because of indigestion. He could not digest the nourishment needed and was actually prostrate with weakness. I tried — without improvement — and then remembered BiSoDoL. Now he is able to sit in all sort of bed and says his pains have quite gone," writes Sister C.B.

"I have been a victim of Gastric trouble for about ten years and have naturally tried innumerable remedies without permanent results. Three weeks ago, during a severe attack, a friend gave me some BiSoDoL to try. I took a dose after each of my meals and am pleased to say I got immediate relief, and although I had only a few doses those miserable pains ceased, and I have been free ever since," writes Miss F.R.C.

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10/7/37

BETTY'S *"Racey"* NARRATIVES

Why A Spring Hat's Easier to Pick Than A Spring Double

By BETTY GEE

In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. But in the winter the young woman's mind wanders to what she will wear and what she will back in the spring. And isn't this natural, seeing that the spring doubles are out?

Incidentally the bookmaker visits the stationer's, buys a ledger 2ft. by 1ft. 6in., marks it "Epsom and Metrop." and "Two Cups," and when it is all entered up neatly, and finally calculated, there lies a trip to Melbourne for himself and his wife and family, all ex's. paid. Paid by us, on beaten doubles.

But if you think that piece of feminine pessimism is going to stop me taking a £1000 to £1 double on the two Cups, you're entirely mistaken.

THAT reminds me of a story that's just reached my ears. The one most concerned is always the last to hear everything, isn't she?

One of those in-the-know, furtive creatures came to me and said he'd just found out who Betty Gee was. "Member of a syndicate that's been winning pots of money, consisting of two rich doctors and two rich business plutocrats, and Betty Gee's the fifth. But they're going to get rid of her for giving away stable secrets and letting her readers into the know."

Well, all I can say is that his news would look funny, wouldn't it, if I turned round and sacked the syndicate and ran it myself!

Anyway, I'm quite capable of choosing a double without their assistance, thank you.

The Moral of It

BUT let's get back to those doubles. What the bookies do is gather up all the best horses in the Epsom and Metrop. and in the two Cups, and put them favorites on their charts. They circulate these where the owners of the horses are sure to see them, and this is the little drama which ensues:

Enter Owner and Trainer of a favorite. Owner picks up bookie's chart. "Humph! they've got my horse favorite. Scatch him."

Trainer: "But, sir, he's a certainty. You're throwing away money if you take him out."

Owner: "SCRATCH HIM, I say."

And he's scratched, forthwith, and the bookies get that little pile of money for nothing.

MORAL—never back a favorite double. They're turned out like those cheap fap-tilk things to catch the money of the unsuspecting.

Don't be one of the bookmakers' victims. Be shrewd like Me. Go for the long shots and get a run for the money you're doomed to lose.

Soltol and Talking are Caulfield Cup favorites, and Ajax and Lynch Law for the Melbourne Cup. Avoid them like the plague. Talking's a bargain line. He's favorite for the Epsom, and Mala for the Metropolitan. Give these a wide berth, too.

My choice for the Epsom-Metrop. double is GOLD ROD and CURATOR.

Now there's a couple of horses for you. Magnificent creatures. Gold Rod's the biggest horse at Randwick, and they crowned Curator as a crack stayer when he won the Cup on Coronation Day. Now he's getting ready to win another big prize, so don't let your visiting washer-lady put you off.

Alan Cooper won't be like the biblical character who hid his talents in some small venture. The Cup he'll doubtless go for in pursuit of the £15,500 Talking still owes him on the £19,000 he paid out for the colt last October will be the £10,000 Melbourne Cup, no more no less.

Now for the Caulfield Cup. I find myself sitting precariously upon the horns of a dilemma, and, believe me, they're not exactly comfortable.

Owners and trainers are always a little coy over the Caulfield Cup. Those that could win it wait and go for the Melbourne Cup, and others with good horses who definitely are setting them for it hold aloof and pretend to disdain it. Yet it's worth £6500. They're mad!

Well, there's Silver Standard. He was second in last year's Cup (and don't I know it, with £3 of my money upon it), and there's Golden Promise, and the crack baby racehorse, Ajax, still only two years old. But will they go for it? Who knows?

Cups Double

BUT this I can tell you. Jack Holt never misses trying for the Caulfield Cup, and if he's got the horse that can win it a waggon and team couldn't turn him off it.

It's his lucky race. It's made him rich. So what do I search for? Jack Holt's best horse. And who is it? Why, Plymouth Sound, of course.

So there's the Cups double. PLYMOUTH SOUND and TALKING.

Now let's get down to bread-and-butter considerations. Next Saturday it's Moorefield races.

Haywires from the country whisper Televise as a good thing the first time a good city jockey gets on him. Well, if Barlie or somebody gets on him, you and I'll join and go riding on him in the betting-ring, too.

Dulcedo, says our coke-man, likes Moorefield so much that his people are just waiting for him to win there. Might be a good price, too!

The head-waiter's become art-struck. He says he on Rembrandt—the horse, not the Dutch painter.

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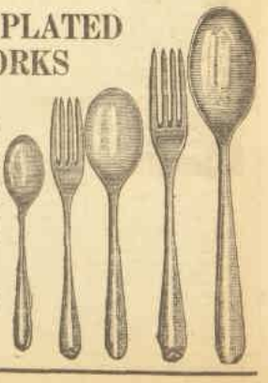

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What Women Are Doing

Manages Airport

THE American Airlines' airport at Bristol, Virginia, a town of approximately 10,000 inhabitants, has as its station manager Miss Mary Dulaney, who is twenty-five years old and has held a pilot's licence for six years.

Miss Dulaney sends and receives weather reports, handles the radio, sells tickets, makes reservations to all parts of the airline system, and, equipped with a gun, carries mail bags to and from the plane.

Will Take Up New Duties Upon Her Return

MRS. S. V. SEWELL has been appointed successor to Mrs. Oswald Syme, who has retired from the office of president of the Handicrafts and Home Industries Committee of the Country Women's Association of Victoria.

Mrs. S. V. Sewell —Broothorn

Mrs. Sewell has held office in the association for many years, first as branch president, then group president, and last year as State vice-president.

At present she is travelling in England, so won't be taking up her appointment for a few months.

Working for the Welfare of Seamen

STOCKING the canteens of the Seamen's Mission at Port Adelaide and the Outer Harbor is part of the annual undertakings of the Ladies' Harbor Lights Guild in Adelaide, and the secretary, Miss Monica Jessop, is feeling more than satisfied with the way the stores have been replenished as a result of the gift tea recently organised by the Guild.

Tea, sugar, coffee, cocoa and other useful gifts were received as well as donations of money.

Miss Jessop has taken over the secretaryship of the guild this year as successor to Miss Penelope Ralph, and later in the year she will be assisting with the organisation of a dance from which the Seamen's Mission and the Flying Corps will benefit equally.

Visit That Lasted For Two Years

MISS KAY KOHLER, of Brisbane, went to England two years ago to attend an international Girl Guides' camp in Ireland, and remained for two years overseas.

She returned to Australia recently, and has lots to tell of interest concerning her experiences as a salesgirl in a big London store. In a comparatively short time she was appointed assistant buyer in the millinery department, and went to the Continent several times on business for the firm.

Tireless Secretary of Kenny Clinic

MRS. M. G. McCRAY, of Brisbane, secretary of the Elizabeth Kenny clinic, is a tireless worker, and takes every opportunity to help the helpless with whom she comes in contact.

Mrs. McCray —Tristan Deasley.

Educated in the north of Queensland, she took up commercial work, and at fifteen years of age won the gold medal awarded for the most competent typist, her shorthand rate being 200 words per minute. When only 18 years of age she had full control of a large office staff of an auctioneering firm in the New England district, New South Wales.

Her chief hobbies are dress-designing and the cello, which instrument she has played for many years.

Budding Orators

THE Australian women cricketers touring England are not only gaining laurels in the sporting world, but some of them are developing into good after-dinner speakers, we hear.

Mollie Jegust, Barbara Peden, Peggy Antonio, Alicia Walsh and Sue Summers made their debut as speakers when they were entertained at Great Comp, the home of the president of the English Women's Cricket Association, Mrs. Heron Maxwell, and acquitted themselves very creditably. Peggy was said to be the briefest and most bashful.

Two Victorians Return on Tour

PROCLAIMED as duettists with voices that blend perfectly, two former Melbourne girls, Miss Viola Morris and Miss Victoria Anderson, who have spent the last nine years studying singing in England, are making a tour of Australia under contract to the Australian Broadcasting Commission.

They have already visited Perth and Adelaide, and before their four months' tour is over will have sung in all the capital cities.

When they left Australia Miss Morris expected to be abroad for one year and Miss Anderson for five, but this is the first time either has been back. After the A.B.C. tour is completed the duettists will go on to America for a concert tour through California, and to New York, where they are hoping to give a recital before returning to England in January.

American Women's Work For Children's Hospital

MRS. F. A. HENRY, wife of the American Consul, Melbourne, is the newly-elected president of the American Women's Auxiliary for the Children's Hospital.

Mrs. F. A. Henry —Broothorn

The American Women's Auxiliary was the first to drive patients to and from hospitals, a practice they began for the District Nursing Society and later extended to the Children's Hospital.

During the last ear this group of women presented about £800 to the hospital—£600 to endow a ward of six beds in perpetuity, and £100 to maintain two cots.

Appointed Coach for State Hockey Team

THE South Australian Women's Hockey Association is counting itself very fortunate this year in having Mrs. D. K. McKenzie to act as official coach for the State team which will compete in the All-Australian carnival in Brisbane at the end of July.

Mrs. McKenzie came from England to live in Adelaide two years ago, after her marriage to Dr. D. K. McKenzie, but she had visited Australia before when she played centre-forward for the English women's hockey team which toured the Commonwealth in 1927.

Perhaps better known in the hockey world by her maiden name, Crystal Nye, Mrs. McKenzie has represented Sussex, Lancashire, and Essex in different county matches in England, and has been playing with the Greenwood team since coming to Adelaide.

Australian Artist Succeeds Abroad

MRS. RAMSAY MOON is yet another Australian artist to receive recognition overseas. She has had one of her drawings hung in the Paris Salon, and some of her work was shown in the Artists' International Exhibition in Grosvenor Square, London, recently.

Mrs. Moon, who has been living in England for the past five years, was Miss Eileen Pearcey before her marriage, and is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Pearcey, of Melbourne. She studied at the National Gallery, Melbourne, and most of her work is in oils and etching.

Women in Maori Choir Are Interesting

BESIDES having lovely voices (and unusual ones to our way of thinking), the eleven women in the Maori Choir at present touring Australia are interesting in themselves.

Airini Karenare, the leader, is not actually a New Zealander, but comes from the Chatham Islands, and she is known wherever she goes as the Chatham Islands' Nightingale. Three others — Sisters Maria, Marama and Omo—are deaconesses of the Methodist Home Mission in New Zealand. Sister Maria also acts as secretary to the manager of the choir.

Three Sisters Represent State at Hockey

BRAINS and sporting ability (especially on the hockey field) are combined in the three youngest daughters of Professor J. B. Cleland, of the Adelaide University, who created a record when they were all chosen to represent South Australia in the match against the Anglo-Scottish women's hockey team recently. Of the three, Barbara, who is married to Mr. John LaNauze, lecturer in Economics at the Adelaide University, is a Bachelor of Science. Betty has her Master of Science degree and is a member of the University staff, and Joan, the youngest, is completing her Bachelor of Science degree.

Both Mrs. LaNauze and Miss Betty Cleland are former captains of the Varsity hockey team, and are now playing for Graduates, and Miss Joan Cleland is a member of the University team.

To Have More Comprehensive Name

THE District Trained Nurses Society in South Australia will probably change its name shortly to include the word "Bush," because outsiders, and especially overseas people who hear much of the bush nursing done in Australia, do not realise the wonderful way the outback centres are catered for in South Australia by this organisation.

Lady Bonython, who is connected with many social services in Adelaide, made this statement at the Regent (S.A.) School of Political Economy at Victor Harbor. The suggested change of name should entirely do away with the misapprehension that South Australia has no bush nurses, she said. The D.T.N.S., as a matter of fact, has visiting nurses as far north as Farina and other outlying districts.

Established Something New in Clubs

TWO enterprising young sisters, Pat and Nell Paterson, have started a new idea in clubs for business girls and young men in Melbourne.

Miss Pat Paterson —Marietta.

It aims to provide these young people with a comfortable club where they can rest between the time of ceasing work and going out for the evening, and procure a light meal if necessary.

The girls can also change into evening frocks, leave parcels, arrange to have clothes sent to the cleaners, stockings mended, in fact, anything to save them trouble.

These two sisters conduct the club and attend to all the work themselves.

Publicity Officer for Station 6WF

MISS KITTY GILLIES, the newly-appointed hostess-publicity officer for the Australian Broadcasting Commission in Perth, has had long experience in meeting and dealing with the business affairs of celebrities visiting Australia.

Miss Gillies.

She has been with two well-known musical firms, her association with one of these being for a period of 26 years, and during that time she has met many of the famous visitors to this country.

Miss Gillies has had a busy time recently preparing for the big celebrity season the A.B.C. is conducting in Perth.

Selected As Exchange Teacher in Scotland

MISS EILEEN McMAHON, of Malvern, Vic., left recently for Scotland, where she will serve as an exchange teacher in the public schools for twelve months.

Educated at the Sacred Heart Convent, Geelong, where she had noteworthy success, she afterwards entered the Education Department, and for some time has been a teacher at the Lloyd Street State School, East Malvern.

Her methods and qualifications impressed departmental inspectors, and she was selected for a special course of teaching in Scotland.

Will Represent Australia At Paris Conference

AS the only woman member in Australia of the International Master Hairdressers' Association, Miss Kathleen Webb, of Adelaide, is feeling very thrilled at the prospect of attending the association's world conference which will be held in Paris during September.

This conference, which is arranged annually in different European centres, and attracts leading hairdressers from all parts of the world, lasts for three weeks, the first week being devoted to meetings and lectures, and the second and third to competitions and demonstrations.

Miss Webb attended the 1935 conference, held in Brussels. She plans to be away for four months.

Studied Speech Healing in Germany

FROM studying speech healing in Hamburg and Vienna, Miss Meta Buring has returned after an absence of 18 months to give Adelaide the benefit of her work. The course of instruction she did in Hamburg included lip-reading and the usual impediments of speech—stuttering, stammering, and lisping. A very important part of the training was exercises for patients who had had a paralytic stroke, and those who had recovered from operations for goitre, diphtheria, cleft palate, and hare-lip, or after removal of the tonsils. After removal of the entire larynx the patient, she says, is taught a kind of ventriloquial speech.

On her way to Vienna Miss Buring broke her journey at Chemnitz, where Mr. George Zoppel conducts a State Bureau of Advice for all troubles of speech. Miss Buring then did some intensive study with Prof. Dr. Hugo Stern, to whom opera stars from all over Europe go for exercises and treatment.

Family Record in Mission Fields of Korea

MISS MARGARET DAVIS, M.A., and her sister, Dr. Jean Davis, are two Australians who have probably established a record for mission service in Korea. They are maintaining family traditions, for their parents, the late Rev. J. G. and Mrs. Davis, both worked on the same mission fields, and their uncle, the late Rev. Harry Davis, was the first Presbyterian missionary to go from Australia to Korea.

Dr. Jean Davis.

Miss Margaret Davis has been attached to the Educational Mission there for 25 years, being now in charge of the Jane B. Harper Memorial School.

Dr. Jean Davis has been in charge of the women's department of the Margaret Whitecross Paton Memorial Hospital at Chongu for 16 years.

She has now been granted leave of absence to visit Vienna, where she will do a post-graduate course.

Miss Davis and Dr. Jean Davis both graduated at Melbourne University.

INDIGESTION MISERY RELIEVED

Under normal conditions you never think of the marvellous process we call digestion. It is only when the misery of indigestion, gastritis or dyspepsia afflicts you that you realise what good digestion means.

Modern civilized conditions, however, are seldom, if ever, "normal" conditions. Irregular meals, badly cooked, unsuitable or hastily eaten food, over-indulgence at meals, lack of sufficient exercise, bring fresh victims daily to the vast army of those suffering from indigestion—dyspepsia or gastritis.

Do not wait until your old vitality and vigour are lost, your nerves all frayed and ragged with constant pain. You will surely become a miserable, irritable, chronic invalid, an affliction to yourself and to others.

De Witt's Antacid Powder has been compounded to meet the complicated nature of digestive troubles.

First, it neutralises the excess acid which inflames the stomach and caused your flatulence, dyspepsia or gastritis.

Secondly, it spreads a soothing, healing and protective coating of colloidal kaolin over the inflamed stomach walls, so that the sore stomach heals while allowing the ordinary process of digestion to go on.

Thirdly, one ingredient partially digests the food and so takes a heavy load from the weakened stomach and intestines. Every case of indigestion, however severe, is instantly relieved and pains vanish.

Of all Chemists and Storekeepers, price 2/6.

De WITT'S Antacid Powder

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APPETISING NOURISHING CHICKEN BROTH

Half a pint of rich, nourishing chicken broth for a penny! Think of it! Chickubes are splendid, too, for flavouring soups and gravies. At all grocers.

THE *Four* MARYS

Continued from Page 6

MEG walked ten blocks before she could shake off the passion of revulsion and resentment his touch, the deliberate familiarity of his words, roused in her.

February was in its latter and less pleasant stages when on a still and frigid morning Mimi telephoned Elizabeth and asked if she were going to be in that afternoon. "Because I'm going to be in New York," said Mimi.

"Why, of course, darling," said Elizabeth. "I haven't seen you in ages. Come in for luncheon, do!"

Mimi said sorry, she couldn't make it for luncheon. "I can run up around four," she suggested.

"Then we'll have tea," said Elizabeth promptly.

While Mimi dressed, her thoughts crowded one another like despairing people lining the rail of a sinking ship.

Her memories of the last few weeks were a few stolen moments with Alan. The lobby of the obscure little hotel had become impossible, and for want of a better place they had met at the Museum of Natural History. Wandering between fossil remains and killer whales, Mimi had begged him to have it out with Elizabeth.

He had refused, but in a way that seemed entirely reasonable. "Don't worry, sweet. Just give me time. I'm watching my chance. But I don't want you involved. I'll take the rap, not you. See? If my marriage is a flop, that's my mistake, not yours."

That was the last time she had seen him. Now, her patience thoroughly exhausted, she was going into town to see Elizabeth.

Going out of the house, Mimi met her mother coming in from a walk to the village. "I'll be having dinner in town with Jimmy Kilmartin," said Mimi gaily. "Won't be too late."

"Have a good time, darling," said Meg.

New York was still icebound, its streets still ridged with humps and hillocks of snow dirtily glazed. Mimi's taxi skidded twice alarmingly between the station and the Wythe apartment. She scarcely noticed. She was rehearsing to herself the best beginning.

"Elizabeth, you know, don't you, what it is I want to talk about?" Unexpectedly difficult, with the taxi skidding every moment nearer to the drawing-room with the white velvet chairs and the old-rose hangings, to find just the words in which to put it to Elizabeth that the time had come for readjustment of her marriage in Mimi's favor.

BESIDES the white velvet chairs and old-rose hangings there were lilies standing about the room in tall silver vases. The lilies gave off an air of purity and a faintly funereal smell. Elizabeth kept Mimi waiting five minutes or so, then came trailing shell-pink chiffon flounces and wearing pearls about her smooth, childishly rounded throat. When Elizabeth kissed her, Mimi managed to receive the touch of that valentine-lady mouth upon her cheekbone only, but still felt some embarrassment.

"Cold, darling?" asked Elizabeth at once. "Come over to the fire and we'll have tea. Such a dreadful afternoon."

"Tea would be nice," said Mimi. Elizabeth rang for tea. She sat on one side of the fire, Mimi on the other.

"I suppose you've been practically snowed in," said Elizabeth. "I'm worried to death about mother and dad. They simply wouldn't go to Nassau without me, and now he has bronchitis again."

"Why didn't you go?" asked Mimi.

"My dear! I couldn't leave Alan. He's too ridiculously dependent on me."

"Now," said Mimi's cool head, "there's your opening." But at that moment there was also the tea coming in.

"How's Meg?" asked Elizabeth with interest. She ate thin bread and butter and little cakes. Mimi had refused them.

Mimi said her mother was fine.

"Did she have a good time in London?"

"Marvellous, of course."

"I suppose her young man was quite a help."

"You mean Brook Avery?"

"Of course that's whom I mean. I saw he crossed on the boat with her. Did they come back together too?"

"He's still in London, I believe," said Mimi. She tried to sound indifferent. Inwardly she began to feel a sharp cold annoyance which Elizabeth frequently aroused in her. She wasn't sorry to be feeling it now. It stiffened her purpose.

ELIZABETH rang and had the tea things cleared away, meantime gossiping brightly of this one and that. "Have you met that awful girl Tommy Gaunt's running about with? Arline something or other. My dear, if you ask me she's getting ready to marry him."

"I can't imagine Tommy's marrying anybody," said Mimi.

"Except yourself?" said Elizabeth, gently playful.

Mimi said, "I wouldn't have Tommy on a bet. As you know."

"Now, why not, Mimi?" said Elizabeth. "He's been crazy about you for ages. He's not bad looking. He's got money."

"You recommend marriage, do you?" said Mimi.

Elizabeth shrugged a rosily veiled shoulder. "It's not so bad."

"It ought to be a lot better than that."

Please turn to Page 34

GIRLIGAGS

"THE HONEYMOON is over when your husband begins to wonder how those little hands that make the scones are able to carry them to the table."

There is only ONE WAY to be sure your skin is *really clean!*

Lady Millicent Fiarks says:

"I haven't time for complicated beauty treatments. I trust my complexion to Pond's Creams. They're so effective and easy to use. I cleanse my face at night with Pond's—it takes all the day's grime and leaves my skin feeling wonderfully soothed and refreshed."

The Lady Morris says:

"Every night I smooth on Pond's Cold Cream. I use it during the day, too, when I wish to remove make-up. It's the best way to avoid skin troubles!"

The Lady Morris

YOU may think your skin is clean because you give it a frequent scrubbing with soap and water. But if you could see a cross-section of it—greatly magnified—you'd feel really worried. Dust, make-up, city grime, skin secretions—they're all imbedded there, clogging the pores, stretching them, ready to form blackheads, nasty spots. Washing only removes the surface dirt. It takes a fine, pore-penetrating cream like Pond's to sink deep down and dislodge such impurities. Just test your skin and see!

Revealing Cleansing Test

To-night, before you go to bed, try this experiment: Wash your face with soap and water. It will *seem* clean, but . . . Apply some Pond's Cold Cream and let it remain on a few minutes. Now wipe away and look at the tissue. Dirt and make-up, too deep to be removed by washing, has been gently *floated* away, and your skin is clear and fresh. Cleanse your skin with Pond's regularly, and gradually blackheads will disappear, blemishes will return less and less frequently, and your pores will become refined again. Famous beauties overseas have found that Pond's simple method of cleansing is the only way to get all dirt and impurities out of the very texture of the skin. They realise that special fine oils, combined by Pond's exclusive formula, sink deep down as no washing can do and actually clear the pores. Australian women should follow this method, too—for besides cleansing, Pond's Cold Cream keeps the skin fine and soft, healing the effects of our harsh, drying climate. If you've never tried Pond's—fill in coupon and send for free trial samples—you'll be delighted with their effect on your skin!

Listen to the Serenade to Beauty, 2CH, 4BK-AK, 6IX-WB, every Monday at 9 p.m. 3DB-LK, every Wednesday at 8.15 p.m. 5AD-MU-PI, every Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.

TRIAL OFFER:

Mail coupon to-day, with four 1d. stamps in a sealed envelope, to cover postage, packing, etc., for free tubes of Pond's two Creams, also a sample of Pond's New Face Powder. Check shade wanted: Brunette (Rachel) ( ) Light Cream ( ) Rose Cream (Natural) ( ) Naturelle (Light Natural) ( ) Rose Brunette ( ) Dark Brunette (Suntan) ( ). POND'S Dept. X34, Box 1151J, G.P.O., Melbourne.

Name.....

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Intimate Jottings

by Caroline.

Did You Know—

That Hazel Grant and Ernest Forth will trip off to Java and Singapore for their honeymoon? Their marriage is scheduled for July 21, at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point.

Vice-Regal Visit

LAST Friday Lord and Lady Wakehurst lunched at Geraldra, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Davidson, and motored out to Stirling, Wallendbeen, to afternoon tea with the Jim Gibbs'. Jim, of course, is president of the Cootamundra Sheep Show, the opening of which took the Vice-Regal party down south. Then they trekked off to the other side of the district and lunched at Eulomo with Mr. and Mrs. Matt Sawyer on their way to Glen Iris to spend what remained of the week-end with Sir Graham and Lady Waddell.

Good Fun

I WENT to a cocktail party at the John Lane Mullins' flat at Elizabeth Bay on Friday evening and good fun I found it. Captain and Mrs. Tony d'Apice, visitors from India, were the reason for the gathering. Mrs. d'Apice looked delightfully English with an enviable pink-and-white complexion enhanced by her blue ensemble.

Others present were Mr. and Mrs. Claude Healy and Claude jun., Dr. Douglas Miller, Mary Hughes, Dr. Malcolm Finlayson and Miss C. d'Apice.

* * *

Staying in Sydney with her sister, Mrs. M. Macleon, at Potts Point, is Stella Wigmore, of Albury. A lovely Japanese maple of immense proportions will be in its full glory in her garden when she returns home.

* * *

Nonplussed at Weather

MRS. J. BATH, wife of Lieut. Bath, tells me that her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Eustace Holroyde, and young sister Margaret are due to arrive in Sydney in September. Mrs. Bath has only just returned to her native land after long years in England, and naturally finds herself nonplussed at having such very English wintry weather to go to parties in, especially when she has been telling English friends all about our remarkable sunshine.

It is seven years since Mrs. Holroyde was here last, but I well remember the dashing string of Airedale dogs she fancied on that occasion, and wonder if she has time to cope with such pets these days. She was formerly Helen Moseley, and well known in this city.

Parties in Plenty

THE strongest among us would pale at the thought of the entertainments ahead for Mrs. "Bogey" Engelbach. Between now and the date of her sailing for the East she will be the guest-of-honor at an incredible number of parties.

On Saturday she lunched with the Owen Jones' at the Golf Club, and on Monday did the same thing with Mrs. Clare Marsden and lots of friends. Mrs. Frank Wade is arranging bridge and luncheon in her honor, and Mrs. Cecil Traill has also chosen the R.S.G.C. for a luncheon party.

Mrs. Leslie Seaborn, Dr. and Mrs. Britnell Fraser, Mrs. Clive Savage, Mrs. Airlie Keep and the "Gillie" Krygers will also do their share of speeding the parting guest.

Tenor Loves Films

TITO SCHIPA, the celebrated tenor so soon to give recitals in Sydney, comes to us with the golden dust of Hollywood still on his heels, so to speak.

His home in Beverly Hills is next door to Wallace Beery's residence, and Ramon Novarro is godfather to the second Schipa daughter. With this background, it is only to be expected that Tito is a movie fan, and he had not been in Melbourne two days before he had seen three films.

Braved the Elements

GENEROUSLY supplied with warm rugs, woollies and hot water bags, Lady Snowden braved the elements in the Cooma district, where she received lots of pink-cheeked debutantes at the Country Women's Association Ball.

Flowers being quite frozen off the twig, so to speak, all the floral trimmings and bouquets had to come from Sydney for the occasion. Lady Snowden also visited the Bush Nurse at Dalgety, Bombala and Berridale.

Distinctly Shivery

MRS. HAROLD DEW, the president of the Medical Ball, which takes place this month, doesn't mind, but I feel distinctly shivery at the thought of the skeletons that will greet me in the foyer of David Jones' on that occasion. The students will put on their usual frolicsome ballet, no doubt with Russian embellishments.

Fun and Games

TWENTY - FIVE little girls of the Bathurst district, and all in party frocks, had "fun and games" at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Bromhead last week.

Margaret and Helen were grand little hostesses and entertained many young Suttors, Brownings, Edgells and Rutherfords. The Bromhead home is a most capacious one and has lots of room for high jinks generally.

Smattering of Gaelic

MOST social was Clement Hosking's farewell testimonial concert on Thursday night.

Sir Kelso and Lady King were there, Dame Mary Hughes, Dame Mary Gilmore, Professor and Mrs. Macdonald Holmes, Professor W. S. Dawson, Dr. and Mrs. Coupland Winn and daughter Betty, Professor and Mrs. W. Dakin, and Dr. and Mrs. Lachlan Harlock.

Quite a few of those present had a smattering of Gaelic and followed the Hebridean songs with enthusiasm.

PICTURED ABOVE is Deborah Mackay Sim, who will take charge of an Orient Lloyd Travel Service Finishing Tour, sailing in the Strathaden in February. The party will include eighteen young girls and a lecturer. Miss Mackay Sim is leaving this month for a short holiday in India. —Women's Weekly.

Our Outback

MRS. VICTOR FOY, I am told, is the only woman to have penetrated our outback regions to Eyre's Rock. Alice Springs and Lasseter's Reef are frequently included in the itinerary of travellers these days, so it is just as well to go a mile or so further than the casual tourists!

On her return Mrs. Foy decided on a rest cure in Helenie Hospital and now, quite restored to health and strength, she is making ready for a trip to Hongkong and will sail in two weeks' time.

* * *

Mrs. Ian Maxwell, who deserted Melbourne a few months ago to make her home in Sydney, is now doing some tutoring for Miss Camilla Wedgewood, at the Women's College, Sydney University.

* * *

Informal Party

SMALL informal parties are either a tremendous success or slightly dullish. The few friends that barrister Barton Maughan invited to his parents' home at Bellevue Hill on Saturday night all agreed with me that this entertainment came into the first category.

Just a dozen or so couples, buffet supper, and dancing to the strains of a gramophone, and there you are. Bettina Barton was there and Susan Scot-Skirving, who recently made her debut.

* * *

Harvey Dakin is highly delighted to hear he has been chosen to represent the University at interstate ski-ing forays later in the season.

* * *

Grand Times

WHEN Gwen Stockwell arrived in London she only had time for a hasty look round and then packed her bags again for Holland. She accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Canning, of London, friends made on a previous trip, to the Continent. Then she dashed back for the Coronation season, and is having the best of good times in London.

The next crossing of the Channel takes place soon, when Gwen goes to Germany with Alison Campbell, an old school friend. Then they will visit the capital cities of the north and have a grand time generally.

Gossipy Friends

A GOSSIPY friend in Melbourne tells me that Mrs. Marchant Penfold, wife of our old friend, "Penny," turned out in the smartest of tweeds on the Kingston Heath links last week to see her husband win a golf trophy in the shape of a silver clock.

Another letter from the south tells me that the Norman Brookes' are leaving England in the Aquitania (the first people I have heard of to resist the Queen Mary) at the end of July. They will spend a week in Honolulu before making for home.

Have You Noticed—

That Val Bavin has taken to the curled coiffure? She has retained her side parting and the curls are soft and graduated to the shape of her head.

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CHILDREN

love this easy way to KEEP THEM FREE FROM COUGHS and COLDS

It's easier to catch cold during winter months because bodily resistance is lower. There is less sunlight, more time is spent indoors, and quick changes in temperature from warm rooms to cold out-of-doors which relax the membranes of nose and throat and make them more open to attack by the cold germs which are everywhere.

Children suffer also from jumping out of warm beds to play in the cold winter air.

Build up General Resistance

All these dangers may be overcome, if means are taken to build up the general resistance, because a perfectly healthy, vigorous system will either throw germs off altogether or, if an infection does take hold, the attack is mild and soon over

A Tonic necessary

You should therefore build up general resistance NOW. Take BIDOMAK, give it to all your family, and you'll be spared a great deal of discomfort later.

BIDOMAK is rich in protective minerals . ferrum, calcium, sodium, potassium, phosphates and sucrose. These build rich, red blood, strengthen nerves and reinvigorate every body cell

They aid digestion so that you make better use of your regular food, extract from it the precious vitamins you need for extra protection. BIDOMAK thus makes run-down people—children or adults—fit and sparkling with health. It charges the system with power to resist infection. It prevents colds or helps you throw them off quickly, NOT by merely relieving them, but by correcting the debility which makes it possible for the cold germs to attack in the first place

THESE ARE THE BENEFITS BROUGHT YOU BY

BIDOMAK

1. Ends Mineral Starvation by providing ferrum, calcium, potassium, sodium, phosphates, glycerophosphates and sucrose.
2. Gives you a good appetite.
3. Brings sweet sleep.
4. Strengthens nerves.
5. Relieves stomach upsets.
6. Builds energy, "pep" and endurance.
7. Clears out body wastes from every cell of the body by increasing the amount of oxygen in the blood stream.
8. Creates rich, red blood, new healthy nerve cells, and nerve fluid.
9. Makes you feel well all over.
10. Safe to take and nice, too. Children like its wild cherry flavour.

KEEP IT UP!

When you give BIDOMAK to your children or take it yourself keep it up regularly every day. Then you will experience its greatest benefits. It's safe for even the youngest child, and so pleasant to take everyone will like taking it. A big bottle costs only 3/- at any chemist or store (New Zealand 3/6), so get one TO-DAY and make this a different winter, free from long-drawn-out coughs and sniffles.

AMAZING RESULTS FOR USERS

Drummoyne,
25th July, 1935.

Dear Sir,—I can confidently recommend your "Bidomak" to anyone suffering from weakness and nervous debility, or in a run-down condition of health after 'flu.

Its effects, even after the first few doses, are really magical.

The many friends to whom I have recommended it are equally enthusiastic about it, and I consider that in placing so splendid a tonic on the market at so reasonable a price, you are conferring a benefit on the public that they will need to try but once to appreciate.

Wishing it the success it deserves.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) Mrs. A. Q.

'FLU IS ABOUT!

There's a great deal of 'flu about and if your resistance is not sufficiently good you may be attacked. Nothing then, is so good as BIDOMAK to correct that after-'flu depression and build you up quickly to prevent a relapse.

YOUR MONEY BACK

If you do not benefit by taking Bidomak we will refund your money within 14 days of purchase on return of the nearly empty Bidomak bottle to the Douglas Drug Co.

BIDOMAK

"The Tonic of the Century"

GET A BOTTLE OF BIDOMAK TO-DAY

THE *Four* MARYS

Continued from Page 32

"YOU always were a romantic idiot." Elizabeth's smile was guileless and fond. "You should have married Alan. We've been married six months now, and he's as silly as he was on our wedding day. I tell him he's simply got to settle down soon and begin to treat me like an old married woman."

Mimi's heart jerked. She thought, "There's nothing to do but let her have it. When she lies about him like that." She said in a cool, careful voice: "So you're perfectly happy together?"

Elizabeth looked surprised, then amused. "Oh, I know what you mean. That paragraph weeks ago about the young Wythes going on the rocks or something. Don't give it a thought. I laughed and laughed. Alan never even saw it."

"Yes, he did," said Mimi. "Because I showed it to him myself."

"If you aren't the oddest girl!" said Elizabeth. "You needn't have worried one moment, darling. I mean about the red-headed lovely. Things like that don't make the least bit of difference. Just stupid little lies."

"It was not a lie," said Mimi. She could breathe freely now. She was started on the road to happiness.

Elizabeth put a finger to her cheek in a puzzled way. "What on earth has got into you? I don't understand you at all to-day, Mimi."

"You understand what I'm telling you. I know you do," said Mimi doggedly. "It's not a lie that I am in love with Alan. I always have been."

"Oh, of course, I've always known that," said Elizabeth, with Madonna-like indulgence. "But so are a lot of other women. I keep hearing things all the time."

"You've heard this before too," said Mimi. "Alan is in love with me."

Elizabeth looked at her for an innocent wide-eyed instant; then she laughed, a clear fluty trill. "You mustn't believe all the pretty things he says, darling, really! It's simply too dreadful of him. I have to scold him all the time. The poor boy can never realise——"

"He does," said Mimi, "and so do you, Elizabeth. I thought you might be willing to talk about it." She felt herself trembling. She felt Elizabeth looking at her with something unconscionably cold and cruel and unyielding behind that angelic gaze.

"Talk about what, Mimi? If you say you're infatuated with Alan I suppose you are. But it does seem awfully funny for you to want to cry on my shoulder about it."

Mimi felt the blood beating in her throat. She said, "I'm not crying on your shoulder." She stood up, her hands gripping each other tightly before her. "I came," she said very distinctly, although her lips were dry and she could hardly get the words out, "to ask you to divorce Alan and let him marry me. There was never anything between you two."

ELIZABETH stood up as well, moving with the boneless softness of a Persian kitten. "Honestly Mimi," she said plaintively, "I think you've gone mad. Or are you just putting on an act? If you think Alan and I aren't happy——"

The apartment door opened and closed. Someone stopped at the mirror in the hall, started towards the drawing-room. It was a man's step.

"Will you talk it over—here—now—the three of us?" Mimi demanded, her low voice passionately earnest.

Then suddenly Elizabeth changed. Frightened, she hissed, "You're crazy—I'll do nothing of the sort."

"Don't worry," said Mimi proudly. "Nobody's going to force you." When Alan came into the room she was putting on her coat. "Got a dinner date—got to run. Hello, Alan—you've just missed me."

As Mimi had told her mother, she was having dinner that night with Kilmartin. She had got in the way of seeing him when she came into town. This was a tentative date they had made some days ago.

"Next time you come in, if I've got nothing better to do, I'll cook you a meal," he had told her. Before going to see Elizabeth she had called him and checked on it.

His room with a kitchenette and a bath was down on West Eleventh Street. It wasn't a bad room—fairly cluttered up with his drawing table and day bed, stacked piles of sketches leaning against the walls. Line drawings and water colors of his cuckoo animals and insects standing all about suppiled a curiously nightmarish air, but Mimi didn't mind that a bit. The wit of her time was a cuckoo wit.

She thought in the cab on her way there:

"It's funny, but that cocky clown knows more about Alan and me than anyone else. My mother or my grandmother or my father or anyone else at all. Just because he's happened to be around at the time things broke."

HER hands were cold and she kept her teeth shut hard in a tension which made her jaws ache, but which she was unable to relax. She kept seeing Alan's face as she had walked past him. Wary—a little sullen—with a purely social smile topping whatever he really felt. What was Elizabeth telling him now? Would she tell him anything at all? Soft, sweet, ingenuous Elizabeth.

Kilmartin was working in a filthy old paint-smeared smock with an eyeshade over his strained and squinting eyes. He welcomed Mimi offhandedly, but when he had looked at her twice, he sat down in the largest chair.

"What've you been up to now?"

Mimi began to cry. With her face hidden against the back of the chair she sobbed hard and wrenchingly. "Sorry!" she managed to gasp in the middle of it.

Please turn to Page 69

To Relieve Catarrhal Deafness and Head Noises.

Persons suffering from catarrhal deafness and head noises will be glad to know that this distressing affliction can usually be successfully treated at home by an internal medicine that in many instances has effected complete relief after other treatments have failed. Sufferers who could scarcely hear have had their hearing restored to such an extent that the tick of a watch was plainly audible seven or eight inches away from either ear. Therefore, if you know of someone who is troubled with head noises or catarrhal deafness, cut out this paragraph and hand it to them, and you may have been the means of saving some poor sufferer, perhaps from total deafness. The medicine can be prepared at home, and is made as follows:—

Secure from your chemist a 1oz bottle of Parmint (Double Strength). Take this home, and add to it ½ pt. of hot water and a little sugar; stir until dissolved. Take one tablespoonful four times a day.

Parmint is used in this way not only to reduce by tonic action the inflammation and swelling in the Eustachian Tubes, and thus to equalise the air pressure on the drum, but to correct any excess of secretions in the middle ear, and the results it gives are nearly always quick and effective.

Every person who has catarrh should give this preparation a thorough trial. Get Parmint from your chemist to-day.

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When you do your household cleaning with SCRUBBS CLOUDY AMMONIA, you safeguard your own health, and your family's as well. Because Scrubbs dissolves dirt and destroys invisible germs that are a menace to health. It is the safest, best, and most economical of household cleaners. It cleans everything. Reject all imitations. Ask only for SCRUBBS CLOUDY AMMONIA.

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SCRUBB'S CLOUDY AMMONIA

WHO IS YOUR LOVER?

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16 PAGES OF COOKERY

FINER POINTS of CAKE-MAKING . . .

Attention to these will ensure your success in the making of cakes, sponges and scones . . . .

Cakes — delicious confections made with a basis of flour, eggs, sugar, and sometimes butter—appeal to practically every taste.

A favorite food with our great-grandmothers, who prided themselves in their cooking, the popularity of cakes never seems to wane.

YOU can be a success at making cakes. It is not necessary to have any special flair for cooking. It is just a matter of following general rules, avoiding the common mistakes that result in failure, and thoroughly enjoying the job.

ALL recipes in this Cookery section home-tested by Ruth Furst, cookery expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

GENERAL RULES

1. Use ingredients of the best quality.
2. Have all materials and utensils at hand.
3. Weigh and measure ingredients accurately.
4. Prepare tins and attend to the oven.
5. Wash fruit and have thoroughly dried.
6. Remove sugar from peel. Wash and dry.
7. Break eggs separately. Beat in basin till twice their original size.
8. Sift all dry ingredients well.
9. Do not use baking powder with treacle, jam, or sour milk. Use carbonate of soda instead, powdering it well before measuring.
10. Sift the sugar if at all coarse.
11. Plainer and cheaper the mixture the more rising required, such as baking powder or cream of tartar and carbonate of soda.
12. Rich cakes or large sponge cakes require no rising.
13. Flour generally added last. Stir as little as possible. Too much stirring toughens cakes.
14. Rich cakes should be mixed more stiffly than plain cakes.

MEASURES

By a spoonful is meant a rounded spoon, that is, as much above as below it. Half a spoonful is a levelled spoon.

Quarter of a spoonful is half a levelled spoon, divided lengthwise.

Rounded tablespoon flour equals 1oz.
Scant tablespoon sugar equals 1oz.
One dessertspoon butter equals 1oz.
Two tablespoons breadcrumbs equal 1oz.
Two tablespoons chopped suet equal 1oz.
Breakfast-cup sugar equals 1lb.
Breakfast-cup flour equals 1lb.
Thirty drops equal 1 teaspoon.
Six tablespoons liquid equal 1 gill.
Two gills or 1 breakfast-cup equal 1 pint.
Eight eggs equal 1lb.

PREPARATION OF TINS

1. Grease tins with melted butter, using a brush for scones, small cakes, buns, biscuits, sponge sandwich.
2. Line tin with 2 or 3 thicknesses of white paper as for large fruit-cakes.
3. Grease tin with butter. Sprinkle with equal parts of flour and icing, as for sponge cakes.

CAKE-MAKING METHODS

There are four methods of mixing cakes:

1. Creaming butter and sugar, such as for large cakes, both plain and fruit, butter cakes, small cakes, biscuits.
2. Beating egg and sugar till thick and frothy. Such as for sponges.
3. Rubbing butter into the flour, such as for buns, biscuits, gingerbread and rock-cakes.
4. Creaming the butter and flour, beating the eggs and sugar, then mixing all together as for rich plain cake.

OVEN TEST

Place a little flour on a flat tin in the oven for 5 minutes.

1. If a dark brown, it indicates the oven is hot.
2. If golden brown, the oven is moderate.
3. If pale brown, the oven is cool.

TESTING CAKES WHEN COOKED

1. Sponges shrink from sides of tin and are elastic to the touch.
2. Large cakes tested with skewer into the thickest part. If it comes out quite free from cake mixture the cake can be taken from oven.

Test small cakes with skewer or press lightly with finger.

FOLLOW the general rules given here for cake-making and you should have no difficulty in making these delicious little cherry cakes.

ROYAL CAKE, which tastes delightful and keeps well. The recipe for making it given on this page.

CAUSES OF FAILURE IN CAKE-MAKING

1. Using wrong proportion of ingredients, such as too much or too little butter, sugar, flour, milk, or baking powder.
2. Damp fruit, which sinks to the bottom.
3. Inferior ingredients.
4. Butter and sugar not creamed sufficiently.
5. Too much mixing after the flour is added.
6. Mixture too moist or too dry.

FAULTS IN SPONGE-MAKING

1. Ingredients wrongly measured.
2. Too many eggs used, giving sponge an eggy taste.
3. Too much sugar, making the sponge sticky.
4. Too much flour, making sponge dry and causing it to rise in the centre.
5. Stirring too much after flour is added, making sponge tough.
6. Tins not sufficiently greased.
7. Placing in too hot or too cold an oven.
8. Not cooking long enough.
9. Not turning on to cake-cooler, causing steam to sodden mixture.
10. Filling with jam or cream before cold.
11. Packing them warm or too hot.

FAULTS IN SCONE-MAKING

1. Mixing dough too dry, making rough-looking scones.
2. Mixing too moist, causing scones to spread and be flat.
3. Liquid not mixed in evenly.
4. Oven either too hot or too cold.
5. Not baked long enough.
6. Not placed on cooler when cooked.
7. Packed when too hot.

FOOD VALUE

Well-baked cakes give variety to the diet and are especially pleasant for afternoon teas, suppers, etc.

Small cakes, buns, rock cakes, are suitable for lunch-boxes. Cakes supply heat and energy to the body, but are too rich to be a very valuable food, and they should therefore be eaten in small quantities.

Light sponges are suitable for children and convalescents, as they are plain and easily digested.

Now with all these finer points of cake-making before you why not try the delicious cakes pictured on this page, cherry cakes (the small ones in the patty cases) and royal cake, the luscious-looking pound cake.

The small cakes are great favorites and are especially delightful for serving at afternoon tea.

The large cake is one of the most delicious yet, and also has the advantage of keeping well.

Here are the recipes:

CHERRY CAKES

Four ounces butter, 4oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons milk, 6oz. plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 2oz. cherries, almonds.

Cream butter and sugar, add eggs separately, then milk gradually. Lastly add chopped cherries and sifted flour and baking powder. Place in spoonfuls in well-greased patty tins or cases—place a blanched almond on top and cook in moderate oven 10 to 15 minutes.

ROYAL CAKE

Five ounces butter, 5oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 4 tablespoons milk, 10oz. self-raising flour, carmine, mock cream, crystallised fruits (such as cherries, pineapple, apricots, ginger), raisins, chopped nuts.

Cream butter and sugar very well, add eggs one at a time, then milk slowly, then well-sifted flour. Divide mixture into two and to one portion add a little carmine. Put into well-greased shallow tin in alternate spoonfuls. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes. Turn on to cake-cooler. When cold, scoop a little out of the top of the cake. To half the mock cream add the chopped fruits and nuts and pile it in cavity, then cover with remainder of mock cream.

To make Washed Mock Cream: One tablespoon butter, essence, 1 tablespoon sugar, cold water.

Cream butter and sugar till as white as possible. Cover with cold water, pour it straight off and beat. This process must be repeated until all the sugar is dissolved. Add essence and beat well.

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You'll Like These Tea-Time Dainties

Small Cakes . . . Cream Filled and Topped with Gay Icings and Cream . . . Adorned, too, with Nuts or . . . Crystallised Fruit

Fascinating confections that can be wrought by using flour, sugar, butter and eggs . . . plus a little culinary ingenuity

All these recipes have been tested in our kitchen.

SMALL cakes add interest to entertainment fare. They lend themselves to such infinite variety in shape, color, and decoration

So intriguing is a plateful of cunningly decorated small cakes. Which one . . . W-h-i-c-h one . . . will you have?

THE sponge thing with the pink cream and bits of green angelica on top? The cream slice with the yellow icing and piquant red cherry on top? Ah!—this one—a melting chocolate eclair.

Recipes for the different types are legion, ranging from sponges, butter mixtures, and combinations of pastry and cake to shortbreads, bun and tea-cake mixtures.

Many housewives pin their faith to a favorite small cake recipe for a good basic mixture that can be used to make a variety of small cakes simply by varying the flavoring, color shape and decoration.

For those who are on the lookout for something to make "for a change," here are some new and old-time recipes:

POLO CAKES

Three ounces butter, 3oz. sugar, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons milk, 6oz. self-raising flour, ¼lb. shortcrust, red currant jelly, 3oz. finely-chopped nuts, little apricot jam.

Line patty tins with pastry, place little jam in each, then spoonful of cake mixture (made with the butter, sugar, egg, milk and flour). Bake in moderate oven till pale brown. Turn on to cake cooler. When cold brush cake mixture over with currant jelly, and sprinkle with chopped nuts.

GENOESE CAKES

Eight ounces butter, 8oz. sugar, 4 eggs, 9oz. plain flour, ½ teaspoon baking powder, essence, warm icing, royal icing.

Cream butter and sugar, add beaten eggs, then sifted flour and baking powder. Pour into a greased baking tin. Bake in moderate oven 40 to 50 minutes. Turn on to cake cooler. When cold cut into fancy shapes, cover with warm icing and decorate with royal icing.

JAP CAKES

Plain cake, Vienna icing, jam, cherries or almonds, cake trimmings.

When cake is cold cut into plain rounds, split through the centre and join with jams, ice around the side with icing and roll in cake crumbs. Place a cherry or almond on top, stick with icing.

KIDNEY POTATO CAKES

Scraps of sponge cake, jam, almond paste, blanched almonds, cocoa.

Split cake and join again with jam. Cut into pieces about 2½ inches long by 1 inch wide. Make almond paste and cut into same number of pieces as cake. Roll out almond paste, glaze round edge with white of egg. Place piece of cake in the centre, then mould almond paste evenly over cake making into an oval shape. Glaze all over with white of egg, then roll in cocoa. Place 2 or 3 strips of blanched almonds in each to form eyes. Serve on a paper d'oyley.

NEENISH CAKES

One pound ground almonds, ½lb. icing sugar, whites of 4 eggs.

Mix ingredients and make into a stiff paste and press into shallow patty tins. This must be done evenly to a depth of ¼ inch. Bake in moderate oven till firm and brown.

The filling is a thick custard made in the ordinary way with cornflour as thick as blancmange. When cool, beat in sufficient butter to make it light and frothy, flavor with vanilla. Fill the tarts nearly to the top with mixture and run over it a thin layer of white icing. The difficult part is to get the coffee glaze on exactly one half. Make the coffee glaze. Place the tart on the palm of the left hand, then dip a knife into the icing and lay the back of it on the centre of the tart and draw it off quickly. Keep the blade perfectly flat all the time; this will give the right proportion of coffee glaze.

PAPER BAGS

Three eggs, 6oz. sugar, 2oz. flour, 2oz. cornflour, ½ teaspoon baking powder, red jelly, cream.

Separate whites and yolks, beat whites stiffly, add yolks and sugar. Beat well, add sifted flour, cornflour and baking powder. Put 4 teaspoonfuls of mixture on to greased swiss roll tin fairly far apart, 1 teaspoon for each cake. Bake in a quick oven. Take off one at a time and roll up in shape of lolly bag. Stand in glasses till cold. Fill with chopped red jelly and decorate with whipped cream. The chief thing is to get these rolled into shape quickly.

VELVET CAKES

One cup butter, 1½ cups sugar, 4 eggs, ½ cup milk, 2 cups plain flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, boiled icing.

Cream the butter and sugar, add the well-beaten eggs, then the milk gradually, lastly the sifted flour and baking powder. Pour into a well-greased baking dish. Bake in a moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes.

Turn onto cake cooler. When cold, ice with boiled icing. When set, cut into squares.

BUTTERFLY CAKES

Sponge mixture, raspberry jam, mock cream, icing sugar.

Make the sponge mixture, and bake in small patty tins. When cold, cut a slice off the top and cut the slice in halves. Scoop a hollow in the centre of each cake, put in a little jam, then mock cream. Place the two halves of slice on top in the position of wings, pressing the cut edges to centre of cake, leaving the sides raised. Sprinkle with icing sugar. Serve on paper d'oyley.

DATE COOKIES

Quarter-cup butter, ¼ cup sugar, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons milk, 1½ cups self-raising flour, 1 cup chopped dates.

Cream butter and sugar, add beaten egg gradually, add milk gradually, then sifted flour and dates. Place dessertspoonfuls of mixture on well-greased swiss roll tins, sprinkle with sugar and bake in hot oven 12 to 15 minutes.

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EVERYBODY'S *Favorite—the* SANDWICH *Cake!*

Melting Cream Sponge ... Luscious Chocolate Cake ... Fanciful Iced Sandwich ... They're All Exciting!

If there's one cake more than any other in which the housewife or hostess takes greater pride, it is the sandwich cake. Such a thrill it is when a sponge turns out as feather-weight as it should be.

Such a moment for satisfaction when a guest pronounces a chocolate sandwich as, "Absolutely delicious, my dear! Surely you didn't make it yourself?"

BUT, of course, you did! You didn't put all your culinary skill into making that cake—you weren't wildly extravagant with filling and decoration—just for nothing! That cake is your masterpiece, and always has pride of place on your afternoon tea or supper table.

For the very next party you have, try one of these recipes. Some are well-known old favorites—good standard recipes that lend themselves to variation with fillings and decoration. Some are new, such as the breathtaking chocolate cake pictured on this page. It is as luscious as it looks.

CHOCOLATE VIENNA CAKE

Three-quarters pound butter, ¾lb. sugar, 6 eggs, 9 tablespoons milk, 1 heaped tablespoon chocolate or cocoa, 1¼lb. self-raising flour, vanilla, pink Vienna icing, ¼lb. chopped walnuts.

Cream butter and sugar, add blended chocolate, then eggs one at a time, then milk and vanilla, lastly well-sifted flour. Pour into well-greased 9in. cake tin. Bake in moderate oven about 1½ hours. Turn on to cake cooler. When cold cut into two or three. Make Vienna icing, color pale pink with carmine. To one-third add three-quarters of the chopped nuts, and use this as filling for joining cake together and covering top of cake, piling to the centre. Then completely cover the cake with remainder of icing. Sprinkle top with remainder of nuts.

VIENNA ICING

Three-quarters pound butter, 1½lb. icing sugar, vanilla, carmine.

Cream the butter well, add the well-sifted icing sugar gradually, then essence, and tint a pale pink with carmine beaten in well. Use as required. This quantity is sufficient to cover and fill cake illustrated.

SPONGE SANDWICH

Four ounces sugar, 4oz. plain flour, ½ teaspoon cream of tartar, ½ teaspoon carbonate soda, 1 teaspoon butter, 2 tablespoons water, 3 eggs.

Separate whites and yolks of eggs. Beat whites stiffly, then add yolks, sugar, and beat till thick and sugar is dissolved. Stir in very lightly the sifted flour and cream of tartar. Boil butter and water and pour onto the carbonate soda and stir in well but lightly to the rest of the mixture. Pour into two well-greased 7-inch sandwich tins. Place into a moderate oven, which has been previously heated about 10 minutes, one on the top shelf and the other on the second shelf immediately under the browning shelf and allow to cook slowly with the stove turned low about 25 to 30 minutes. If the top sponge browns more quickly than the underneath one reverse them when they are quite set, so as to get an even browning on each. When quite cooked they should be turned onto a cake cooler, and when cold filled with either jam, lemon cheese or mock cream and sprinkled with icing sugar, or iced with a warm icing.

VICTORIA SANDWICH

Six ounces butter, 6oz. sugar, 3 eggs, 1 gill milk, 10oz. plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, essence.

Cream butter and sugar, add well-beaten eggs, then milk and essence, lastly well-sifted flour and baking powder, mixing in evenly. Place in two well-greased sandwich tins. Bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. Turn onto a cake cooler; when cold join with lemon cheese, and sprinkle with icing sugar. Serve on a paper d'oyley.

RAINBOW CAKE

Six ounces butter, 6oz. sugar, 3 eggs, ½ gill milk, 12oz. self-raising flour, 1 dessertspoon grated chocolate or cocoa, carmine, vanilla.

Cream butter and sugar, add well-beaten eggs, then milk and vanilla, lastly well-sifted flour. Divide into three, leave one plain, add carmine to another and the blended chocolate to the other. Place in three well-greased sandwich tins. Bake in moderate oven about fifteen to twenty minutes. When cooked turn onto a sieve to cool. When cold, join together with jam or lemon cheese and ice with chocolate icing. Use 7-inch sandwich tins with this mixture.

WATTLE SANDWICH

Half cup butter, 1 cup sugar, ½ teaspoon lemon essence, few drops almond essence, 2 cups flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ cup coconut, 3 egg whites.

ICING: White warm icing, yellow and green royal icing.

Cream butter and sugar, add essences, then sifted flour, baking powder and salt, alternately with the milk. Add coconut, then fold in stiffly beaten whites. Bake in two 8-inch sandwich tins 20 to 25 minutes. When cold, cover with white warm icing and decorate with a wattle spray.

CREAM CAKE

One cup plain flour, 1 cup sugar, 4 eggs, 1 teaspoon baking powder, thick custard, icing sugar.

Separate whites and yolks, beat whites to stiff froth. Add unbeaten yolks, then sugar gradually, and beat till thick. Stir in the well-sifted flour and baking powder. Pour into two deep, greased sandwich tins. Bake in a moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Turn on to cake cooler. When cold, split each cake, and join again with thick custard. Sprinkle icing sugar on top of each cake.

ISN'T THIS the most luscious-looking chocolate cake you've ever seen? It is decorated with Vienna icing tinted pale pink and flavored with chopped walnuts. Recipe for making it given on this page.

BUTTERCUP CAKE

Half cup butter, 1¼ cups flour, 1 cup sugar, 3 egg whites, 1 teaspoon baking powder.

Cream butter and sugar, add milk gradually, then sifted flour and baking powder, and lastly the stiffly-beaten whites. Bake in two 8-inch sandwich tins in moderate oven 20 to 30 minutes.

FILLING: 1oz. butter, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg, rind and juice of 1 lemon.

Beat egg, add sugar, lemon rind and butter, stir over the gas till set.

ICING: 2 egg yolks, icing sugar.

Mix to a paste and spread on cake while warm.

BALTIMORE CAKE

Eight ounces butter, 8oz. sugar, 3 eggs, 1 cup milk, vanilla, 12oz. self-raising flour.

Cream butter and sugar, add yolks, then milk and essence, then sifted flour, and lastly well-beaten whites. Pour into three well-greased sandwich tins. Bake in moderate oven from 20 to 25 minutes. Turn on to a sieve to cool. Join the three cakes together with jam and mock or pure cream. Ice the top and decorate.

BORDEAUX CAKE

Six ounces butter, 6oz. sugar, 3 eggs, 4½ tablespoons milk, 12oz. self-raising flour, vanilla.

Cream butter and sugar, add well-beaten eggs, then milk and flavoring, lastly well-sifted flour, mixing it in evenly. Divide into three and place in well-greased sandwich tins. Bake in a moderate oven till a pale brown and well set. Turn on to a cake cooler. When cold join together with red currant jelly and ice the top accordingly. Serve on a paper d'oyley on a plate or cake dish.

COLUMBIA CAKE

Four ounces butter, 8oz. sugar, 3 eggs, 1 gill milk, ¾lb. self-raising flour, 1 tablespoon treacle, 1 teaspoon spice, candied peel, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, nutmeg, ½ cup raisins, extra tablespoon flour.

Cream butter and sugar, add well-beaten eggs, then milk, lastly flour well sifted. Divide into three equal parts. Cook two plain ones in two greased sandwich tins, bake about 20 minutes. Add remainder of ingredients to remaining mixture. Place in greased tin and bake about half hour. When cooked turn on to a sieve to cool. When cold, join together with jam, placing the dark one in the centre. Cover with boiled icing.

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TRY THESE *Gay* GARNISHINGS!

LEFT: Enthusiastic young cooks learn how to dress up food in artistic manner.

SHOWING how many different ways cakes can be iced and decorated with nuts, crystallised fruits and floral designs in icing.

They Give a Festive Air to the Simplest Cake

Here are ways of dressing up cakes to make them look more luscious, more interesting and individual... Here are recipes, too, for various cake icings... And ways of adding that appetising touch to simple, daily fare—soups, salads, and meat dishes.

THE tasteful garnishing of dishes is well worth a little care, for the cook's aim should be to please the eye as well as the palate.

Garnishing is, therefore, a very interesting branch of culinary art, and one which gives great scope for artistic expression.

Garnishes should be composed of eatable material and should be suitable for the dish they are to beautify.

The garnishing of cakes involves icing with the addition of colorings, crystallised fruits and nuts for decoration.

In the picture of cakes on this page you will see some of the fascinating ways in which cakes can be iced and decorated. And how much more exciting they look dressed up than if they were left plain!

ROYAL ICING

White of 1 egg, 7 or 8oz. icing sugar, few drops lemon juice.

Add the well-sifted icing sugar gradually to the unbeaten white of egg. Add the lemon juice, and beat well till free from lumps and quite smooth. Then use for decorating. Have coating icing slightly thinner than for piping work. When not in use cover with a slightly damp cloth.

ALMOND PASTE

Half pound ground almonds, 1lb. icing sugar, yolks 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons sherry, few drops lemon juice.

Sift the icing sugar, add the ground almonds. Mix well. Beat the yolks, add lemon and sherry. Then add to the dry ingredients, making into a dry dough. Turn onto a pastry board well sprinkled with icing sugar. Roll out to size and shape required to cover the cakes.

TOFFEE ICING

Sugar, chopped nuts.

Put about 1 cup of white crystallised sugar into an aluminium saucepan, place over a low flame, and allow it to slowly melt. When a pale golden brown, remove from the heat and pour over the cake. Sprinkle with nuts. Leave till firm before cutting.

If covering a sandwich cake, do not till before icing is applied. Join together when toffee is cold. Again the toffee icing can be poured into a well-oiled tin—the same size as cake—and when cold removed from tin, then placed on the whipped cream.

FROSTING

White 1 egg, 8 to 12oz. sifted icing sugar, essence, coloring.

Beat the white stiffly, add the icing sugar gradually, beating all the time. Then add essence and coloring to taste. Spread roughly over the cake.

MOCK ALMOND PASTE

Four ounces very fine white breadcrumbs, 8oz. icing sugar, 1 teaspoon almond essence, white 1 egg.

Mix all dry ingredients and make into a dry dough with the white of egg. Knead well. Use as required.

BOILED ICING

One cup sugar, 2 tablespoons water, white of 1 egg.

Boil the water and sugar together for 3 minutes or till it hairs, if tried between finger and thumb, or if a thermometer is used at 240 degrees. Beat the white of egg stiffly, add very gradually to it the syrup. Beat till white and thick enough to pour over the cake.

SEAFOAM ICING

Whites 2 eggs, 1½ cups brown sugar, pinch salt, 5 tablespoons cold water, essence.

Put unbeaten whites of eggs into a basin, add sugar, water, and essence. Beat with a whisk over boiling water for seven minutes. Remove from water and pour over the cake.

WARM ICING

Half pound icing sugar, 2 tablespoons liquid.

Sift the sugar well. Add the liquid, make into a stiff consistency. Beat well. Stir over the fire till warm, but on no account allow to boil. Pour over the cake.

Note: The liquid used may be milk, water, fruit juices or sherry; essences, colored pink, green, yellow or mauve, and blended chocolate or cocoa may be added. The flavoring used gives to the icing its distinctive name.

CARAMEL ICING

One cup brown sugar, vanilla, ½ cup milk or water.

Boil the sugar and water in an enamel saucepan till it hairs or reaches a temperature of 240 degrees. Remove from the gas and beat till thick, then add the vanilla and pour over the cakes.

VIENNA ICING

Four ounces butter, 8oz. icing sugar, essence.

Cream the butter and add the sifted icing sugar gradually. Beat till quite white and smooth, then add any essence or flavoring as required.

SEVEN-MINUTE FROSTING

White 1 egg, 7-8th cup sugar, ½ teaspoon cream of tartar, 2 tablespoons water, essence.

Put the sugar and cream of tartar in a basin, add unbeaten white of egg, water, and essence. Whisk over boiling water for 7 minutes. Cool slightly. Pour over cake.

Here are suggestions for garnishing everyday fare:

(1) **Haricots, Fricassees, Stews.**—Sprinkle with finely-chopped parsley, small triangles of dry toast.

(2) **Curry.**—Small rice shapes. Thin slices of lemon, finely-chopped parsley. Grated hard-boiled yolk of egg.

(3) **Boiled Fish.**—Sauce, parsley and lemon.

(4) **Fried and Baked Fish.**—Sprigs parsley and slices of lemon.

(5) **Grills.**—Rolls of bacon, green butter, potato chips, fried parsley.

(6) **Cold Meats.**—Lettuce, tomato, parsley.

(7) **Salads.** — Hard-boiled eggs, cooked beetroot, tomato, parsley, curled radishes or celery, cucumber, olives, gherkins, chillies, small lettuce leaves.

(8) **Soup.**—Croutons of fried or toasted bread, chopped parsley, vegetables cut into fancy shapes.

(9) **Puddings.**—Beaten white of eggs, whipped cream, pink sugar, crystallised fruits, coconut, colored jelly, chopped nuts.

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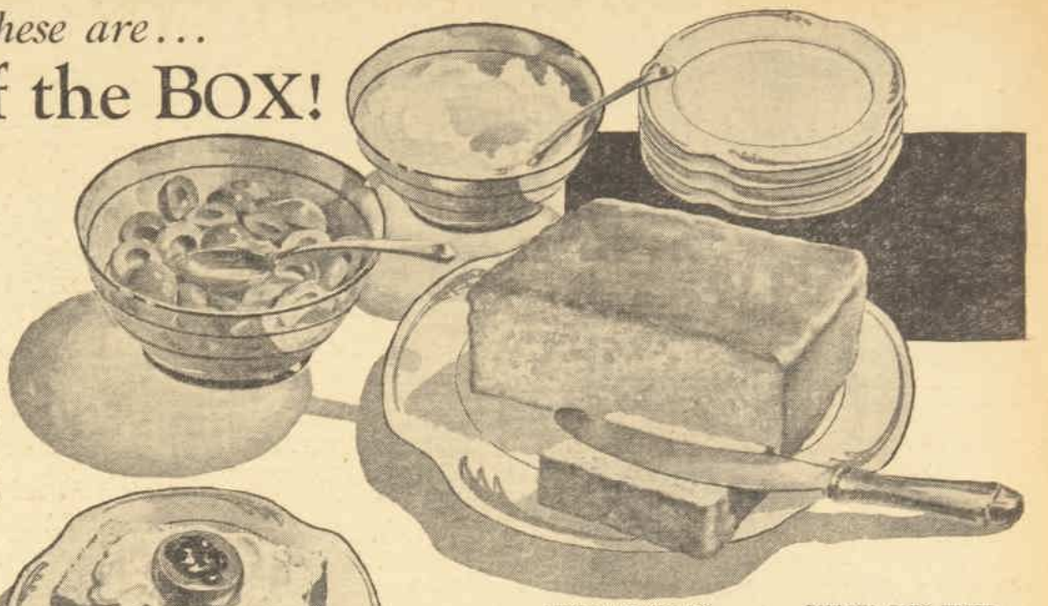
These are . . . OUT of the BOX!



Recipes that are different . . . presented as something extra special for the cookery enthusiast . . .

Here is a perfectly thrilling selection of recipes. Our cookery expert has carefully garnered these extra specials just for you, and they really do offer the housewife who loves to try "something different" new adventures in cooking.

IF you feel you've come to the end of your resources for turning out original dishes and are tired of making everything in your repertoire of recipes, then try these recipes presented here.

Some are brand new and have never been published before. Some are old favorites, but all have been home-tested and found to be just the thing if you want to make a sweet or savory dish that is extra-delicious and original.

An exciting sweet, quickly and simply made with plain sponge cake, tinned apricots, whipped cream and a little strawberry jam.

CHOCOLATE ROLL DESSERT

Six eggs, 1 cup sugar, 2 tablespoons chocolate, whipped cream, chocolate sauce.

Beat whites to stiff froth. Add sugar and beat well. Beat yolks, add chocolate, then mix yolks and whites together. Bake in lined tin 25 to 30 minutes.

Turn out, roll up. When cold, unroll, and fill with whipped cream, roll up again and lay in long dish—chill. Make custard with yolks of eggs, milk, sugar, and grated chocolate. When cold, whip in besten whites and cream. Chill. Pour over roll, and serve at once.

BREADCRUMB MOULD

Three ounces brown breadcrumbs, ½ pint whipped cream, good dessertspoon gelatine, sugar, essence, jam sauce.

Soak crumbs in little milk for half-hour. Add sugar, essence, dissolved gelatine, then cream, mixing in well. Chill on ice. Serve with iced jam sauce.

SOUP WASHINGTON

Two pints stock, 2 pints milk, 6 tablespoons cream, raw fowl bones and scraps, carrot, turnip, onion, celery, 3oz. rice, 2 yolks of eggs, 2 dessertspoons butter, button mushrooms.

Wash vegetables and cut up roughly, fry in butter for few minutes without browning. Add rice, fry few minutes longer. Add stock, simmer gently 1 hour, rub through sieve. Beat yolks, add milk, cook over hot water till it coats the spoon and thickens. Add gradually to soup puree with mushroom; thoroughly reheat. Whip cream, put in soup tureen, and pour boiling soup gradually on to it. Serve at once.

SALMON MOUSSE

Half-pound salmon, 2 tablespoons stock, 3 tablespoons aspic jelly, ½oz. gelatine, mayonnaise, ½ pint cream, salad vegetables.

Pound salmon. Add enough mayonnaise to bind, then add the cold slightly-whisked aspic. Fold in whipped cream, lastly add gelatine which has been dissolved in the stock, mixing in well. Pour into mould and allow to set. Unmould on to fancy dish, and garnish with salad vegetables.

CORN OYSTERS

One cup corn pulp, 1 egg, ½ cup flour, salt, cayenne, ½ teaspoon baking powder.

Drain corn and chop finely. Add flour, baking powder, salt, cayenne, and egg. Drop dessertspoon on well-greased girdle-iron. Turn carefully, browning well on both sides. Lift on to paper to remove any fat. Fold in half. Serve piled high on d'oyley, garnish with sprigs of parsley.

SAUTE KIDNEY WITH MADIERA SAUCE.

Six sheep's kidneys, eschalots, button mushrooms, 1 gill good brown sauce, 1 teaspoon glaze, croutons, 3 tablespoons madeira wine, 1oz. butter, parsley, salt, cayenne.

Remove skin and core from kidneys, cut into thin slices. Melt butter, add minced eschalot and mushrooms and fry till pale brown. Add kidney and stir over gentle heat for 10 minutes. Add wine, stand in warm part of stove for 15 minutes, add brown sauce, thoroughly reheat. Don't boil. Pour into entree dish. Garnish with fried bread, cut into fancy shapes. Sprinkle with chopped parsley.

FISH MAYONNAISE

Cooked fish, 2 hard-boiled eggs, olives, gherkins, salt, cayenne, prawns, mayonnaise, lettuce leaves, chopped parsley, tomato.

Remove bones from fish and flake finely. Mix with chopped eggs, olives, gherkins, parsley, salt, cayenne. Add mayonnaise. Pack into screw top jar. Keep in cool place. To serve, place sufficient into crisp lettuce leaf, and garnish with tomato, radish or celery.

PRAWN RAMEKINS

One pint prawns, 2 cups white sauce, salt, cayenne, lemon juice, 2 yolks of eggs, breadcrumbs, butter.

Shell prawns. Make sauce, add to it the yolks of eggs and cook one minute longer. Add salt, cayenne, and lemon juice. Add ¾ of the prawns, chopped coarsely. Pile mixture into buttered ramekins. Sprinkle with crumbs. Dot with butter and reheat in oven for few minutes. Garnish round edge with whole prawns and serve at once.

POTATO PUFFS

Half pound mashed potatoes, 4oz. self-raising flour, grated cheese, tomato, salt, cayenne, beaten egg, frying fat.

Peel tomato and chop finely, draining off any liquid. Add cheese, salt and cayenne. Add flour to potatoes and bind with little beaten egg. Roll out, cut into squares. Place a little tomato mixture on one side. Damp edges, fold over other corner. Wet fry till golden brown. Drain well. Serve very hot garnished with parsley.

LEMON CHIFFON PIE

Cooked tart shell, yolks 3 eggs, 2 teaspoons gelatine, 3 tablespoons cold water, 4oz. sugar, 4 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, whites 3 eggs, 2oz. sugar, whipped cream.

Soak gelatine in water. Beat yolks of eggs, add lemon juice and 4oz. sugar. Stir over boiling water till mixture coats the spoon; remove from boiling water, add dissolved gelatine and rind of lemon. Allow to cool. Beat whites stiffly, add the 2oz. sugar gradually, beat well, then add to the lemon mixture. Pour into baked cold tart shell. Cover top with whipped cream, flavored and sweetened. Serve at once.

PAVLOVA CAKE SWEET

Whites of 4 eggs, 8oz. castor sugar, 1 dessertspoon cornflour, 2 teaspoons vinegar, strawberries, or fruit in season, whipped cream, pistachio nuts or chopped walnuts.

Stiffly beat whites of eggs. Add sugar gradually and beat well, or until stiff and frothy. Fold sifted cornflour in lightly and add the vinegar. Place mixture into an 8in. sandwich tin which has been well greased and lightly dredged with cornflour. Bake in slow oven for 1½ hours. Decorate with whipped cream, strawberries, and nuts. Serve as cold summer sweet.

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DELICIOUS SWEETMEATS *and Unusual Savory* DINNER DISHES

This Week's Prizewinning Selections From Readers' Recipes

With the seal of approval from our cookery expert, the prizewinning recipes given below, sent in by readers, are guaranteed to please the most fastidious appetites.

EVERY week first prize of £1 is awarded for the best recipe received, and consolation prizes of 2/6 each for every other recipe published.

All are eligible to enter this fascinating competition, the only requirements being that the entry be written clearly, fully, and have full name and address attached.

WHEN submitting entries to our Best Recipe Competition, keep in mind that original recipes are preferred. Recipes copied from other papers and magazines are not barred, but readers must state name and date of publication from which the recipe was obtained.

MARZIPAN DAINTIES

Marzipan mixture (this requires no cooking). Put 4oz. castor sugar through a sieve, then roll 4oz. icing sugar and mix together with 6oz. ground almonds, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, and enough beaten egg to form stiff dough.

Add egg by degrees, as it may not all be needed; place on sugared board and knead a few minutes.

Apples: Make a small ball of paste, insert a small piece of angelica as a stalk, stick a clove in the other end and paint a rosy cheek with a brush dipped in carmine or cochineal.

Cherries: Form marbles of paste, paint with carmine, and insert a long stalk.

Mushrooms: Form small round pieces of paste, press them in saucer form, and dust under side with grated chocolate. Insert a stalk and dip the top in chocolate.

Pears: These are made in the same way as apples, but the paste is pulled into pear shape at one end.

Carrots: Make a ball, then roll it between sugared fingers to the right shape; put some tiny scraps of angelica in the broad end. To color the carrots, before rolling knead in a few drops of cochineal and the yolk of an egg.

First Prize of £1 to Miss M. McCarthy, 336 Bulwer St., Perth.

CHOCOLATE FLUFF

Melt 1 6d. cake chocolate in a soup plate over saucepan of boiling water. Drop in 2 egg-yolks, one at a time, and beat thoroughly with a knife. Take off saucepan, then beat in whites of eggs stiffly beaten. Heap into individual dishes and set in ice chest. Heap whipped cream on top. Sufficient for six persons.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. W. Taylor, 75 Carabella St., Kirribilli, N.S.W.

CHOCOLATE FRUIT SCONES

Five ounces flour, 1oz. cocoa, 2oz. butter, 2oz. sugar, 1 sweet apple, 2oz. currants, 2oz. sultanas, a little candied peel, 1 large cup sour milk, 1 teaspoon cream tartar, ¼ teaspoon bicarbonate soda.

Sieve flour and cocoa together, rub in butter, add cream of tartar and candied peel. Core and peel apple, grate, add currants and sultanas. Stir all together, then mix in a soft dough with the milk, to which the carbonate of soda has been added. Form into scones and brush over with the milk in which some sugar has been dissolved. Bake in a hot oven.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. A. Hunt, 9 Wardell Rd., Petersham, N.S.W.

APRICOT MINCEMEAT

Quarter teaspoon ground mace, 1lb. beef suet, 1lb. chopped raisins, 1lb. currants, 8oz. sugar, 8oz. chopped, dried, washed apricots, 2oz. chopped glace cherries, ¾ pint cooking sherry, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, 1lb. cooking apples, 1lb. sultanas, 8oz. chopped lemon peel, grated rind 1 lemon, 1 cup cooking brandy, 2oz. blanched chopped almonds, juice 1 lemon.

Prepare fruit. Stir in suet, spices, sugar, lemon juice and rind, almonds, sherry and brandy. Mix well. Put into dry jars. Cover with tissue-paper dipped in brandy. Then cover in usual way. A delicious filling for tarts.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. D. Ransom, Campania, Tas.

PASSIONFRUIT FLUMMERY

One tablespoon plain flour, juice 1 lemon, 2 oranges (juice), 6 passionfruit, 1 tablespoon gelatine, ¾ cup sugar, 2 cups water.

Soak gelatine in ½ cup of water. Pour into saucepan with 1 cup hot water. Mix flour with juice of lemon and oranges, add remaining water and add to gelatine and boil two minutes. When cold, beat until it thickens (about 20 minutes), add the juice of 6 passionfruit. Turn into a mould or compotes. Serve with whipped cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. N. Robertson, Douglas St., Millswood, S.A.

IRISH POTATO FLAN

One pound potatoes, ½ pint hot milk, 1 hard-boiled egg, 1 cup cooked peas, 1 egg-yolk, 3oz. chopped cold ham, a little cold milk, 1oz. butter, 1oz. flour, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, minced parsley, salt, pepper, and melted butter to taste.

Boil potatoes in salted water till soft. Drain, mash, and add salt, pepper, cold milk, and melted butter. Arrange in border round shallow, buttered, fireproof dish, brush with a little egg-yolk, brown in oven, then add filling, sprinkled with parsley.

To Make Filling: Melt butter in saucepan. Stir in flour, and when frothy stir in hot milk. When smooth and boiling, add chopped egg, peas, cheese, ham, and 1 teaspoon chopped parsley. Stir carefully till piping hot, season to taste before placing in potato case.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. N. S. Hills, Laird St., Goomeri, Qld.

FROSTED SANDWICH LOAF

Remove crusts from a loaf of day-old bread. Cut remaining loaf into four slices cut lengthwise. Place a slice on a plate, spread with mayonnaise, cover with tomatoes, peeled, and thinly sliced.

Spread another slice with mayonnaise, place with dressing side on tomatoes on first slice. Spread top of this slice with finely-minced cheese, cover with third slice of bread. Spread this with mayonnaise, and sprinkle with chopped lettuce. Spread fourth slice with mayonnaise and place on lettuce, mayonnaise side underneath. Soften half-pound cream cheese with milk and frost the outside of loaf. Garnish with celery and put in refrigerator an hour before serving.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Rita Phillips, Calnin, via Hillside, Vic.

THIS WEEK

HONEY RECIPES

Honey, delicious and good for you, can be introduced into puddings, cakes, sweets, for it imparts a rich, distinctive flavor.

THIS week we publish half a dozen recipes from readers in which honey can be used with excellent results.

Each week our cookery expert selects a subject that has proved popular with entrants, and a cash prize of 2/6 is awarded for every recipe published.

So send in your favorite recipe now.

HONEY BISCUITS

Half-pound honey, ½lb. sugar, 1lb. plain flour, 1 teaspoon ground cinnamon, ½ teaspoon mixed spice, 1 pinch salt, 3oz. finely-chopped lemon peel, 1 teaspoon baking soda.

Place honey in aluminium saucepan, bring to boil, and add sugar. Dissolve baking soda in a little warm milk, add to honey mixture, mix flour with cinnamon and spice, and stir into boiling honey. Remove from fire and stir well until mixture forms ball. Place on board, mix in lemon peel, roll out and cut biscuits. Bake in a slow oven for 10 minutes.

2/6 to Mrs. E. A. Hunt, 9 Wardell Rd., Petersham, N.S.W.

HONEY BREAD

Twelve ounces plain flour, 1½oz. butter, 1½ tablespoons cocoa, 1-8 teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 4 tablespoons honey, 1½ gills milk.

Grease and flour two 1lb. loaf tins and 1 large one. Sieve flour, baking powder and salt into a basin, stir in cocoa, warm honey slightly, but do not allow to get very hot, then add milk to honey. Make a well in the centre of dry ingredients, and mix with honey and milk to make a moderately soft dough. Place in prepared tin, smooth surface, and bake in moderate oven for about 40 minutes. When almost cooked, brush over the top with beaten egg or a little milk to which has been added a little dissolved sugar.

2/6 to Miss Agnes Robinson, 33 Inglesby Rd., Camberwell, Vic.

HONEY CRISPIES

Take ½ cup chopped peanuts, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup flour, 1 cup coconut, 2 cups rolled oats, 1 tablespoon honey, ½ teaspoon carbonate of soda, 4oz. butter or good dripping.

Put all dry ingredients into a bowl. Melt butter and honey, and dissolve soda in a little hot water, and mix all together. Pat down flat in a greased tin, and cook in a moderate oven till nicely browned. Cut into fingers while still hot.

2/6 to Miss I. Campbell, 75 Casino St., South Lismore, N.S.W.

HONEY SUNDAE PIE

Pastry: 1½ cups flour, ½ teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, ¼ teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons butter, about ½ cup milk.

Filling: 1 cup honey, 1½ tablespoons butter, 2 egg-yolks, 3 drops almond essence, 1 tablespoon cornflour, ¼ teaspoon nutmeg, 1 teaspoon lemon juice.

Mix flour, soda and cream of tartar together. Work in butter finely. Add milk to make stiff dough. Turn on a floured board and roll out large enough to line an 8-inch pie plate. Fit well into greased plate and bake in hot oven about 15 minutes. Combine honey, butter, and nutmeg in saucepan, and boil slowly five minutes. Cool. Dissolve cornflour in cold water, add egg-yolks, and beat well. Add honey mixture, stirring until well blended. Bring to boil and boil for 3 minutes. Then cool. Add lemon juice and almond essence. Spread into baked pie shell. Cover with whipped cream or two whites of eggs beaten stiffly, and sprinkle with grated chocolate.

2/6 to Mrs. C. Slater, 67 Miles St., Broken Hill, N.S.W.

HONEY AND PINEAPPLE PUDDING

Three-quarters pint milk, 4oz. tinned pineapple, 2oz. semolina, 4oz. breadcrumbs, 4oz. honey, ½ lemon, 2oz. butter, 1 teaspoon ground ginger, 2 eggs.

Boil milk and stir in semolina. Cook while stirring for few minutes, and put into basin. To this add honey, pineapple (cut into thin slices or cubes), breadcrumbs, juice and finely-chopped rind of lemon, also ground ginger, egg-yolks, and butter. Beat up well and mix in lightly the beaten whites of eggs. Steam in buttered mould for about an hour. Dish up on hot dish, and serve with pineapple syrup.

2/6 to Miss I. Cook, 18 Botzhall St., Middle Brighton, Vic.

HONEY PUDDING

Four ounces honey, 6oz. breadcrumbs, 1oz. butter, 1oz. cornflour, 2 eggs, grated rind of ½ lemon, ½ teaspoon ground ginger, 1 gill milk.

Cook cornflour in milk (well blended) for 10 minutes, pour over breadcrumbs. Add honey, lemon rind, ginger, warmed butter, yolks of eggs (beaten well), whisk egg-whites, add to other ingredients. Turn mixture into a well-buttered mould. Steam 1½ to 2 hours.

Serve with honey sauce, made with 1 dessertspoon honey. Cook till thick.

2/6 to Miss M. Allelyne, 19 George St., St. Peters, Adelaide.

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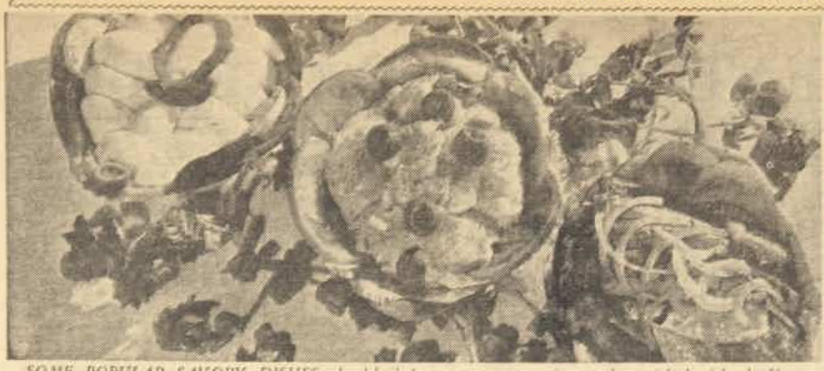

SOME POPULAR SAVORY DISHES—hard-boiled eggs cut into sections and garnished with gherkins; in the centre flaked cold fish with mayonnaise, parsley, olives and sliced tomatoes; the third, soused herrings with rings of onion and tomato.

EXCITING *Party* FARE

Intriguing Savories, New Sandwich Fillings and Thrilling Fruit Punches and Drinks

When it comes to savory making, every hostess is on her toes to produce the most attractive, delicious assortment she can. Here are some savory ideas that will make the most delectable morsels colorful feasts in miniature.

COMBINATIONS of fish, meat, eggs, cheese, oysters, sauces, pickles, olives, gherkins, pastes, mayonnaise, salad, can be used. The base of savories can be pastry cases or rounds, biscuits, fried bread, toast, white or brown bread.

All savories should be small and dainty, served either hot or cold.

SAVORY SUGGESTIONS

(1) Spread base with anchovy paste, top with roll of crab, garnish with chopped parsley.

(2) Spread base with asparagus paste or mashed asparagus, and garnish with asparagus tip and parsley.

(3) Spread base with mashed sardine, or make it into mound and garnish with tail to represent sail. Garnish with parsley.

(4) Spread base with seasoned cream cheese or make into mound and top with half a walnut.

(5) Spread base with cream cheese, then slice of walnut (pickled), and garnish with thin strips of red chilli.

(6) Spread base with ham paste, then slice of hard-boiled egg. Garnish with capers and thin strips of gherkin.

(7) Spread base with thick mayonnaise, lay four slices of olive to the centre to form daisy, with small piece yellow yolk for centre.

(8) Spread base with cheese paste and make mound in centre. Garnish with rings of small, white, pickled onions and chopped parsley.

(9) Spread base with salmon paste and make mound in centre. Garnish with thin strips of hard-boiled white of egg. Grate yolk over.

(10) Spread base thickly with cream cheese and stand stoned olive in the centre. Garnish round with strips of red chilli.

NEW SANDWICH FILLINGS

1. Minced cooked steak, moistened with horse-radish sauce.
2. Minced cooked liver and bacon, mixed with tomato and Worcester sauce.
3. Lobster paste, mixed with mayonnaise.
4. Chopped prawns and gherkin in mayonnaise or sauce.
5. Chopped ginger and nuts.
6. Minced tongue and pickle.
7. Mashed banana with lemon juice and sugar.

SAVORY FINGERS

Four ounces self-raising flour, salt, 2oz. butter, 2oz. cheese, 1 egg, squeeze lemon juice.

Sift flour and salt, rub in butter well. Beat egg and lemon juice together and add gradually to dry ingredients, making into a dry dough. Turn on to a floured board, and roll into a thin sheet large enough to fit a 9in. swiss-roll tin. Press firmly into the tin, and mark into finger lengths. Glaze with egg, bake in a moderate oven 10 to 15 minutes. When cooked, cut into the marked pieces, and leave until cold.

COCKTAIL SAVORY

Mashed potatoes, cocktail frankfurts, grated cheese, salt, cayenne.

Mash potatoes very well. Add cheese, salt, cayenne. Mould into rounds. Make a hollow in centre. Bake in moderate oven till pale brown. Put the frankfurts into boiling water, and cook for three minutes. Remove from water and drain well. Put three frankfurts into the centre of each potato and serve very hot.

EDEN COCKTAIL

Two tumblers of cider, 8 passionfruit, 8 oranges, two tablespoons ginger ale.

Strain juices into large vessel, add cider and ginger ale, thoroughly chill. Serve in cocktail glasses, with small round of crystallised ginger on toothpick.

MEDLEY FRUIT PUNCH

Juice of 12 oranges and 10 lemons, 1 cup strawberry syrup, 1 cup raspberry syrup, 1 cup pineapple syrup, 1 cup unsweetened grape juice, 4 pints water, large bottle dry ginger ale.

Strain juice of fruit into bowl, add syrups. Mix in water. Chill for two hours. Just before serving add ginger ale, and garnish with small whole strawberries, or slice of any fruit except pears.

CEYLON PUNCH

One cup freshly-made tea, 1 pineapple, juice 3 lemons and 6 oranges, 3 bottles soda water, 1 cup heavy syrup.

Grate pineapple, add 3 pints water, and boil 30 minutes. Strain through fine muslin, pressing to extract all juice. Cool. Add cold tea, orange and lemon juice, and syrup. Chill. Just before serving, add soda water. Garnish with sliced banana.

FRUIT PUNCHES AND COCKTAILS are popular thirst-quenchers at parties. Recipes for making are given on this page.

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FOR TEATIME..... SCONES, BUNS and TEACAKES

Serve Some of Them Piping-Hot, and All With Lots of Butter!

Too often are scones and buns relegated to the undignified position of "fill-ins" for Sunday teas, afternoon teas, and children's luncheons.

YET, made from these tested recipes, they may proudly grace the most distinguished supper table, and, when served piping hot, make a zestful finish to a winter-time meal.

FRUIT SCONES

Half-pound self-raising flour, salt, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 tablespoons sugar, 3oz. fruit, 1 egg, 6 tablespoons milk.

Sift flour and salt, rub in butter well. Add sugar and prepared fruit. Make into firm dough with beaten egg and milk. Turn onto floured board, and knead well. Roll out. Cut with knife or cutter. Place on greased tin. Bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. Turn onto cake-cooler. Split and butter.

Currants, sultanas, raisins, chopped dates, figs, or ginger may be used in the scones. Whichever fruit used gives to the scones their distinctive names.

PLAIN SCONES

Half-pound self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon salt, large teaspoon butter, 1½ gills milk.

Sift flour and salt. Rub in butter lightly with tips of fingers. Add milk nearly all at once, making it into soft dough. Turn onto floured board and knead till smooth. Roll out, stamp into rounds with plain cutter or cut into squares with knife. Place on greased or floured tin. Glaze with egg or milk. Place in hot oven. Lessen heat to three-quarters, then, when brown, turn stove low. Bake from 10 to 12 minutes. The moister the dough the lighter the scone, but the longer it will take to dry through. Turn onto sieve to cool. Split with fingers and butter.

SAVORY SCONES

Plain scone mixture, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 1 tablespoon melted butter, 2 tablespoons ham paste, salt, lemon juice, cayenne.

Chop hard-boiled eggs very finely, mix with them ham paste, butter, salt, lemon juice, and cayenne. Make scone mixture. Roll out very thinly into oblong sheet. Spread mixture on half, fold over, pressing down well. Cut into squares. Place on greased tin. Glaze. Bake in hot oven 15 to 20 minutes.

CHOCOLATE SCONES

Half-pound flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 2 teaspoons cocoa, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ gill water, ¼ gill milk, 1 teaspoon butter, ½ cup sugar.

Sift flour, baking powder, salt and cocoa. Rub in butter, add sugar, and mix to soft dough with milk and water. Turn onto floured board, knead slightly, roll out and cut into rounds. Place on greased tin, glaze, and bake in hot oven 15 to 20 minutes.

CHEESE SCONES

Two ounces finely grated cheese, ½lb. self-raising flour, salt, cayenne, yolk egg, 6 tablespoons milk, 3oz. butter.

Sift flour, salt, cayenne, rub in butter and add cheese. Make into a stiff dough with yolk and milk. Turn on to floured board. Knead. Roll out and cut into fingers or rounds. Place in greased tin. Glaze. Bake in a hot oven 12 to 15 minutes. Turn onto a cooler.

IRISH SCONES

Two cooked potatoes, 8oz. self-raising flour, 2 tablespoons butter, salt, milk, oatmeal.

Mash potatoes well. Add flour and salt. Rub in butter. Then mix to stiff dough with milk. Turn on to floured board. Knead slightly. Roll out ½in. thick. Cut into rounds with plain cutter. Glaze with egg and sprinkle with oatmeal, pressing in well. Bake on greased tin 15 to 20 minutes. Turn on to cake-cooler. Split and butter. Serve at once.

APPLE SCONES

Two cups self-raising flour, ½ cup sugar, 3oz. butter, 2 apples, cinnamon, sugar and milk.

Sift flour, rub in butter, add sugar and mix to soft dough with milk. Turn on to floured board, knead slightly, roll out thinly, sprinkle half with grated apple and sugar and cinnamon. Cover and cut into squares. Place on greased swiss roll tin. Glaze. Bake in hot oven.

LONDON BUNS

Half pound self-raising flour, 3oz. butter, 3oz. sugar, 1 egg, ½ gill milk, grated lemon rind, candied peel.

Sift flour well, rub in butter, add sugar. Beat egg well, add milk, then add to dry ingredients, keeping little liquid for glazing. Turn on to floured board, cut into 12 equal parts. Knead each portion into a round, glaze with egg, place thin strip of peel on each, sprinkle with sugar. Place on a greased swiss-roll tin. Bake in moderate oven 12 to 15 minutes. When cooked, turn onto a sieve to cool.

TEACAKES

Two tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg, 1½ gills milk, ½lb. self-raising flour, 1 tablespoon sultanas.

Cream butter and sugar, add well-beaten egg, then milk, lastly well-sifted flour and fruit. Bake in well-greased sandwich tin or patty tins, in moderate oven; when cooked glaze with syrup made by boiling one tablespoon sugar and one tablespoon water together for one minute.

APPLE TEACAKE

Two ounces butter, 4oz. sugar, 1 egg, ½ gill milk, 6oz. self-raising flour, 2 sliced Granny Smith apples, sugar, cinnamon.

Cream butter and sugar to as white as possible, add the egg, beating in well, add milk gradually, lastly add flour, stirring in evenly. Spread mixture into greased 9 x 9 inch swiss roll tin. Peel, core, and thinly slice apples and lay on top of biscuit mixture in rows and have slices of apple in each row overlapping the one before.

Thickly sprinkle apple with cinnamon and sugar well mixed together. Bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes or until apples are clear and biscuit mixture firm. Remove from oven and cut into fingers while hot and leave on tin until cold.

COFFEE CAKE

Two ounces butter, 4oz. sugar, 1 egg, 4 tablespoons milk, 8oz. self-raising flour, cinnamon and nutmeg, 3oz. sultanas, butter, brown sugar, and cinnamon for top.

Cream butter and sugar, add egg and milk, then dry ingredients, lastly fruit. Bake in a greased tin in a moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes. Turn out, brush top with butter. Sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon.

BUTTER ROLLS

One pound self-raising flour, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 cup milk, ½ teaspoon salt.

Sift flour, baking powder and salt, rub in butter, making into dough with milk. Roll out, cut into rounds, fold like turnovers. Glaze. Bake in hot oven 10 to 12 minutes. Split and butter while hot.

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36in.	12/6	Now 10/6	36in.	19/6	Now 16/6

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9x7.6	9x9	10.6x9	12x9	12x10.6	13.6x10.6
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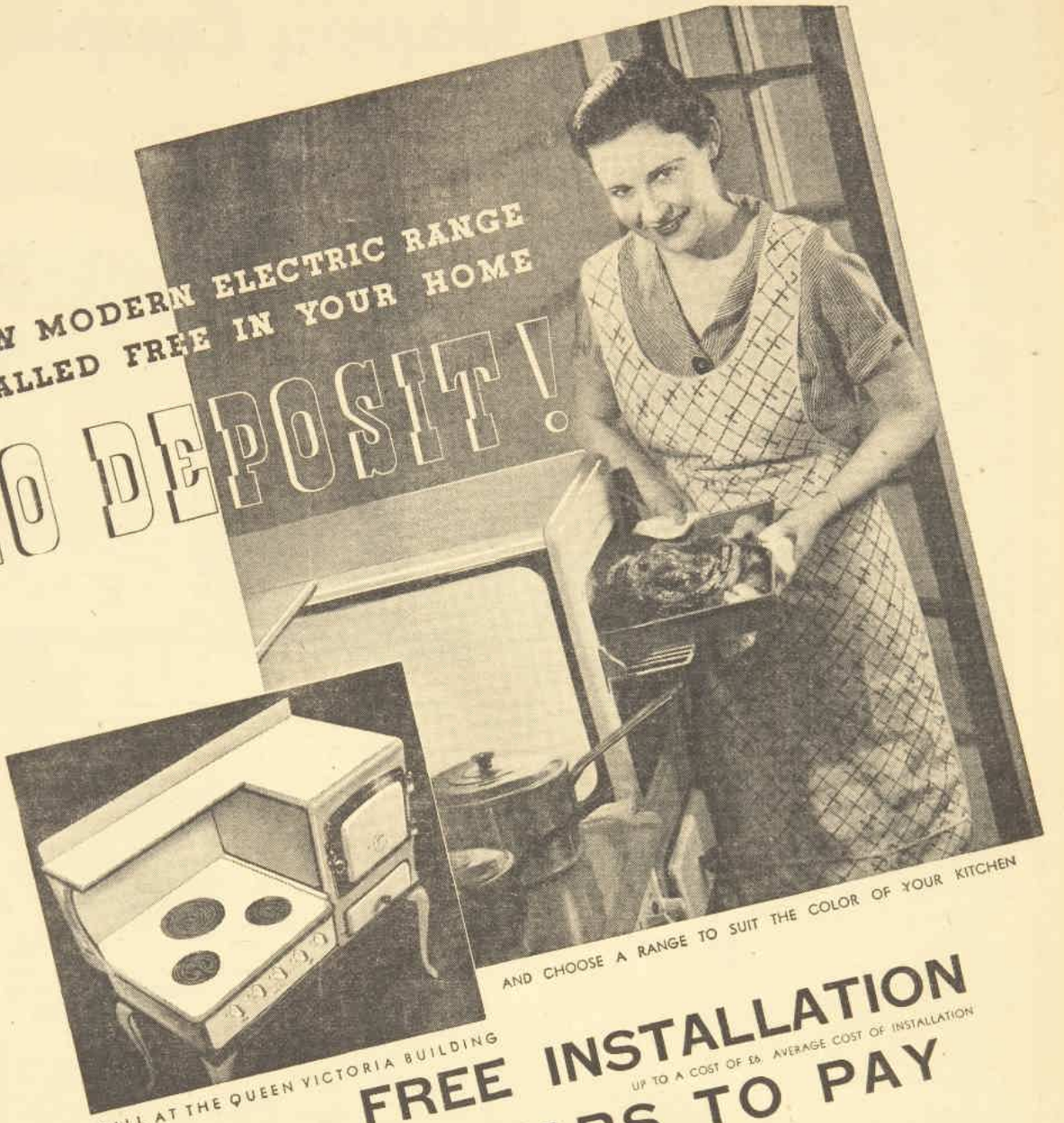

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Cabinet Type Range. 4 hotplates, including 2 rapid boiling and 1 simmering plate. Suitable for up to ten persons. ***From 19/6 per month.***

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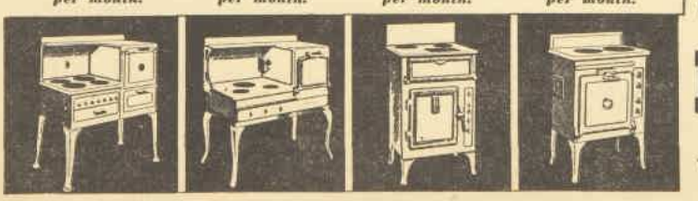

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HALF-HOUR *Luncheon Menus* FOR TWO

Recipes for Delightful Meals that Can Be Prepared in 30 Minutes

WHEN it's a case of "luncheon for two," food must have extra special attention. It must be prepared ever so daintily and tastefully, and served as charmingly as possible.

BUT there's no need to spend hours on preparing such a meal. Here are special menus for luncheons that can be prepared in half an hour with the usual stores in every larder. They are guaranteed to please the most fastidious palate.

A well-stocked pantry will provide ingredients which will be sufficient for dozens of half-hour menus.

If you have a small store of flour, cornflour, rice, macaroni, sultanas, dates, curry powder, anchovy paste, herbs, vinegar, junket tablets, Worcester sauce, jam, cayenne, coffee, nutmeg, you can prepare an appetising meal in no time.

Bacon, potatoes, eggs, lemons, breadcrumbs, fat, apples, tomatoes, carrots, are also useful to have on hand.

Of course, milk and butter are always in the larder.

And on the day when there is little cold meat in the safe, and a tin of sardines and a packet of cheese handy, you can add to the appetising flavor of the meal.

When the family is small many meals can be served on the traymobile. Each helping arranged in a separate dish and standing on a fresh d'oyley will add to the attractiveness of the food.

Here are six little menus for luncheons that could be prepared from a well-stocked larder in half an hour:

MENU 1

Savory Fritters
Baked Apples
Black Coffee

MENU 2

Fricassee Eggs
Sweet Omelettes
Coffee with Milk

MENU 3

Curried Sardines
Stewed Fruit and Junket
Coffee

MENU 4

Risotto
Mock Strawberries and Cream
Coffee

MENU 5

Ragout of Potatoes
Grilled Bacon on Toast
Fresh Fruit

MENU 6

Cheese Creams
Toast and Butter
Apple Fritters
Coffee

A DELICIOUS trifle for lunch can be quickly made with sponge cake, fruit, custard and cream.

BELOW: A delightful meal like this, food daintily cooked and charmingly served, can be prepared in 30 minutes from ordinary ingredients in every larder.

SAVORY FRITTERS

Sift 4oz. self-raising flour. Make well in centre. Add egg, then by degrees ½ cup milk. Beat well. Mince 4oz. cold meat, flavor with salt, cayenne and onion powder. Add to the batter. Drop in spoonfuls into boiling fat, fry till golden brown. Drain. Serve on hot dish, garnish with sprigs of parsley.

Cold cooked fish can be used in place of meat. Or meat can be cut into thin slices and coated with batter. Then fried.

BAKED APPLES

Wash the apples and peel if liked. Remove the core. Place on flat fireproof dish. Fill centre with butter and sugar. Pour little water in. Bake in moderate oven till soft but not broken. Serve hot or cold in dish in which cooked, with custard or cream.

BLACK COFFEE

Put dessertspoon coffee into jug with pinch mustard and salt. Pour on 2 cups boiling water. Allow to stand till grains settle. Strain, reheat, and serve.

FRICASSEE EGGS

Place the required number of eggs in saucepan of cold water. Bring to boil, boil 10 minutes. Remove shell. Make white sauce, add salt, cayenne, and chopped parsley, then eggs, either whole or cut in half. Reheat carefully without breaking. Serve at once in hot, deep dish.

CURRIED SARDINES

Pour oil from sardines into small saucepan. Add 1 teaspoon curry powder. Add 1 teaspoon plain flour. Cook for 1 minute, add ½ cup stock or water. Cook for 1 minute after it boils. Add salt, cayenne, and lemon juice. Put 2 sardines on fingers of hot buttered toast. Pour the hot curry sauce over. Garnish with lemon and serve very hot.

RISOTTO

Mince small onion. Fry it in tablespoon butter without browning. Add 2 tablespoons well-washed rice. Stir for 1 minute. Add 1 cup stock or milk, and cook till rice is tender and liquid absorbed. Add salt, cayenne, tomato or Worcester sauce, and grated cheese. Reheat.

MOCK STRAWBERRIES

Slice some bananas and arrange in thick layer in glass dish. Sprinkle with lemon juice, then layer of strawberry jam, then more bananas, lemon juice and jam.

Cover with whipped cream (flavored and sweetened). Serve at once.

CHEESE CREAMS

Make small quantity of short-crust. Roll out and line some deep patty tins. Make white sauce. Add salt, cayenne, yolk egg, and about 1oz. finely-grated cheese. Fill the cases with the cheese cream. Bake in hot oven 10 to 15 minutes. Sprinkle with more cheese, return to oven for a few minutes till cheese is melted. Serve garnished with sprigs of parsley on hot dish.

APPLE FRITTERS

Make batter with 4oz. self-raising flour, 1 egg, 6 tablespoons milk. Peel the apple, remove core, and cut into thin slices. Coat each slice with batter and fry in boiling fat till golden brown. Drain on white paper. Serve on hot dish with lemon juice and sugar.

BREAD FRITTERS

Cut stale bread into slices ½-inch thick. Remove all crust. Beat egg, add ½ cup milk, 1 dessertspoon sugar. Soak slices of bread in egg mixture. Lift out. Fry in hot fat till golden brown. Drain. Mix cinnamon and sugar, then toss fritters in it. Serve at once or put a little jam on each fritter and sprinkle with a little cinnamon. Serve at once.

ANCHOVY EGGS

Well butter some small fireproof dishes. Break egg into each. Sprinkle with salt and cayenne. Bake till set in moderate oven. Fry some rounds of bread till golden brown, drain. Spread with anchovy paste. Turn the baked eggs on to the bread. Sprinkle with chopped parsley. Serve very hot.

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Nearly every day of their existence has been spent in the sun. They have thrived on it and have absorbed to the fullest extent, ALL the goodness that only the sun can give. Now, after being hygienically dried and packed, they are ready for you with all their original freshness and goodness retained. In the interests of good health, apart from their rich flavoursomeness, eat more of these sun-sweetened, vitamin-giving dried fruits.

Coffee-Cake Recipe

1 lb. dripping; 1 lb. butter; 1½ cups sugar; 1 lb. seeded raisins; 4 level teaspoons cream of tartar; 1 egg; 1½ cups strong coffee; 1 tablespoon cinnamon; 3 cups flour; 2 level teaspoons soda.

Use black coffee and dissolve the soda in it, cream the butter and dripping with the sugar, add the egg and coffee, then the flour sifted with cream of tartar, cinnamon and salt. Lastly add the raisins and mix well. Bake in a moderate oven 1½ to 2 hours in a shallow tin lined with paper (370 degrees).

Dried Fruits Joint Publicity Committee
118 Queen Street, Melbourne, C.1

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CHEESE ADDS *Zest to* MENUS

New Recipes for Cheese Dishes "Dress Up" the Plainest Meals . . .

By MARY LEONARD

DISHES made with cheese make excellent substitutes for meat, as cheese contains practically the same nutriment as meat and is more economical to use.

So if you want to get away from the eternal grill or joint, try some of these delicious dishes—you'll find them easy to make!

A MOST delicious dish—cheese omelette with Spanish vegetables. Peas, beans, celery, tomatoes and cheese are in this dish. Recipe for making is given on this page.

CHEESE has a fascinating history. It's one of the oldest foods known, and through the ages it has held an honored place in the estimation of mankind.

Among the wandering tribes of Asia and Southern Europe, many centuries ago, cheese was used as a means of reckoning wealth.

Cheese has been offered to the gods on Mount Olympus—and the most beautiful women of Egypt, Greece and Rome considered it one of their most necessary foods.

But it isn't only because of tradition that the popularity of cheese has continued to increase. Improvement in processing and curing have made cheeses increasingly delicious, and the variation of cheeses now obtainable makes it possible to satisfy the palates of the most critical epicures.

With over two hundred delicious varieties in the world to choose from, it is not surprising to find it an honored part of the diet and often used as a fitting close to well-planned meals!

But more important than the taste appeal of cheese its its health value. Tests and analyses during recent years have proved that cheese is one of our most important foods. Made entirely from milk, it concentrates the valuable elements of milk—its muscle-building proteins, the calories from its carbohydrates, its vitamins (A, B, and G), and above all its calcium and phosphorus (essential to the formation and health of teeth and bones)—into a form which enables us to get adequate supplies of these essentials daily.

It is often difficult for people to drink enough milk to give them the calcium and other minerals they require.

Yet one-half pound of Cheddar cheese provides the full protein needs of a grown-up person for one day—also half the caloric requirement, and a full quota of calcium and phosphorus.

CHEESE is invaluable for building good teeth and fine, strong bones, because of the very necessary calcium it contains.

Australians have notably poor teeth, and cheese in some form or other in the daily diet, plus plenty of sun-baking, would do wonders in preventing dental troubles.

In fact, if a man were required to, he could live and maintain his health permanently on a loaf of wholewheat bread, two pounds of fruit, and half a pound of cheese per day!

Children need cheese, and so do grown-ups—Australia could learn a lesson from Switzerland in this respect. In Switzerland, where the people have the finest teeth of any country in the world, the ratio of cheese consumption is 26 to England's 10 and Australia's 4!

NEW CHEESES

Many of the new processed cheeses now on the market, put up in convenient packets, take the element of chance out of buying cheese. You no longer need to go tasting bits of this and that sort from the grocer's knife—you just ask for the various types by name.

These packaged cheeses are made in mild cheddars, or in the more tasty, full-bodied type often preferred by the men. Several delicious novelty cheeses — creamy cheddar flavored with celery or pimento—are now also available, and it is even possible to secure a Welsh rarebit, all mixed and seasoned and ready to melt!

CHEESE OMELETTE WITH SPANISH VEGETABLES

Make a vegetable sauce this way: Cook 2 cups tinned tomatoes and one tablespoon chopped onion slowly until thick. Add ½ cup cooked green peas; and ½ cup cooked celery and ½ cup cooked green beans, both cut in thin strips. Season. Make ½ cup thick white sauce, season. Add one cup shredded cheese. Stir until cheese is melted. Add 3 beaten egg-yolks, blend well, and then fold in 3 stiffly-beaten egg-whites. Pour into buttered frying pan and cook very slowly until omelette is "set." Place in very slow oven until top is dry. Spread hot vegetable sauce over half of the omelette, fold it and serve at once.

VEGETABLE CASSEROLE

Eight small new potatoes, 8 baby carrots, 1 small cauliflower, 1 cup fresh peas, ½lb. Cheddar cheese, 2 cups white sauce, parsley.

Cook vegetables (cauliflower broken into flowerettes) and drain well. Place in casserole. Add sliced cheese to hot white sauce, and stir until melted. Pour sauce over vegetables and place casserole in moderate oven until thoroughly heated. Garnish with parsley. Fresh green beans and small onions may be used as a variation.

CHEESE AND NUT ROAST

Quarter-pound cheese (shredded) 1 cup walnuts or peanuts (chopped), 1 cup breadcrumbs, 1 cup milk, 2 tablespoons chopped onion, 1 tablespoon butter, juice of half lemon, salt and pepper to taste.

Melt butter, add onion, and cook about two minutes; add cheese to remaining ingredients. Put into shallow baking-dish, and brown in moderate oven.

ESCALLOP OF LEFTOVERS

Two cups cooked flaked fish, 2 cups cooked diced potatoes, 1 cup cooked diced celery, 2 cups cheese, shredded, 1½ cups white sauce, salt, pepper, fresh tomato, green pepper.

Combine fish with vegetables. Add 1½ cups shredded cheese, white sauce, and seasoning to taste. Place in casserole, sprinkle with remaining cheese, and decorate top with 1-8 sections of tomato. Bake about 30 minutes in moderate oven. Serve hot.

SALMON CASSEROLE

Two cups mashed potatoes, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 cup milk, salt, pepper, cayenne, 1½ cups cheese (shredded), 2 cups flaked canned salmon, 1 cup buttered breadcrumbs.

Place mashed potatoes in buttered casserole. Make white sauce with butter, flour, milk, and seasonings. Add cheese, and stir until melted. Pour half of sauce over potatoes, add flaked fish, cover with remaining sauce, and buttered crumbs. Bake about 20 minutes in moderate oven.

OLD ENGLISH CELERY

Celery, salad-dressing, lettuce or watercress, tasty cheese.

Cut tops from a large bunch of white celery, separate, wash, and dry each stalk. Stuff smallest stalk with tasty cheese softened at room temperature. Fill next stalk, press on to first. Continue filling and pressing stalks together until original bunch of celery is duplicated. Tie with string. Chill. Slice crosswise and serve on lettuce with salad-dressing.

VENETIAN EGGS.

One small onion, chopped, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 cup tomato soup, ½lb. cheese (shredded), ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, ½ teaspoon dry mustard, salt, pepper, 2 eggs, toast, grilled bacon.

Cook onion in butter until soft. Add tomato soup, shredded cheese, and seasonings. Stir over low heat until cheese is melted. Add beaten eggs, stir, and cook until mixture is slightly thickened. Serve on freshly-made toast and garnish with grilled bacon.

CHEESE-FILLED POTATOES

Large baked jacket potatoes, shredded cheese, hot milk, salt, pepper.

Cut a slice from top of each hot baked potato. Scoop out centres and mash them. Add cheese to milk, and cook slowly in double boiler until melted. Add to mashed potato, with seasonings to taste. Refill potato shells, return to moderate oven for about 10 minutes. Serve hot, garnished with parsley.

PRAWN AND CHEESE PIE

Three cups thick white sauce, ½lb. Cheddar cheese (shredded), 1 teaspoon celery salt, ½ teaspoon paprika, 1 medium green pepper (minced), 1lb. fresh cooked prawns or rock lobster, or any flaked fish, ½ cup mushrooms (sliced), 1 standard recipe for scones.

Have white sauce well seasoned with salt and pepper. Stir in cheese, celery salt, paprika and green pepper. Shell prawns, removing black vein, and add to sauce with mushrooms. Pour into greased casserole. Prepare scones, roll out and cut out. Place on top of mixture in casserole and bake in a moderate oven for about 25 minutes. This recipe makes 4 portions.

CELERY AND TURNIPS IN CHEESE SAUCE

One cup celery, diced, 1 cup turnips, diced, 3 tablespoons butter, 3 tablespoons flour, 1½ cups milk, salt, pepper, ½ cup Cheddar cheese, shredded.

Cook celery and turnips together until tender. Drain. Melt butter, blend in flour and gradually add milk, stirring until thick and smooth. Season with salt and pepper to taste and add cheese. Add celery and turnips and serve.

BEANS ITALIAN

Five strips bacon, 1 onion, chopped, 2 cups cooked haricot beans, 2 cups cooked spaghetti, 1 tin tomato soup, 1½ cups cheese, shredded, salt, pepper, cayenne.

Cut bacon in small pieces and cook with onion for 5 minutes. Combine with beans, spaghetti, soup, 1 cup of cheese, and seasonings to taste. Pour into casserole, cover with remaining shredded cheese and bake in moderate oven about 30 minutes.

BAKED CABBAGE

One cup thick strained tomatoes, 1½ cups soft breadcrumbs, 1½ cups cheese, shredded, salt, pepper, 2 cups chopped cooked cabbage, drained.

Mix tomatoes with 1 cup of crumbs, 1 cup of grated cheese, and seasonings. Place alternate layers of cabbage and tomatoes in casserole, sprinkle top with remaining cheese and crumbs, and bake in moderate oven 20 to 30 minutes. A medium-sized cauliflower may be used in place of cabbage. The flowerettes should be separated before cooking in boiling salted water.

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MERINGUED APPLES, cheese sauce on cauliflower, orange and cucumber salad, succulent carrots and peas, and a meat loaf with rice and tomatoes make an appetising meal.

YOU *Can Be* A COOKING GENIUS!

Learn How a Little Art Transforms Homely Dishes Into Luxury Fare

Housewives with a genius for cooking are rare, but you've heard of them—the woman who can make soup from an onion, a cake from a caraway seed. Well—almost!

BUT you do know of women who can dish up the homeliest food and make it look delicious and taste delicious. There's just an extra "something" about everything that lifts the meal out of the ordinary.

It's served daintily, each dish is tastefully garnished, and somehow the food has a finer flavor and is more succulent.

How is it done?

By caring, of course—caring how food is cooked, how it is served and by using a little imagination.

This is all that is needed to make you a genius at home cooking.

Take the story behind the picture on this page! In this case the housewife started off with minced steak, cauliflower, carrots, peas and apples as the basis of a meal.

What would you do with it? Make a mince pie perhaps—boil the vegetables and stew the apples. Not very interesting, is it?

But what did our housewife do with such homely food? Well, she turned it in to a banquet with just a little thought and care.

The minced steak became a meat loaf, flavored with bacon, accompanied with tomato puree and rice and served with a garnishing of grilled tomatoes and parsley.

The cauliflower was lifted to higher realms with a luscious cheese sauce.

The carrots and peas, cooked ever so carefully, were seasoned and arranged attractively in their dish.

The apples were glorified with meringue and just as an extra fillip to the meal a piquant salad was prepared with lettuce, orange and cucumber.

And here is how it was all done.

MEAT LOAF

One and a half pounds minced lean steak, 6oz. minced ham or bacon, small minced onion, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, 1 tablespoon Worcester sauce, 1 egg, ½ cup breadcrumbs, cayenne, salt if necessary, tomato puree, rice, grilled tomatoes.

Mix meat, ham, onion and crumbs. Beat egg, mix into sauces, with salt and cayenne, and add to the meat mixture. Mix well. Pack into well-greased border mould or sand cake tin. Bake in moderate oven from 1 to 1½ hours. Turn on to hot meat dish and fill the centre with tomato puree and top with rice. Garnish round the mould with grilled slices of tomato. Serve at once. Or serve cold with salad vegetables and mayonnaise.

CAULIFLOWER WITH CHEESE SAUCE

Cauliflower, 1 cup white sauce, 2 tablespoons finely-grated cheese, salt, cayenne.

Remove large leaves from cauliflower, then any unnecessary stalk. Soak in salted water for 1 hour. Drain. Put into large saucepan of boiling water to which salt and soda have been added, stalk end up, cook till soft. Remove carefully from water with egg slice. Place on slice of toast in vegetable dish. Make the sauce in usual way. Add to it salt, cayenne and grated cheese, thoroughly reheat over low heat till cheese is all melted, beat well. Pour at once over the cauliflower and serve immediately.

MERINGUED APPLES

Six apples, 2 tablespoons sugar, water, butter, whites 4 eggs, 6 tablespoons sugar.

Peel and core the apples, place on flat dish. Put little butter and sugar in centre. Pour water round. Bake in slow oven till tender, but not broken, basting now and again with the syrup. Lift carefully on to clean flat dish, far apart. Beat egg whites stiffly with pinch salt. Add slowly the 6oz. sugar, beat well. Completely coat each apple with the meringue, or place meringue in a forcing bag with plain pipe and force it round and round each apple until each is entirely encased in the meringue. Sprinkle with the chopped nuts. Bake in a very slow oven until meringue is crisp and a pale biscuit tint. Serve either hot or cold on small individual plates.

CARROTS

One bunch carrots, 1 dessertspoon salt, 2 pints water, butter, pepper, and salt.

Scrape carrots very thinly, cut into four lengthways, stand in cold water, drain, then add salt and carrots to the boiling water. Cook with lid on till tender from 20 to 25 minutes. Drain in a colander. Serve in hot vegetable dish with butter, pepper and salt.

GREEN PEAS

One pound peas, 1 quart water, salt, 2 sprigs mint, 1 dessertspoon sugar, butter, pepper, and salt, 1-8 teaspoon carb. soda.

Shell peas and leave in cold water. Drain. Add the salt, mint, and soda to the warm water in an enamel saucepan, then the peas. Cook slowly with lid off till tender from 16 to 20 minutes, according to age. Drain in colander. Return to saucepan. Remove the mint. Toss over the stove with butter, pepper, and salt, and serve in hot vegetable dish.

AUSTRALIAN SALAD.

Small lettuce leaves, oranges, cucumber, celery, onion powder, mayonnaise, salt, cayenne.

Peel oranges, remove all pith and cut into small pieces. Peel cucumber, and cut into blocks. Wash and dry celery. Cut into small pieces. Mix ingredients well, sprinkle with onion powder and mayonnaise.

Fill lettuce leaves with the mixture. Place on flat glass plate, and garnish with any salad vegetable.

"Isn't it LOVELY?"

As if in echo of the kiddies' expression of enjoyment, mother, too, says "Isn't it lovely!"—lovely to see them relishing the appetising dishes she has been making since she started using KREAM CORNFLOUR. It's surprising what a difference this pure product of sun-ripened Australian maize makes to anybody's cooking. Try it and you'll agree.

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SOUP ... APPETISING *Prelude to* DINNER

ABOVE: Fresh vegetables make the most delicious and nourishing soups. Right: Thick or cream soup sprinkled with chopped parsley and served with toast.

CLEAR SOUP or consomme vies for popularity with other types. It is usually served with dry crackers or toast.

Instructions and Recipes for Making Soups—Consomme, Puree, and Broth

SOUP has advantages that no other food can offer. It is liquid. It blends, in delicious combinations and varieties, the savors and flavors of meats, vegetables, cereals, herbs, etc.

Well-made, it appeals instantly to the appetite, even when languid. It stimulates the flow of digestive juices, supplies needed nourishment, and promotes digestion . . . It is a delightful prelude to the main dinner course.

SOME housewives have an idea that soup-making is troublesome and expensive, but if the necessary thought is given to it, the odds and ends often thrown away could be saved and prove a source of economy instead of extravagance.

Soup is divided into three classes: (1) Clear or consomme; (2) thick soup or puree; (3) broth.

Stock forms the foundation of many soups, and unless required to be rich and clear for a consomme, it need not be made from fresh meat.

The method employed for all stocks is to extract all nutriment from the materials used.

Stocks used are: (1) That made from fresh meats, bones, and vegetables; (2) that made from any scraps of cooked meat, bones, and vegetables.

White stock is made from white meats, such as veal, chicken, rabbit.

Fish stock is made from fish, or fish bones.

FIRST STOCK

Four pounds beef bones, 5 pints cold water, 1 carrot, 1 turnip, 1 brown skinned onion, 2 outside sticks of celery, bunch of herbs, 1 dessertspoon salt, peppercorns, blade of mace.

Trim bones, remove any fat, put bones, meat, salt and water into a large saucepan. Let it stand for 20 minutes. Place on stove and bring very slowly to the boil. Wash vegetables, and cut up roughly, leaving the skin on the onion. Add to stock, also the peppercorns, herbs, etc. Simmer gently for 3 hours. Strain and allow to cool; remove the fat and use as required.

SECOND STOCK

Cooked bones or bones from a cold joint, 1 quart water to each lb. of bones, vegetables and seasonings as for first stock.

Break up the bones. Boil bones and water for 1 hour. Prepare vegetables, and add them. Boil gently 3 hours. Strain and use. This stock must be boiled to extract the gelatine. It is used as a foundation for pea soup, etc.

JULIENNE SOUP

1 quart first stock, 1 carrot, 1 turnip, ½ head celery, caramel, salt if necessary.

Prepare vegetables, cut into fine strips like matches. Boil the carrot in a little stock for five minutes, add the turnip and boil five minutes longer. Cook the celery in another saucepan for ten minutes. Strain the vegetables and place in a hot soup tureen. Heat the stock, add the blended cornflour, cook for two minutes. After it comes to the boil add a few drops of caramel and the salt if necessary. Pour over the vegetables. Serve at once very hot.

CREAM SOUP

Two pints veal stock, ½ cup barley, 1 pint milk, stick celery, 2 yolks of eggs, salt and cayenne, finely-chopped parsley, croutons.

Wash barley, add to stock with chopped celery. Boil for 1 hour, strain. Beat yolks well, pour on to them the soup. Add milk, return to saucepan and cook for 2 minutes without boiling. Add salt and cayenne to taste. Serve at once with fried croutons and the finely-chopped parsley.

LENTIL SOUP

One pound lentils, 1 carrot, 1 onion, 1 parsnip, 2 quarts water, 1oz. plain flour, beef bones, salt, pepper, carb. soda.

Wash lentils and stock overnight in cold water or pour boiling water over and add a good pinch of carb. soda. Soak 1 hour. Pour off the water, put into a large saucepan with the water, bones, salt and vegetables. Cook slowly 3 hours, then rub through a sieve, return to a clean saucepan, add the blended flour, cook for 3 minutes after it boils. Add flavorings, etc. Serve in hot soup tureen with croutons.

VEAL BROTH

Knuckle of veal, 1 turnip, ½ head celery, blade mace, 3 pints water, salt, pepper, parsnips, onion, 2oz. rice, 1 tablespoon finely-chopped parsley.

Put meat into a saucepan with water and salt. Bring slowly to the boil. Add the vegetables which have been cut into dice. Boil 1½ hours. Take meat out. Add the washed rice and boil ½ hour longer. Add salt and pepper and chopped parsley. Serve in hot soup tureen.

WHITE SOUP

Two pounds potatoes, 1 large onion, ½ head celery, 2 quarts water, 1 pint milk, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 parsnip, 1 turnip, salt, cayenne, croutons.

Wash and dry vegetables, cut up roughly. Place in an enamel saucepan, add water and cook slowly till soft. Rub through a sieve, return to a clean saucepan, add the milk, then the blended flour, stir till it boils and thickens, cook for 2 minutes. Add the salt and cayenne to taste. Serve in a hot soup tureen with fried or toasted croutons.

CELERY SOUP

Four heads celery, 2 quarts stock, 2oz. butter, 2oz. flour, ½ pint milk, salt, cayenne, croutons.

Wash celery well, and cut into inch pieces, put into a saucepan with the stock and simmer gently till soft. Rub through a sieve. Melt the butter in a saucepan, add the flour and cook well without browning. Add the celery puree and milk, stir till it boils and thickens. Season with salt and cayenne. Serve very hot in a soup tureen with the fried or toasted croutons.

ARTICHOKE SOUP

Four large artichokes, 1 turnip, 1 onion, 1½ pints stock, 1 dessertspoon flour, salt, cayenne, sippets of toast.

Prepare vegetables and cut into small pieces. Place in a saucepan, add the stock and simmer gently till tender, rub through a sieve, return to a clean saucepan, add the blended flour and cook for 2 minutes after it boils. Season to taste. Serve in soup tureen with the sippets of toast.

SOUP ROYALE

One quart clear soup, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon milk, salt and cayenne.

Beat egg well, add milk, salt and cayenne to taste. Pour into a well-buttered plain mould. Steam till the custard is set about fifteen minutes. When cooked, turn out on to a piece of white paper, and when cold cut into fancy shapes. Place in a hot soup tureen, then pour the boiling soup over. Serve at once.

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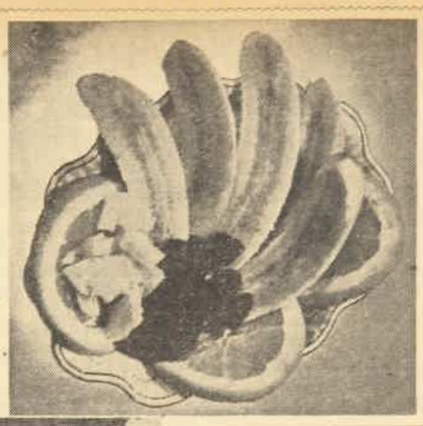
DELICIOUS Hot AND Cold SWEETS

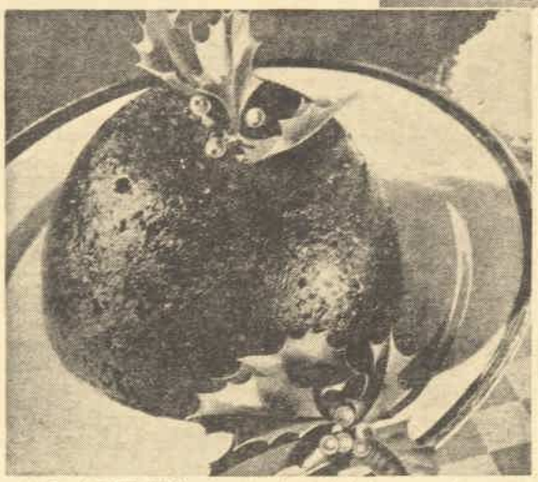
Recipes For All Occasions

Baked, Boiled, Steamed, Iced

Are you getting into a rut with the sweets you serve? If so, try some of these interesting, unusual, and appetising sweets and puddings, some new, some old but evergreen.



THERE'S a special recipe too, for a Christmas pudding for you to keep for Yuletide, 1937. It's been tried and proved and guaranteed to please.



TOP: A NEW WAY of serving fruit salad—bananas and oranges sliced, with garnishing of prunes and chopped pineapple. Above: Delicious Christmas pudding. Recipe for making it given on this page.

CHRISTMAS PUDDING

Half-pound butter, ½lb. sugar, 4 eggs, 3 tablespoons brandy or sherry, ½lb. currants, ½lb. seeded raisins, ½lb. sultanas, 2lb. peel, 12oz. plain flour, ½ teaspoon carbonate of soda.

Cream butter and sugar, add well-beaten eggs, then brandy, lastly prepared fruit and well-sifted flour and carbonate of soda. Place in pudding cloth which has been well floured. Gather cloth up evenly and tie firmly, allowing a little room to swell. Place little flour in hole where tied. Place in saucepan of fast-boiling water, allow it to boil quickly for 15 minutes, lessen heat and allow to boil slowly for 6 hours. Remove from water and hang in cool place. Then on day of using place in boiling water and boil for 3 hours. Remove from cloth and serve on hot dish with custard cream or hard sauce.

BOILED DATE PUDDING

Ten ounces plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 egg, 1 gill milk, 8oz. dates, 5oz. suet, 5oz. brown sugar, nutmeg.

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt, rub in suet, add sugar and chopped dates. Make into a dry dough with beaten egg and milk. Tie firmly in a floured cloth. Plunge into boiling water. Boil 2 hours. Remove cloth. Place on hot dish and serve with sweet sauce.

MINCE ROLY

Two ounces currants, 2oz. sultanas, 1oz. peel, 2oz. brown sugar, 2 apples, grated rind and juice of 1 lemon, 6oz. suet crust.

Peel and chop apples finely. Chop peel, mix well with prepared fruit, sugar, and lemon rind and juice. Make suet crust. Roll out. Spread with mince mixture. Roll up, pinch edges well together. Have ready a floured pudding cloth, lay roly in the centre, fold cloth over and carefully roll up. Tie firmly at each end and sew or pin it in the middle. Plunge into fast-boiling water and boil for 1 hour. Lift from water, remove string, stand for a moment, then carefully remove cloth. Serve hot with sweet sauce.

HARLEQUIN PUDDING

Two ounces butter, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons milk, 4oz. self-raising flour, vanilla, carmine, 1 dessertspoon chocolate or cocoa.

Cream butter and sugar, add beaten egg, then milk and vanilla, lastly well-sifted flour. Divide into three. To one add the carmine, to the second add the blended chocolate mixture, then the plain, with vanilla. Cover with greased paper. Steam 1½ hours. Turn on to a hot dish. Serve with arrowroot or chocolate sauce.

PARADISE PUDDING

One pound apples, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 heaped cup breadcrumbs, 2oz. chopped suet, 3oz. sugar.

Prepare apples and stew them with two tablespoons of sugar and a little water till soft. Mix crumbs, sugar, and suet well together. Grease a pie-dish, place in half the mixture, then the stewed apple, then the remainder of the mixture, making the top smooth. Bake for half hour. Serve hot with custard.

PINEAPPLE CREAM

Small tin crushed pineapple, 1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon cornflour, 2 eggs, whipped cream, nuts.

Drain juice from pineapple, and if not one cup make it up with water. Put pineapple, juice, sugar, and butter into saucepan. Bring to the boil, add blended cornflour, and cook for two minutes after it boils. Remove from heat and stir in the two yolks of eggs, beating in well. Leave till cool, then add the well-whisked whites. Chill. Serve in individual dishes. Garnish with whipped cream and chopped nuts.

MOCK CREAM MOULD

One pint milk, 2 tablespoons cornflour, 2 tablespoons sugar, whites 2 eggs, vanilla.

Blend cornflour with a little of the milk. Put remainder on to boil, and when boiling add to the cornflour, return to saucepan with the sugar and stir till it boils and thickens, then cook for 3 minutes without burning. Slightly cool, then add the well-beaten whites, mixing in well, lastly vanilla. Pour into wetted mould. When set turn out and serve with boiled custard made with the yolks of eggs.

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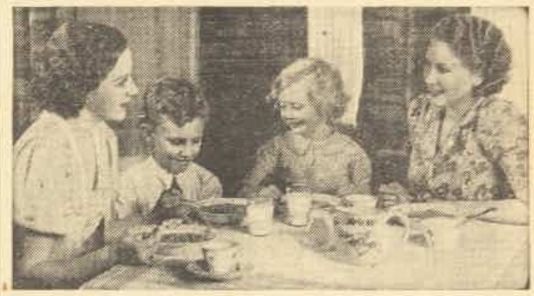
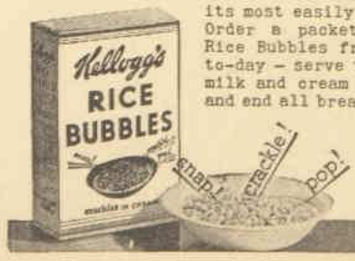
Peggy was always sulky at breakfast — Mummie thought she was naturally stubborn and got very cross herself. No one ever enjoyed the meal and Daddy usually slammed out of the house.



Mummie, away for the week-end, found a calm happy breakfast table with all the children "eating up". "How do you do it?" she asked Mrs. Gray. "Kellogg's Rice Bubbles" was the answer.

Now Peggy and Mummie and Dad sit down to happy breakfasts thanks to the "SNAP," "CRACKLE" and "POP" of Kellogg's delicious Rice Bubbles. Remember rice is one of the oldest, most valuable foods of the human race, and Kellogg's Rice Bubbles are nourishing rice in its most easily digested form. Order a packet of Kellogg's Rice Bubbles from your grocer to-day — serve them with fresh milk and cream at your table, and end all breakfast sulks.



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DON'T NEGLECT A CUT

'DALZO' BRITISH STICKING PLASTER FOR FIRST AID — ALL CHEMISTS

PENNY WISDOM ... A COOKING STORY

How a little culinary magic turned a ruined dinner into a perfect meal

This is the story of Chloe, whose husband phoned to say he was bringing his boss and a big customer home to dinner. But the cook had left that morning, so Chloe, desperate, tried to cook the dinner.

NOW Chloe was no cook! At five-thirty, she was a shaking bundle of sobs, the pea soup burnt, the roast beef a cinder and the whole kitchen one unholy mess.

This is the story of a delightful epicurean film epic which has been done entirely in technicolor as a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer short, "Penny Wisdom," by Pete Smith, to be released here in the next week or so. The entertaining Pete is the "voice" in the film.

When Chloe, whom Pete explains is a "high-gear gal with a low-gear mentality," sobs with despair over her ruined dinner, Pete phones for Prudence Penny, the cookery expert of the "Los Angeles Examiner."

What Prudence does amounts to sheer magic, but magic that you and I can practise in our own kitchens.

In Order

SOON the kitchen is in order and another supply of food on the table—carrots, potatoes, pre-cooked ham, some mint leaves, canned pineapples, and sausages, celery and tomatoes. Chloe doesn't think that will make much of a dinner, but just wait . . .

First Prudence fixes the soup. The burnt taste is removed by adding some cream and a tablespoon of peanut butter. The latter, she says, will remove the burnt taste from any cream soup.

The carrots and potatoes are put on the stove for parboiling for ten minutes before baking. This Prudence explains cuts down baking time by 20 minutes.

There are only two oranges in the pantry for the cocktails, but a cute trick overcomes that trouble. The oranges are left in boiling water for a while. Boiling citrus fruits gives twice the juice, which means twice as many cocktails.

Now the carrots are ready for the oven. They are placed in a fireproof baking-dish and sprinkled with brown sugar. Several pieces of butter are added, finely chopped mint and some water.

When they come out of the oven they will be glazed carrots. The potatoes are also put in the oven for baking in another dish.

Stuffed tomatoes is the next dish to be prepared. The tomatoes are first peeled by being held for a few minutes over the gas flame, when the skin peels off easily. The centres are scooped out and filled up again with a mixture of chopped celery, bell pepper, and chopped tomato, seasoned with mayonnaise, salt and papper.

Main Meat Dish

THE main meat dish is most intriguing. The pre-cooked ham is cut in circular pieces, a ring of pineapple is placed on each piece and then topped with sausage. Brown sugar is sprinkled over, the pineapple juice added, and the dish put into the oven for eight minutes.

But what about dessert? Again Prudence rises to the occasion. She coats a brick of ice-cream with a meringue of whipped egg whites and sugar—and bakes it! Yes, really, the ice-cream is placed on a wooden board which is non-heat conducting, and left in the oven just long enough for the meringue to harden and brown.

When Chloe's husband arrives with his business friends and hears the cook has left, he prays for an earthquake, remembering Chloe's cooking.

But of course he doesn't know that Prudence Penny is in the kitchen, and as far as we know he never finds out, for Chloe, little rascal, serves her dinner with the air of a veteran cook, and her astonished and delighted husband thinks she cooked it herself.

The combination ham, pineapple and sausages dish is the most hunger-making dish you can ever imagine. It is served on a enormous plate, surrounded with glazed carrots and baked potatoes—a perfectly beautiful sight!

There are other fascinating items of cooking knowledge in this film, short cuts and hints, while you see each dish actually prepared.

As a valuable cookery lesson presented in a highly entertaining manner, M.-G.-M. is to be congratulated. Let's hope they make some more of these "epicurean epics."

PREPARING THE DELICIOUS HAM, pineapple and sausage combination dish for the main course for Chloe's dinner. Eight minutes in the oven and it is ready.

Did You Know—

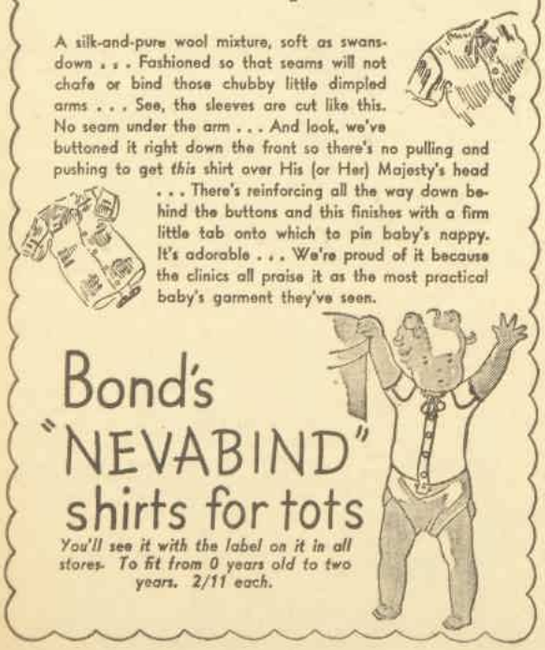
THAT if you rub salt on the hands and then rinse in warm water it will remove any odor from the skin caused through peeling onions?

That a quick and simple method of removing the skin from carrots is to scrape with an ordinary wire mesh pot cleaner?

That you can revive a drooping lettuce by standing it for a while in a bowl of water to which you have added some lemon juice?

Here's the cosiest, teeniest, weeniest shirt for mother's precious!

A silk-and-pure wool mixture, soft as swansdown . . . Fashioned so that seams will not chafe or bind those chubby little dimpled arms . . . See, the sleeves are cut like this. No seam under the arm . . . And look, we've buttoned it right down the front so there's no pulling and pushing to get *this* shirt over His (or Her) Majesty's head . . . There's reinforcing all the way down behind the buttons and this finishes with a firm little tab onto which to pin baby's nappy. It's adorable . . . We're proud of it because the clinics all praise it as the most practical baby's garment they've seen.



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He thought his shirt was white

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THE BRIDE'S COLUMN

By Mary Sheraton

WHEN that day of days which you have been waiting for so eagerly has arrived, and the strains of the Wedding March wafts you away on the most beautiful voyage of life—Marriage. . . .

will you be able to say you were really prepared for the event? I know of many, who, at the last moment, have that vague misgiving of having committed some breach of etiquette.

This is really quite unnecessary.

TO HELP YOU

For your benefit, I have written "The Bride's Book." This book, which is free to engaged girls only, tells everything you should know about your trousseau, wedding etiquette, and home-planning. It gives the answer to all those problems on planning which would otherwise cause so much worry. No detail has been neglected to smooth the path for each bride. Engaged girls may obtain a copy by calling at Bebarfald's Home Planning Bureau now.

FREE!! WRITE FOR IT

If you cannot call, post this coupon . . . gives comprehensive information on wedding etiquette, home-planning, etc.

Miss Mary Sheraton,
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Please send me the particulars I have marked, without charge, without obligation.
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WHEN FLU GETS YOU

Influenza must always be taken seriously, because it definitely affects the heart and leaves its victims much lowered in vitality and prone to other serious illnesses. When 'flu gets you—go right to bed, take a saline purge, put a hot water bottle to the feet, and to the chest and back apply WAWN'S WONDER WOOL, pinned or stitched to the under-garments.

The diet should be light and nourishing, remain in bed till the temperature is down to normal and the danger is over. WAWN'S WONDER WOOL brings speedy relief; eliminates the danger of dread after-effects, and shortens the period of inactivity. Be wise, be prepared—never be without

WAWN'S WONDER-WOOL

Obtainable everywhere at 2/6 per packet

FOR *Young* WIVES *and* MOTHERS

Cooking Children's Meals

By MARY TRUBY KING

Mothers are often at a loss to know how to vary the daily menu for their children, and what points to keep in mind when cooking it. The following menus and recipes are a suitable guide for children from two years to school age and after.

WERE the ordinary menu of a grown-up family always suitable for the child, there would be no need of special dishes; but sometimes the adult's meal contains various foods which would be injurious to a two or three-year-old—such as pork, veal, sausages, salt meat, new potatoes, new bread, pastry, tea and coffee.

Children's meals should be plain, appetising, and nutritious.

Three good meals a day are quite sufficient for children, as well as adults.

It was pointed out in a recent article that one pint of milk should be the minimum daily allowance for adults. It is even more necessary to see that each child has a pint of milk daily (as a drink at the end of meals), and about half a pint in milk jellies, milk puddings, sauces, etc.

See that each child has a daily ration of fresh fruit. Oranges are the best all-round fruit; but any fruit which is in season may be used.

Fruit is only injurious if it is unripe, stale, given in excess or swallowed without proper mastication.

Certain rules should be remembered when considering food for children. (1) Do not fry the food. (2) Do not season it with anything but salt. (3) Do not cook the vegetables in too much water—the less the better. (4) Do not let the child get into the habit of having no breakfast. A good breakfast keeps him warm and gives him energy for the morning's work or play. (5) Remember to make the evening meal lighter than the mid-day one, so that his sleep is not affected.

When a child takes a cold luncheon to school, try to provide some soup in a thermos flask, or a drink of cocoa, so that some warm food will be taken at the mid-day meal. This is specially necessary during the winter.

Fish should be given steamed or boiled. Remove the bones carefully until the child is old enough to do so for himself.

Cheese may be given after two years. Buy a mild Cheddar, or Dutch cheese, and grate it finely on to toast, or over vegetables. Give this about three times a week.

Eggs for children should be "coddled" (i.e., bring the water to the boil, put in the egg, and leave in the water for about eight minutes, having turned out the gas.)

The following is a recipe for vegetable broth: Two tablespoons of pearl barley, one potato, one carrot, four leaves of spinach, an onion, and any scraps of vegetable handy (such as a few green peas). Add a little salt. Cover with water, and simmer gently for about two hours. Add a little milk before serving.

Bone broth is specially good. Put into a pot one knuckle of mutton, one tablespoon of pearl barley, a pinch of salt, and 1½ pints of cold water. Simmer down to about three-quarters of a pint, cooking slowly for from two to three hours. Set aside, and next day remove all fat. (Strain through a sieve, if giving to a child of under two years.)

Cereals should form part of the daily diet for every child.

Buy "wholemeal"—not white or so-called "brown" bread. Use the wholemeal bread as a general rule, with brown or white very occasionally by way of a change. White rice and tapioca are not suitable for children. Instead, buy "brown rice," semolina, or ground rice. Sago may be used very occasionally as a change.

To Make Milk Pudding

ONE level dessertspoon of cereal to four ounces of milk is the correct proportion. Take a little of the milk and mix with the cereal. Add this to the rest of the milk, which should be boiling. Boil for a few minutes. Add a pinch of salt. Then bake in a small bowl, standing the bowl in a dish of water for thirty minutes.

Oatcake is a most delicious form of cereal for breakfast or the evening meal.

RECIPE FOR OATCAKE

Oatmeal	7 ounces
Butter	2 teaspoons
Salt	½ teaspoon

Melt the butter in two tablespoons of boiling water. Mix this into the oatmeal. Sprinkle a board with oatmeal. Roll out thin, and bake slowly till a pale brown. Keep in an air-tight tin. Use instead of bread, and be liberal with the butter, when spreading them.

Oatcake is better for children than porridge, as it gives their teeth more work to do, and their jaws more exercise in masticating. Vary the breakfast, though, sometimes, by giving porridge, according to the following recipe:

RECIPE FOR PORRIDGE

Stir 2 ounces of fine oatmeal into one pint of boiling water. Add half a teaspoon of salt. Cook in a double saucepan for from two to three hours, stirring occasionally.

WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

BY A DOCTOR

PATIENT: Is it essential to wear wool next to the skin in winter?

FEW realise that the body manufactures a tremendous amount of heat, which is radiated through the skin, and that clothing should be selected for the purpose either of holding this heat in or of letting it dissipate itself through the meshes of the garments worn.

It stands to reason, therefore, that in winter we should try to hold on to some of this heat to keep us comfortably warm, while in summer it is best to let go of it, since the atmosphere outside the body is supplying even more heat than we desire.

Wool is the best all-round material for winter use, because it is a bad conductor of heat. That is, heat is not lost through its meshes. Cotton and linen, on the other hand, are good conductors of heat. That is why they are best adapted for summer wear.

Silk is being used more for under-garments, especially by women. Silk is light and soft, and, like wool, is a poor conductor of heat. In summer, although cotton conducts heat better, silk feels more agreeable.

Generally speaking, it is wise to wear garments as light as possible. A pure wool garment, for instance, is not as heavy as one of wool mixed with cotton, yet it protects better.

If the body becomes overheated and cannot radiate its surplus heat through the garments worn, irritability, uneasiness, and fatigue result. The best plan is to wear light materials for suitings and underwear, but a heavy coat, even of fur, if necessary, for out-of-door use. Then when you enter a warm room, office building, or apartment, you can easily adjust your wearing apparel to the conditions.

Learn the Secret of her vitality

THREE months ago she was a different girl. Her eyes had no lustre. She was tired and despondent. Headaches were wearing her down. Look at her now. Alert . . energetic . . full of vitality. Here is the secret. *Constipation* was spoiling her health, her looks, her future. Then she "discovered" Nyal Figsen. Quickly — without purging, Figsen restored normal bowel action. It cleared away the accumulations of poisonous "waste matter" that were clogging her system and being absorbed by the blood stream. Figsen gave her new health, new vitality. It can do the same for you. Figsen aids nature in a natural way. It is not a harsh laxative. It helps the stomach muscles to perform their natural functions. Figsen comes in tablet form and is chewed like a lolly. Equally good for children and adults. Sold by all chemists.

NYAL FIGSEN FOR CONSTIPATION

THE NYAL COMPANY, 431F, GLEBE ROAD, SYDNEY, N.S.W.
Please send me Free Sample of Figsen.
Name .....
Address .....
WW 10-7-37

Kidneys must *clean* acids from your *blood*

Dr. W. R. GEORGE
Former Health Commissioner of Indianapolis

Your System is Poisoned

And May Cause Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Leg Pains, and a Run-Down Condition.

Your health, vitality and energy are extremely dependent upon the proper functioning of your kidneys. This is easy to understand when you learn that each kidney, although only the size of your clenched fist, contains 4½ million tiny, delicate tubes or filters. Your blood circulates through these tiny filters 200 times an hour, night and day. Nature provides this method of removing acids, poisons, and toxins from your blood.

Causes Many Ills

Dr. Walter R. George, many years Health Commissioner of Indianapolis, recently stated: "Most people do not realise this, but the kidneys probably are the most remarkable organs in the entire human anatomy. Their work is just as important and just as vital to good health as the work of the heart. As Health Commissioner of the City of Indianapolis for many years and as medical director for a large insurance company, I have had opportunity to observe that a surprisingly high percentage of people are devitalised, run-down, nervous, tired, and worn-out because of poorly functioning kidneys."

If your kidneys slow down and do not function properly and fail to remove approximately 3 pints of Acids, Poisons, and liquids from your blood every 24 hours, then there is a gradual accumulation of these Acids and Wastes, and slowly, but surely, your system becomes poisoned, making you feel old before your time, rundown and worn out.

Many other troublesome and painful symptoms are caused by Kidney and Bladder Troubles, such as Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Dizziness, Frequent Headaches and Colds, Rheumatism, Swollen Joints, Circles Under Eyes, Backaches, Loss of Vitality, Burning, Itching, Smarting and Acidity.

Help Kidneys Doctor's Way

Chemists and doctors in over fifty-one countries throughout the world think that the proper way to help kidney functions is with the modern, up-to-date Doctor's prescription. Cystex, because it is scientifically prepared in strict accordance with the United States and British Pharmacopoeia to act directly on the kidneys as a diuretic. For instance, Dr. T. J. Rastelli, famous surgeon and scientist of London, says: "Cystex is one of the finest remedies I have ever known in my medical practice. Any doctor will recommend it for its definite benefit in the treatment of many kidney and bladder disorders. It is safe and harmless."

And Dr. T. A. Ellis, of Toronto, Canada, has stated: "Cystex' influence in aiding the treatment of sluggish kidney and bladder functions can not be over-estimated." And Dr. C. Z. Rendelle, of San Francisco, said: "I can truthfully recommend the use of Cystex," while Dr. N. G. Giannini, widely-known Italian physician stated: "I have found men and women of middle age particularly grateful for the benefits received from such medication. A feeling of many years lifted off one's age often follows the fine effects of Cystex."

Guaranteed 8-Day Test

If you suffer from any of the conditions mentioned in this article or feel rundown, worn out, and old before your time, kidney and bladder troubles likely are the real cause of your trouble. And because Cystex has given successful results in thousands of cases throughout the world after other things had failed, you should put this doctor's prescription to the test immediately, with the understanding that it must prove satisfactory in every way within 8 days, or you merely return the empty package and the full purchase price is refunded.

Because Cystex is specially and scientifically prepared to act directly on the kidneys, it is quick and positive in action. Within 48 hours most people report a remarkable improvement and complete satisfaction in 8 days. Cystex costs little at chemists. Put it to the test today. Under the guarantee you must feel younger, stronger, and better than you have in a long time—you must feel that Cystex has done the work thoroughly and completely, or you merely return the empty package and it costs nothing. You are the sole judge of your own satisfaction. You can't afford to take chances with cheap, inferior, or irritating drugs or any medicine that is not good enough to be guaranteed. Ask your chemist for guaranteed Cystex (pronounced Siss-tex) today.

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REDUCED PRICE
KOLYNOS
~~1/9~~ NOW 1/3

GREATER PUBLIC DEMAND
INCREASED PRODUCTION WHICH LOWERED COST.
SAME QUANTITY
SAME QUALITY
NO CHANGE IN FORMULA

For Clean White Teeth and a Healthy Mouth, your dentist says use Kolynos—the proved antiseptic, germicidal and cleansing toothpaste. It will improve your teeth at once.
Important ingredients exceptional to Kolynos actually kill the germs of dental decay in a few seconds, while other essential ingredients remove unsightly stains, entering every tiny crevice and washing away all particles of food debris, keeping the mouth in a healthy condition. Regular use of Kolynos will quickly show you how sparkling white your teeth can be when they are thoroughly and completely cleaned.
Being highly concentrated, Kolynos is most economical in use. Use only *half-an-inch* on a DRY brush for best results. Try it. Get a tube today. The New Double Size 2/- Tube costs only threepence more than the old price of regular size.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores.

NEW DOUBLE SIZE TUBE 2/-

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM (REGD)

COOK *Vegetables* from YOUR *Own* GARDEN

The most delicious vegetables of all, the most succulent, tender, and full-flavored, are those you grow yourself at home.
—Says The OLD GARDENER.

Now that the shortest day of the year has passed, home gardeners may look forward to a busy time preparing the vegetable garden for spring.

THIS portion of the garden is most useful to the home, and it is both exciting and interesting to be able to go into the garden and select your own pure, well-flavored vegetables for dinner.

Spring is rapidly approaching, so for spring use a sowing of the early Short Horn carrot can be made now. Select a bed that has been manured for a previous crop. No root vegetable does its best in fresh manure. If it is necessary to manure, see that it is thoroughly decayed. At the end of this month make another sowing of carrots, this time selecting the Scarlet Intermediate variety.

Parsnips can also be sown now. See that the beds are well-drained, sweet, mellow, and friable. Root crops do not grow to perfection in wet and heavy soils.

Potatoes are an asset to the home garden, a good standby. For new potatoes about November get the seed in now. Any good garden soil well enriched with well-decayed manure will grow good potatoes. After opening the drills before you plant the potatoes sprinkle with a fertiliser made from the following: 1 part blood and bone, 1 part superphosphate, and ½ part potash or sulphate of potash. This mixture will give the young plants a splendid start.

When planting, select the potato about 2oz. in weight, or the size of an ordinary hen's egg. This is much better than having to cut them to the desired size. If cutting, however, is necessary, cut the potato so that a single eye is left on each piece planted.

Ten Inches Apart

PLANT the potatoes from ten to twelve inches apart. A good method is to walk along the row, placing a potato at the heel and toe of your boot. This gives accurately enough the required distance apart. Have the rows about 18 inches apart in small gardens, but in large gardens from 2ft. to 2ft. 6in.

Cultivators can then be used between the rows. When the potato plants are about one foot high, hill the soil well up to them. This will make them grow strong and vigorous, and keep the wind and the weather from injuring them.

Spinach can be planted also, both the prickly and the smooth-leaf varieties. Sow in drills about fifteen inches apart, and thin out to about four inches in the rows.

Sow radish and make a main sowing of peas. Granfeast is one of the most popular and prolific varieties to grow. For a successful cropping of peas a sowing made every ten days will give a succession of cropping which will be useful right up to Christmas time. Also another sowing of broad beans can be made.

No garden should be without this valuable vegetable, and if sown now will drop in November and December.

Summer-grown cabbage is an asset. Put a few plants of it in immediately. The most reliable type to grow is Succession. They form splendid, compact hearts and are very quick in maturing.

Further sowings can be made of onions, brown and white Spanish being the desired varieties.

Those plants that have already been planted will need careful weeding.

In various other portions of the vegetable garden, commence to prepare for other summer-grown vegetables. Prepare for beans, lettuce, beetroot, egg plants, peppers, cucumbers, pumpkins, squash, marrows, melons of all kinds.

THERE'S NOTHING to equal home-grown vegetables for home cooking. Here is Gloria Stuart, 20th Century-Fox, making a salad with greens from her garden.

He's Got Rhythm!

GOOD old Grandpa! He's at it again. Toes tapping, arms beating—he's the life and soul of the party. Full of pep and high spirits, he enjoys every minute of it. He finds it good to be alive, and doesn't mind letting the world know it.

How does he do it? That's easily answered. He takes his "little daily dose" of Kruschen every morning. He never knows an ache or a pain, never feels tired or depressed, because his system is working with a steady rhythm, functioning just as Nature intended it to do.

If your digestion is poor, your bowels irregular, your liver and kidneys weak and sluggish, you cannot expect to enjoy life. You need a daily tonic to rouse them up—to make them do their work efficiently and regularly. You need Nature's six vital mineral salts which are essential if you are to enjoy good health.

Kruschen's Six Salts Make "Dancing" Blood

Kruschen is a scientific combination of these essential salts, exactly proportioned to meet the daily needs of your system. When you take the daily dose of Kruschen your bowels function regularly, your digestive organs work properly, and your liver and kidneys cleanse the blood-stream thoroughly of all waste matter and harmful poisons.

As a result, you become free from headaches, backache and depression. Uric acid—the cause of rheumatic aches and pains—can no longer form deposits in joints and muscles, but is expelled by the kidneys and eliminated through the natural channels. Waste matter ceases to accumulate in the form of unhealthy layers of ugly fat. You feel well—you look well—you *are* well—and, like Grandpa, you regain the energy and vigour of your youth.

Read how this man knocked ten years off his age:

Constipation Ended, Rheumatism Gone—He Feels 20 Years Younger

"Having taken Kruschen Salts regularly for six months, I should like to be able to proclaim its excellence and beneficial results from the housetops. Although for seven years I suffered continually from constipation, dizziness, rheumatism and backache, I am now as fit as I was 20 years ago. I am 65, and have never felt so well."—A.P.

Kruschen Salts is taken by millions of people throughout the world. Why shouldn't you join that happy band? Get a bottle of Kruschen to-day, and start to-morrow morning.

Kruschen Salts

Obtainable of all Chemists and Stores at 1/6 and 2/9 per bottle.

Grows Hair at Rate of One Inch in 14 Days!

"IN less than 2 weeks Crystolis Rapid started a growth of hair—checking itching dandruff and falling hair. My hair has grown fully two inches in four weeks (a rate of one inch in 14 days), besides a quantity of new, young hair—assuring abundant healthy growth." — Miss R. Richards, ——, Sydney.

The secret of the remarkable effectiveness of Crystolis Rapid in promoting hair growth is its power in cleansing the hair roots. Dandruff is not—as many imagine—merely the white, scalp flakes that fill the hair. It is a germ—hidden in the hair roots—and these white flakes are but a symptom. The insidious germ plugs the pores up tighter and tighter till the hair root is smothered. Soon—if your scalp is not cleansed of these plugs—baldness comes.

Crystolis Rapid—by virtue of its amazing penetrative power—a scientific property of its extremely low surface tension—is swiftly absorbed deep down into the hair roots. Here it dissolves and expels all hidden foreign matter—and stimulates the papillae (hair-growing organs) with the very elements they need to revive their natural hair-growing functions.

So highly endorsed by world-famous scalp specialists—it is positively guaranteed to produce actual—visible—results or money promptly refunded

One User Said, "You Can Almost See the New Hair Grow Up."

If you would have a CLEAN scalp—free of dandruff—a new growth of hair with the satiny sheen, the sparkle of good health—ask your chemist for

CRYSTOLIS RAPID

Recognised by the Pharmaceutical Profession as the World's most Effective Scalp Treatment and Hair Restorative

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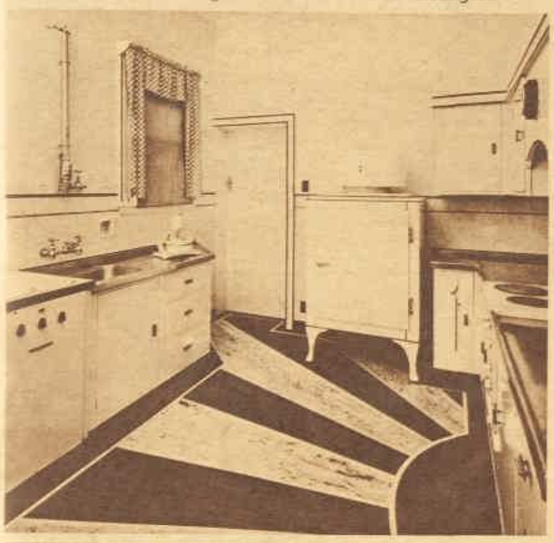
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY
HOME MAKER
July 10, 1937. A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers Homemaker Section . . . Page One

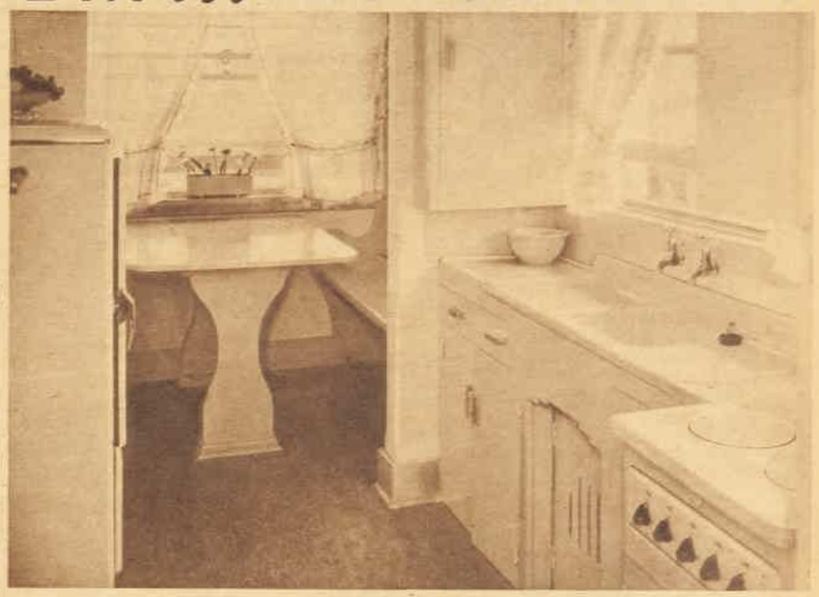
WHERE IT'S *a Thrill* TO COOK . . . .

In modern kitchens with every convenience and every appliance you can want to make cooking a pastime

By OUR HOME DECORATOR

IF you've never cooked in a really modern kitchen, then you've missed something that is a sheer delight.





ABOVE: A delightful kitchen in an average small home. The pleasant little meal alcove is a great advantage, while the whole room is planned for quick meal preparing.

LEFT: Kitchen in a big home, more expensively equipped with large stove, cake-mixing machine, and other appliances, with plenty of working space for the cook.

KITCHEN in a home costing no more than £1000 to build. Notice how conveniently everything is arranged for easy preparation of meals.

JUST imagine—a room especially planned to simplify cooking in every way that is possible! This is the modern kitchen.

You have highly-efficient equipment to use, every appliance at your elbow to take the effort out of the work, and the whole room arranged in such a convenient way that cooking becomes almost automatic.

It sounds very different from the old-fashioned, poorly-equipped kitchen round which you had to walk miles in the getting of a simple meal, doesn't it?

On this page are pictured some modern kitchens in recently built homes.

The one at the top of the page was in an average small home. Notice the delightful alcove for meals and the convenient position of all equipment in the kitchen itself—refrigerator handy to alcove, electric stove right beside the sink with its hot and cold water, and convenient cupboards on the wall.

The second picture was taken in a large home which is more expensively equipped. Hot water service, large range, and plenty of working space, together with appliances such as a mixing-machine, are the advantages of this room.

The third kitchen is in a home that cost no more than £1000 to build, and is an excellent example of the type of kitchen available to small home owners. Convenience is a special feature here—saucepans right beside stove, space for electric coffee percolator, hot-water jug and toaster in handy position between sink and stove.

The lower picture is of a kitchen in a medium-sized house which is somewhat larger, and equipped with more cupboards, large electric range, refrigerator and other facilities to make entertaining an easy matter.

In all four rooms the requirements most necessary in modern kitchens are similar.

They are hygienic and easy to keep clean, all surfaces being washable, from the practical, hard-wearing tiles and paint on the walls, the lacquered woodwork and tabletops and enamelled surfaces of refrigerators and stoves to the polished linoleums on the floors.

They are all bright and pleasant-looking, color schemes being in light pastel tones. And, most important, the equipment in each case is up to date, and hot water services are installed.—J.K.

LARGER KITCHEN in a medium-sized house. One wall is entirely given over to cupboards, the opposite side being devoted to sink, stove, refrigerator and work space for easy cooking.

For your Son

—life begins at 16

Will he be leaping ahead to SUCCESS — or, Just Jogging Along the Highways?

No matter how good his school education has been, it has not taught him Accountancy, Secretaryship, Cost Accountancy, Advertising, Marketing and Selling.

Yet a Business Career is a fascinating adventure, that with this knowledge will place the world at his feet.

Success, travel, variety, scope — a place in the sun! All can be his if he gets the business training of H. and R.

TO give him an early start, to enable him to leap ahead through life, you must give him a specialised training. To enter the Business profession, the education you have given him only fits him to just go jogging along—when he DOES get a position.

To enter or stay in business, you must be trained—you must be qualified. Employers throughout Australia give preference to the youth (or girl) who is training with H. & R.—even assist him—and this training is not the financial burden on you that school education has been. Call and discuss your son's future—examine the possibilities of our thorough training and the Staff Appointment Service which last year placed 327 H. & R. trained students in positions.

Your son has much more chance of securing a job if the gates to success are opened with a thorough business training. *The business training at H. & R. opens the gates—How will he be travelling?*

For your son, life's chance begins when you post the coupon.

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Offices in Melbourne, Sydney, Newcastle, Brisbane, Adelaide, Perth, Hobart.

H. & R. Nearest Capital City is sufficient address.

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I am interested in Business. Please send me free copy of the 1937 Edition of "The Guide to Business Careers."

Name ..... Age .....

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THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

Conducted by EVELYN

BEAUTY . . . *and the* BATH

A New and Pleasant Way to Slim . . . Exercise in the Bathtub!

WHETHER the fashion experts pronounce that curves are "in" or that they are "out" makes no difference to the woman who desires figure beauty. It's curves in the right places that she wants.

WHICH is just the reason why most of us still find it necessary to resort to slimming measures, for it's the way of all superfluous flesh that it has a habit of collecting just where it isn't wanted.

It's no wonder, then, that the method of slimming by exercising in the bathtub is the popular craze abroad at present. Women seeking figure beauty like it because it feels lazy and because they say it's remarkably efficient.

So if you are short of floor space for doing your daily dozen, or are just naturally lazy, try exercising in your bath, night or morning.

Baths are good in the first place because the warmth of the water opens the pores, and the bodily friction of soaping and towelling helps to get rid of acid accumulations and keeps the pores in good breathing trim.

If, at the same time, you get your blood stream working, out oome those acids which make for fat and rheumatism in double quick time and with better results.

Here are the exercises:—

Having cleansed the face and patted in your favorite cream, get into the bath.

Lie flat with heels pressed against the end of bath. Exhale fully through the mouth, drawing stomach muscles and trying to touch bottom of bath with spine without letting feet float away from the porcelain. Relax. Breathe deeply three or four times. Repeat exercise and relax three times.

For your waist and tummy muscles. Keep left foot, with heel well down, pressed against end of bath. Slowly raise right leg as high as possible: knee straight; stomach muscles drawn in. (Press hard against bath with left leg all the time.) Lower right leg. Repeat exercise with left leg, and so on alternately, six times. Relax.

To make your ankles thin. Lift left leg and clasp it under the knee with both hands. Rotate ankle; first with an outward, then with an inward, movement. Keep right foot pressed against end of bath; stomach muscles flattened. Repeat exercise six times with each ankle. Relax.

To give you graceful arms. Keeping both feet pressed down hard against end of bath so that heels touch the bottom of bath, lift both arms out of the water and hold them out in front of you: palms down resting on water.

Gradually raise arms, at the same time twirling them outwards, right down from shoulder to wrist, with a supple, snaky rhythm. (Get movement into your spine for this exercise, but keep knees straight; feet flat against end of bath; stomach muscles drawn in.)

Having raised arms as high as possible above head, reverse the twirling movement inwards, and gradually lower. Repeat exercise three times. Relax.

Strengthen the Spine

TO strengthen your spine muscles. Kneel up, clasping side of bath firmly with each hand. Slide hands down edge of bath as far as possible towards tap end.

Slide feet out behind you until toes touch other end of bath. Raise body slowly until soles of feet are flat against end of bath and spine is arched.

Lower and raise the body as much as you can without bending knees. Arch spine; keep stomach muscles drawn in; head raised. Repeat several times. Relax.

Then have cold shower or cold sponge down. Get out of bath, place hands on hips. Deep breathe. Dry body.

Remove cream from face. Slap up muscles with skin tonic and patter.

But remember, **don't** bathe after a meal. Bathe on an empty stomach if possible.

Don't bathe in a steamy atmosphere.

Do have windows wide open.

EXERCISING IN THE BATH is a new way to slim—pleasant and efficient, too. Suitable exercises for this method are given on this page.

Now Beauty-Wash your own Hair for luxurious 'professional' effect

Have You found this secret of Popularity? . . . Hair that Friends Admire!

Whatever the natural colour of your hair—and particularly if it is "difficult"—try this "new way to wash hair." It's the special creation of a famous chemist and beauty adviser, to give at home, in a few minutes, that *silky-clean*, rich and luxurious effect which was only associated before with an elaborate—and expensive—beauty salon shampoo.

You can *feel* at once the difference of its active "cocoanut-foam" . . . And you *see* the difference in the way waves and curls come out deep, firm, crisp and sparkling—and instantly easy to dress.

Colinated Shampoo is non-oily, non-alkaline, and dissolves every trace of dust, dandruff, "oily-film" or scalp acid. Rinses instantly. Gives hair new rich sheen. Everyone's rushing it!

● **BLONDES** — This new - style Colinated preserves natural colour. No "streaks."

● **BRUNETTES** — Discover surprising new highlights.

Thrifty! — a bottle holds 14 shampoos.

COLINATED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

All Chemists and most Toilet Counters.

You, too, can Sleep like this *if you drink* 'OVALTINE'

WHEN you drink a cup of 'Ovaltine' at bedtime its rich nourishment quickly exercises a calming and soothing influence on the nerves and brain. Soon you sink into deep, untroubled sleep. While you sleep your whole system is built up so that you rise in the morning gloriously alive with health and energy.

Scientifically prepared from malt, milk and eggs, 'Ovaltine' is supreme for ensuring sound, natural sleep and for re-creating energy and vitality.

TRIAL SAMPLE of 'Ovaltine,' sufficient to make four cupsful, will be sent on receipt of 3d. in stamps to cover cost of packing and postage. See address below.

PRICES: 1/9, 2/10, 5/-. At all Chemists and Stores.

'OVALTINE'

A. WANDER, LIMITED, 1 YORK ST. NORTH, SYDNEY

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YOUR COIFFURE *Defines* YOUR TYPE

Here Are Seven Personalities But Only One Girl. Change of Hairdressing Is the Secret

SWEET, old-fashioned type. The rather fussy hairdressing style, however, is not nearly so youthful-looking as the more simple styles on this page.

HERE OUR HEROINE might be a quiet, distinguished young matron if the softly-arranged coiffure, dressed rather high, is any indication.

AN ALLURING STUDY. Dark, softly-curling hair, falling around the face in a misty cloud, is most becoming when reclining.

ABOVE: A poised, sophisticated woman of the world this time. Hair is carefully coiffured and set around the head in neat waves and close curls.

HAIR is more important than clothes when it comes to indicating your personality.

Here you see seven photographs of one girl, Rochelle Hudson, 20th Century-Fox star, but in each she presents an entirely different personality.

The changes are wrought simply by the various ways her hair is done.

She changes from the sweet, old-fashioned type, as shown at the top left corner, to a quiet, distinguished young woman; then from a poised sophisticate to an alluring young beauty; from a lovely exotic to a fresh sparkling outdoor girl; and, finally goes all-youthful in "sweet sixteen" style.

ABOVE: An exotic young lovely — Hair, luxuriant, softly waved, frames the face.

"SWEET SIXTEEN" — a very simple and extremely youthful style.

CARELESS outdoor style, attractive, youthful. Longish hair not set in any special way.

AGE writes its story

on your face.....

facial ageing can begin its attack before 20 years of age—seldom fails to be seen by 30!

Every man and woman admires an attractive, youthful complexion —and what a thrill to be both envied and admired! **Correct cleansing beneath the skin** surface is the basis of a lastingly youthful appearance, and "beneath-the-surface" dirt must first be scientifically removed if the mask of age is to be lifted. **'Facial Youth' Cold and Beauty Creams,** together with 'Facial Youth' Powder, provide a perfect rejuvenating facial treatment. **The Cold Cream —so soft and light**—melting the instant it touches the skin, removes all beauty-destroying deep-pore accumulations; **nourishes the skin during sleep,** preventing tissue-sagging, double-chin, puffiness, lines around the eyes, near the mouth, and on the neck and throat. The Beauty Cream gives an exquisite finish to the freshened and mollified skin, and supplies the benefits of a vanishing, soothing and revivifying beautifier. **'Facial Youth' Beauty Cream** takes the shine from oily skins; affords pliability to dry skins, and **is a perfect base for powder. 'Facial Youth' Powder** is obtainable in two types **—Type 'A' for Dry Skin, Type 'B' for Oily**—all modern shades. Chemists and Stores everywhere—Cold Cream, tubes, 1/-; Beauty Cream, tubes, 1/3 and 1/9, jars, 2/6; Face Powder, 1/6.

Time tells no Tales when you use

kathleen court's

'facial youth'

Aids to loveliness

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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

CAPTURE AUTUMN'S *Colors* ON LINEN

Stitch them into this fascinating mat in a simple leaf design

THIS EXQUISITELY LOVELY CENTRE-PIECE in a fascinating autumn-leaf design can be obtained in colored linen or crash stamped for working from our Needlework Department.

Obtainable from our Needlework Department, this unusual autumn leaves mat is stamped with design all ready for embroidery which is extremely simple to do but incredibly effective when finished.

ISN'T this the loveliest centre-piece you've seen? It is worked in the rich glowing colors of autumn in the captivating leaf design shown in the photograph on this page.

Make it up in ecru linen, work the leaves in warm, brown, green, sunny yellow, intriguing black, and rich red and see how perfectly the mat harmonises with polished wood and how it brings a splash of color into your room.

You can obtain this centre-piece and also matching smaller mats from our Needlework Department at the following prices:

Mat 17 by 17 inches, with autumn leaf design stamped on best quality linen, in white, cream, blue, pink, green, yellow, or on crash, price, 2/6 each.

Small mats, 9 by 5 inches, in linen, in same colors or crash, price, 1/- each.

Transfer sheet containing the design for 17 by 17-inch mat only, can be purchased separately for 1/6.

Materials required for working centre-piece are:

One skein each Anchor stranded cotton, F 476 (light brown), F 497 (light grass-green), F 578 (light ochre-yellow), F 699 (black), F 797 (dark oak leaf), F 816 (mid terra), and crewel needle No. 7.

Only two stitches are used in the embroidery of this design. Button-stitch is used for the outlines of the leaves and stem-stitch for the veins and stems.

When the embroidery is finished cut round of button-stitch edge which also forms the outer edge.

Although designed to be worked on ecru linen, the autumn leaves would be just as effective in other colors, such as red and browns on green linen, and rich browns, orange and red on yellow, or any other combinations that would harmonise with the color-scheme of your room.

Order now from our Needlework Department, Australian Women's Weekly, 168 Castlereagh Street, Sydney. (Interstate postal addresses on pattern page).

For Special Occasions —

KNITTED JUMPER-BLOUSE

The original was made in white boucle wool and embroidered with red and blue motifs.

Knit this attractive jumper-blouse now and it will be ready for early spring wear. The little cowl collar and color scheme of red and blue on white are delightful touches.

THE fascinating little motifs are embroidered on the jumper after it has been knitted. They are simply done by making a series of satin-stitched dots with blue and red cottons. The darker part of the motif indicates the red and the lighter the blue.

SOMETHING DIFFERENT in knitted wear—a blouse in white boucle wool embroidered with red and blue motifs.

Materials: 5oz. of white boucle wool, 1 skein of red and 1 skein of blue cotton for the embroidery. No. 9 needles.

Measurements: Bust 34 inches, length to underarm seam, 13½ inches, sleeve at underarm seam, 5 inches.

Tension: About 11 stitches and 15 rows to 2 inches.

Front: Cast on 76 stitches, which should measure 15 inches, and work lower border in k. 2, p. 2 for 2½ inches. Then proceed as follows:

1st Row (right side): Knit.
2nd Row (wrong side): Purl.
Repeat these two rows.

Increase one stitch each end of needle in 14th row and every 10th row following until there are 92 stitches on the needle. Knit until work measures 13½ inches. Shape armholes by casting off 5 stitches at beginning of next 2 rows. Decrease 1 stitch at beginning of next 10 rows.

Divide Stitches

WORK on without further shaping until armhole measures 5 inches. Divide stitches into two equal parts and work each one separately.

Cast off 3 stitches at beginning of next 2 rows at neck edge. Cast off 2 stitches at beginning of next 3 rows at neck edge. Knit until armhole measures 7 inches. Shape shoulders by casting off 4 stitches at beginning of every row at armhole edge. Join wool at neck edge and knit the other shoulder in same way.

BACK

Follow instructions for front until work measures 5 inches above armholes. Divide work into two equal parts, and work each one separately. Work even until armhole measures 7 inches.

Shape shoulders by casting off 4 stitches at armhole edge every row 6 times, cast off remaining stitches. Join wool at centre-back, work in same way.

Sleeves (both alike): Cast on 52 stitches, work in a rib of k. 2, p. 2 for 1½ inches. Change to k. 1 row, p. 1 row. Increase 1 stitch at the beginning and end of 5th row and every 5th row following until there are 64 stitches on the needle. When sleeve measures 5 inches cast off 2 stitches at beginning of every row until 16 stitches remain. Cast off.

Collar: Cast on 72 stitches, which should measure 14½ inches, and work in 1 row knit, 1 row purl. Commencing with 9th row, decrease 1 stitch at beginning and end of every row until only 2 stitches remain. Knit them together.

To Make Up: Dampen all pieces, pin out to measurements and allow to dry. Release and sew up seams. Fasten slit at the back of the neck with a small button and loop. Embroider the motifs in red and blue cotton. Press all seams under a damp cloth.

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Our Fashion Service and Concession Pattern

Delightful New Modes for Everyday Wear and a Smart Model Evening Gown

PLEASE NOTE

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state age of child. (4) Use box numbers given on concession coupon. (5) When sending for concession pattern, enclose 3d. stamp.

SMART PLEATING

WW1662—For afternoon occasions this clever pleated frock will be very smart. Sizes: 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide, 3-8 yard light contrast, and 3-8 yard dark contrast. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

TRIM AND YOUTHFUL

WW1663—Trim and youthful with unique treatment of panels. Bust sizes: 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3¼ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

BUSINESSLIKE

WW1664—Young folk will appreciate this becoming mode for business. Sizes: 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide, and ½ yard contrast. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

FOR EVENING

WW1668—Model evening gown which achieves a lovely Old-World grace. Make it in taffeta. Bust sizes: 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4 7-8 yards, 36 inches wide, and 2½ yards contrast. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

FEMININE

WW1665—Softly swathed neckline in feminine fashion gives this frock its distinction. A new early spring vogue. Bust sizes: 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

CHOOSE GAY FABRIC

WW1666—For one of the new season's gay fabrics—youthful, snappy and easily made. Bust sizes: 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4 yards, 36 inches wide, and 1 yard contrast. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

COSY PYJAMAS

WW1667—Warm and comfortable for winter cold nights, and very attractive. Bust sizes: 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4 5-8 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

CHILD'S FROCK

WW1669 — A pleated skirt, bolero, and little blouse combine to make this smart outfit for the little tot. Sizes 4-10 years. Material required: 1 7-8 yards, 36 inches wide for the skirt and bolero, and 5-8 yard for the blouse. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

OUR SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

SMART CULOTTES

Patterns for Three Styles Cost 3d.

IDEAL for golf, walking and sports wear are the three smart culotte outfits shown at right. Three-in-one patterns for these, which enable you to make the three styles from the one pattern, are now available in three sizes, 32, 34, 36-inch bust. Each complete pattern in each one size costs 3d.

To obtain fill in coupon below, enclose 3d. in stamps, and send to our offices.

Material required; 36 inches wide:

For No. 1: 3¼ yds.
For No. 2: 5 yds.
For No. 3: 5 yds.

Concession Pattern Coupon

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a concession pattern of the garments illustrated at right, fill in the coupon and post it, WITH 3d. STAMP, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Department," to any of the following addresses. Be careful to specify which size you want. A 3d. STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. An extra charge of threepence will be made for patterns over one month old.

ADELAIDE.—Box 388A, G.P.O.
BRISBANE.—Box 400F, G.P.O.
MELBOURNE.—Box 185, G.P.O.
NEWCASTLE.—Box 41, G.P.O.
PERTH.—Box 401G, G.P.O.
SYDNEY.—Box 4299YY, G.P.O.
If calling, 168 Castlereagh Street.
TASMANIA.—Write to Melbourne Office, address above.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see address of our office, which will be found on another page.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Name .....
Address .....
State .....
Size .....
Pattern Coupon, 10/7/37.

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Sydney's Biggest Bargain Sensation!

GRACE BROS

12 DAYS SALE

Look Less than cost!

Thrilling Woollie Throwouts

MD135.—All Wool Basque Cardigan. In Ribbed stitch, ideal for all occasions. In Green, Red, Cream, Beige. Sizes: S.W., W., O.S. Usual Price 6/11. SALE SPECIAL .. **3/11**

MD133. — Button-to-neck Jacket, in All Wool Fancy Stitch. Finished with small collar and two pockets at waist. In Scarlet, Green, Navy, Royal, Saxe. Sizes: S.S.W., S.W., and W. Usual Price 11/6. SALE SPECIAL **9/-**
(Write early for Mail Orders)

MD132.—Good Quality All Wool Tailored Cardigan. Facing and pockets neatly striped with contrasting colour. In Fawn, Saxe, Brown. Sizes S.W., W., and O.S. Usual Price 15/11. SALE SPECIAL **11/-**
(E.O.S. 2/- extra)

MQ91.—Ladies' Coats in All Wool Fancy Coating, with large two-way Fur collar. Fully lined with art. silk. Colours: Navy, Black, Brown. Sizes: S.S.W., S.W., W., S.O.S. Usual Price, 59/11. SALE SPECIAL **35/-**

ML67. — Man Tailored Striped Worsted Suit; well fitted and fully lined. Jigger buttons and inset pockets. Pleat back and front of skirt. Shades: Brown, Black. Sizes: X.S.S.W., S.S.W., S.W. Usual Price 49/11. SALE SPECIAL . **28/6**
(Stocks Available for Mail Orders)

MA44.—Attractive Evening Frock of Flat Crepe with Coon Spots. Corselette bodice; full skirt with tie sash in two-tone taffeta to match spots. In Black, Navy, Brown, and Red ground with attractive colour spots. Sizes: S.S.W., S.W., W. Usual Price 25/-. SALE SPECIAL **12/6**

MT22.—For the Larger Figure! Frock of British Silk Marlene, featuring V neck, finished with Release loops and tie. Inset pin tucks on frock and sleeves. Skirt is gored, bell across back. Black, Navy, Dark Brown. Sizes: S.O.S., O.S., E.O.S., E.E.O.S. Usual Price 40/-. SALE SPECIAL **28/6**

GRACE BROS. PTY. LTD. BROADWAY—SYDNEY PHONE M6506

TEA *in a Trailer Is* DIVINE

Dear Mrs. Brown. Would you like to come to afternoon tea in my trailer, next Wednesday? Yours, etc., Mrs. Jones.

THAT'S likely to become the customary afternoon tea invitation if the plan evolved by a Sydney schoolteacher, Miss Connor, becomes more fashionable in suburban society.

Miss Connor, of Rockdale, N.S.W., has a trailer caravan which she tows along behind her car.

One of her chief delights is to invite her friends to afternoon tea so that they can forget their troubles in her trailer.

With the growing popularity of caravans, we can expect to see many enterprising Australian hostesses adopt the idea.

You can take your tea out in your rolling home, and choose your sur-

TWO VIEWS of Miss Connor's trailer. Above: Front view of the car with trailer attached. Below: The trippers halt for a cup of tea by the roadside.

roundings to suit your mood. Thus is the intimate chatter of your friends, the friendly clink of cups, the domestic scene complete transported to some charming bushland scene.

"I go where the mood of my guests takes them," said Miss Connor. "They select the spot, I provide the tea and locomotion, and we all have a thoroughly good afternoon."

She can choose between halycon peaks and valleys, or the surging crowd at the colorful seaside. "So long as there is room for car and caravan there we stay, boil our billy, and watch the passing show."

Miss Connor has spent many happy week-ends in her caravan, and during her holidays has toured the countryside with a friend, another schoolteacher, renewing old friendships and making new contacts.

Her caravan is a neat little affair, complete with kitchen, bath, cupboards and sleeping requirements, ample for two.

"We take several frocks, evening frocks, riding habits, golf clubs and tennis racquets when we go off for the week-end, and stop just where we wish. We also take plenty of reading matter to last over the longest, wet week-end.

"One can always get a game of tennis or a round of golf in the country. The beauty of the whole thing is that you can just pack up and move on if you're not enjoying yourself.

"So many of my friends have expressed interest in the caravan, and longed to try it, that I hit upon the idea of packing my car on sunny week-end afternoons and giving them just a taste of the delights.

"And I haven't a friend who hasn't wanted to go again."

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You can be a good cook too..... if you use AUNT MARY'S BAKING POWDER

The Pure Cream of Tartar Product

SAVE 50 CLEAN LIDS FOR HANDSOME SURPRISE PACKET

Aunt Mary's Cookery Book is recognised as the authentic guide to good cooking. It contains 212 pages of more than 400 recipes and useful hints. Lavishly illustrated in colours.

Send one shilling and twopence to Tillock & Co. Pty. Ltd., Sydney, for YOUR copy.

MISS EUNICE GARDINER, a young Sydney pianist, who is achieving success in London. She recently gave a recital in the Wigmore Hall and subsequently played at an "At Home" given by Mr. Lyons and Dame Enid Lyons. —Photo by Tunbridge.

SONGS THAT *You Always* REMEMBER

Stories the Old Favorites Tell

How many people have tucked away in their memories some favorite air which, when heard again, recalls an incident sad or gay with which the song is forever associated?

In order to get the story behind the song, Albert Russell, of 2GB, recently held an interesting competition among listeners when he asked them for their song memories.

"WITHIN the next week," says Albert Russell, "I received dozens of letters all telling of incidents, some humorous, some even tragic, which illustrated what a remarkably intimate place music has in our lives."

Perhaps the most humorous was the story of a man, who confessed that he arrived home a little merry one evening early in his married life, singing that old favorite "Thora."

"When I came to the chorus, 'Come, Come to Me, Thora,' the writer said. Thora came to me all right, with a milk-jug in her hand, not forgetting to impress it on my head. I never came home singing 'Thora' after that."

Then there is the tragic side of songs that linger. The scene is the Randwick Diggers' Hospital. There is a concert, and a singer renders "Till the Sands of the Desert Grow Cold." A Digger turns to his friend and says, "We must have that singer at our next concert."

But there was no such concert for that Digger. Still the melody lingers in the mind of his friend, recalling him every time it is played.

Another listener wrote telling of unlucky songs.

She and her husband sat in a little garden at an English boarding-house nursing their baby and singing songs to amuse it. They were singing "I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls," when the voice of the landlady called: "Don't sing that song, don't you know it's unlucky?"

They laughed at the time, but within a week the baby had died, and now, whenever they hear it on the radio, they rush to turn it off, not so much because of superstition, but because of its unhappy associations.

To one listener, "I Travel the Road," recalls a friend who gave up home and comfort to wander with a guitar as his only companion.

To another, "Coming Home" recalls that great day when, after being seriously ill in hospital, she returned home and heard her sister singing the old favorite.

To yet another, the music of "Oh Dry Those Tears" brings back memories of a father whose favorite song it was.

"And so it goes on," says Albert Russell. "Certainly one of the most remarkable things about this little competition was the way it showed that people, through radio, like to share their most treasured memories. I really think that there is some truth in the idea that radio is slowly making the world one big family."

Our Radio Sessions From Station 2GB

Featured by Dorothea Vautier

WEDNESDAY, July 7: 11.45 a.m.: London Calling. 3.45 p.m.: The Fashion Parade.

THURSDAY, July 8.—11.45 a.m.: Things That Happen.

FRIDAY, July 9.—11.45 a.m.: So they Say. 2.45 p.m.: Musical Cocktail.

SATURDAY, July 10. — 6.15 p.m.: The Music Box. 9.30 p.m.: Artists of To-day.

SUNDAY, July 11.—4.30 p.m.: The Old Gardener. 6.10 p.m.: Sidewalks of London.

MONDAY, July 12.—11.45 a.m.: People in the Limelight. 2.45 p.m.: Review of The Australian Women's Weekly.

TUESDAY, July 13.—11.45 a.m.: Overseas News. 2.45 p.m.: Swing Time.

WHAT DOES THE FUTURE HOLD FOR ME?

A SCIENTIFIC FUTURE FORECAST Covering finance, travel, health, occupation, lotteries, lucky dates, marriage, children, speculation, etc.

All Questions Answered.

Send P.N. 2/6. Birthdate, year, and Stamped Addressed Envelope.

RAMON Box 3002NN Dept. C. G.P.O., SYDNEY.

Sydney's Premier Hairdresser Offers—

LORRAINE Machineless Self-setting Ends 12/6
LORRAINE Steam Wave 15/-
LORRAINE Combination Wave 25/-
*LORRAINE Machineless Vapor Wave 21/-
*Specially recommended for white hair.
The Original Edmond Machine Wave, Lasting up to 12 Months. Flat or Round Wind 20/-

Self Portrait given with all Permanent Waves.

Trim, shampoo & Reset 3/6
Dyeing, tinting, from 7/6
Bleaching, from 7/6
Face massage (Continental movement) 5/-
Manicuring 2/-

Regardless of the quality of hair you have to wave—be it soft, fine, coarse, dyed, bleached, oily, dry, or brittle—you are assured of a beautiful wave with the LORRAINE process which keeps the hair moist all through the waving procedure.

RESULT—soft natural waves, beautifying any type of hair, without the discomfort of excessive heat, thus preventing harmful drying and frizzed, discoloured curls.

SENIOR OPERATORS only employed under supervision of Mrs. and Miss Lorraine.

FIRST FLOOR GEORGE STREET, NEXT TO GLACIARIUM.

WEMBLEY HOUSE CENTRAL SQUARE, 'Phone: MA 2428.

LORRAINE (Est. 17 yrs.) is in no way connected with any other hairdresser of a like or similar name.

Listen-in to Miss Julie Russell—on 2GN every Monday, Tuesday, & Thursday at 2.40 p.m.

Are You Tortured by the Maddening Itch of SKIN TROUBLE?

If the maddening itch of a skin disease is wrecking your health, preventing sleep and reducing you to despair—if everything else you have tried has failed to give you relief, the efficacy of this simple Cuticura treatment will prove an amazing revelation.

GET INSTANT LASTING RELIEF

Wash the affected part night and morning with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Dry gently and apply Cuticura Ointment. This daily treatment relieves itching and allays inflammation at once. But, better still, the soothing, healing, antiseptic Cuticura penetrates to the source of the irritation. It destroys the lurking germs which keep the disease active, it heals the festering sores, and steadily establishes a healthy condition of the skin which leads to complete recovery.

BEST FOR ALL SKIN TROUBLES • PRICKLY HEAT AND ALL ITCHING ERUPTIONS

Cuticura OINTMENT AND SOAP

Sold by all Chemists & Stores.

CUTICURA TALCUM, specially medicated with balsamic essential oils. Absorbs perspiration, soothes and cools hot inflamed skin, relieves prickly heat.

HOLIDAYS

KEEP THIS LIST BY YOU .... PLAN WELL AHEAD.

ANY SAT. OR TUESDAY .. COOLANGATTA FOR SUNSHINE. Lovely holidays in the Rivers of the North. From £7 15 0
ANY SAT. .. WONDERFUL 6 DAY CAR TOUR, INCLUDING CANBERRA £6 17 6
ANY SAT. .. SHOAL BAY, PT. STEPHENS (car and launch and 7 days' stay) £5 19 6

JULY 8	LORD HOWE	Returning July 27	From	£14 9 0
JULY 29	FIJI	Returning Aug. 11	From	£15 15 0
AUG. 7	LORD HOWE	Returning Aug. 16	From	£10 15 0
AUG. 28	FIJI	Returning Sept. 2	From	£15 15 0
AUG. 19	LORD HOWE	Returning Sept. 7	From	£14 0 0
OCT. 21	NEW ZEALAND	Returning Nov. 3	From	£15 15 0
NOV. 12	NEW ZEALAND	Returning Nov. 25	From	£15 15 0
OCT. 30	LORD HOWE	Returning Nov. 8	From	£12 5 0
NOV. 11	LORD HOWE	Returning Nov. 30	From	£16 15 0
DEC. 23	LORD HOWE	Returning Jan. 11	From	£10 15 0

WOMEN'S WEEKLY TRAVEL BUREAU

ST. JAMES BLDG., ELIZABETH STREET, SYDNEY.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4615101

Getting Fat and Slack?

ARE YOUR LOOKS FADING AWAY?

Normal weight means normal health and activity. If you are getting fat and slack, the cause may be a congested state of your intestinal tract. Overweight people are much troubled with constipation, which, through the absorption of waste matter into the system, causes sick headache, biliousness, pimply skin, bad breath, unhealthy fat and slackness.

Regain your bright and attractive appearance by banishing constipation with Pinkettes. Tiny, perfectly harmless, gentle yet absolutely effective, these famous laxative and liver pills exercise and strengthen the bowels, keep the food tract clean and active, stir the liver, and thus banish sick headache, bilious attacks, pimples, bad breath and ungainly fat. Get a 1/3 bottle of Pinkettes to-day. At chemists and stores.***

PARTY *in* PALESTINE

Continued from Page 5

JEAN looked at him, startled. Sudden bright color flooded her face.

"Oh . . .!" she said confusedly. "You don't mean . . . I . . . I'm very sorry. I . . . I didn't know."

Andy waved one hand magnanimously. He shouldn't have. The action took him slightly off his balance, and he had to clutch the table suddenly to recover himself.

"That's all right," he said.

"Oh . . .!" said Jean again.

The flush had faded from her cheeks. She was looking at him very intently, with an expression of something like contempt in her eyes.

"How long have you been drunk?" she asked in a cool, steady voice.

"What?" said Andy.

He'd heard her all right. He just didn't know how to answer.

Jean did not repeat her question. "In her letter Rita told me you were tough, amusing, and 'a good sort,' she continued, in the same cool, scornful voice. "Imagine her thinking you were tough!"

She paused.

"I hate soft men," she went on. "Men who get drunk if anything upsets them."

That stung. Andy felt himself flushing. It annoyed him that he should flush. He became very dignified.

"Is this an interview you're giving me?" he asked. "Am I expected to send it to my paper? Miss Whatsername, whose opinion matters so much to everybody, likes strong-jawed teetotallers?"

That made her angry.

She walked away from him, her head held high.

Andy stared at his drink. Somehow he didn't want it any more. Oddly enough, he felt very sober. He also felt very angry with Jean. The interfering little . . . little . . . He couldn't think of a word.

Next morning he woke up late, with a headache. In a suitcase, under his bed, was a bottle of whisky. He took it out, looked at it, and poured some into a glass.

With the glass in his hand he paused irresolutely. He swore ferociously. Then he emptied the whisky into the wash-basin.

It was about three in the afternoon when he arrived in Remlus. That town, the third largest in the country, is huddled in a narrow valley between two high ranges of the rugged mountains.

Andy made his way to the only hotel in the place, a small dump, kept by a Christian Syrian, just outside the West Gate of the town.

The town was very quiet. Tall, tumbledown houses shut the blazing sunlight out of the narrow cobbled streets. At every street corner groups of ragged Arabs stood talking; their tones were the low tones of conspirators, and they became silent, glancing sideways and suspiciously at Andy as he passed.

He left his small suitcase in a musty, fly-infested room in the hotel, and made his way to the small Samaritan colony near the town. Part of his success in getting news had always been due to the knack of making friends with some useful person among the native population of any town he visited. In Remlus he had found that there was far more information to be obtained from the quiet, gentle Samaritans than from any of the Arabs.

The high priest of the Samaritans received Andy in a small, upstairs room, shabbily furnished. He was a tall, gaunt old man with large, sad, dark eyes, and a long beard.

ELABORATE courtesies were exchanged; thick syrupy coffee and small sticky sweetmeats were brought in. They spoke in Arabic.

"The town seemed very quiet this afternoon," observed Andy. "Do you think that means something?"

The old man waved his thin hand in a weary gesture.

"When the town is quiet, it means the people are preparing," he answered. "But the big house of the soldiers at the foot of the mountains is not quiet. They are putting up tents in the field. Five hundred more soldiers are coming to-morrow."

"That means they are expecting trouble," said Andy. "When do you think it will start?"

The old man pondered.

"Who knows?" he answered. "Perhaps to-morrow; perhaps next week. It is whispered in the sukhs that the sheikh Abdul Musa is somewhere in the neighborhood. If he should come to Remlus . . ."

That was news indeed. The sheikh Abdul Musa, arch-leader of all the factions of discontent, was the biggest thorn in the side of the British Government at that time. He had last been heard of miles away, on the other side of the Jordan, where he had taken refuge with the desert tribes.

"Do you think that's true?" asked Andy.

"It may be so," answered the old man. "My sons shall go forth tonight and mingle with the townsfolk. If they hear anything, I will send one of them to you."

They went on talking. More refreshments were brought in, and it was nearly seven when Andy left the old man's house. He returned to the hotel, and went up to his horrible room to write reports.

It was about half-past eight when he went down to dinner. As he entered the dining-room he got a shock. Jean Fraser was sitting alone at one of the tables. She had evidently just finished her dinner, for she was drinking coffee.

She glanced at him casually, and then looked away again. It seemed that she had never met him before, and was not interested.

Andy went right across to her.

"What are you doing here? How did you get here? And where's the woman you were with yesterday?" he demanded.

She looked at him calmly.

Please turn to Page 61

says

"A few doses MAKES LIFE WORTH LIVING"

Bright eyes, plenty of natural colour in lips and cheeks after a course of Clements.

This unsolicited letter of heartfelt appreciation is typical of many thousands received

Clarence Gardens, S.A., 15/2/37.

"The reason why I use Clements Tonic when I am not feeling the best is because it has almost instant effect on me. It takes away the depressed feeling, sharpens up my appetite, and, in fact, after a few doses I feel life is worth living. I have recommended it to many of my club mates, with entire satisfaction from all. I always buy the larger size bottle and have it as a standby when I feel out of sorts. I can say without hesitation it is the best tonic I've tried. Wishing the makers the best of luck."—(Mrs.) M.M.N.

Illustration showing system of nerve cells.

CLEMENTS TONIC—THE NERVE CELL BUILDER

Nerves are really composed of myriads of tiny cells that are constantly in the process of being destroyed by the effort of daily mental or physical work. Good sleep helps to repair much of this destruction of nerve cells but in debility or sickness, particularly in insomnia, there is terrific destruction of nerve cells and weakening of the whole nervous system. That is when the body must have help. That is why phosphates are so essential, and why they form such a valuable part of Clements Tonic, "The Nerve Cell Builder." There are several phosphates in Clements Tonic that are absolutely vital to your nervous system, which requires continuous supplies of these compounds in order to keep the nerves strong and healthy.

Why people lose their "punch"

The vital force of your body is the blood in which the red corpuscles are the fountains of health. These red corpuscles are really "transport workers" which absorb oxygen from the lungs and carry this life force to all parts of the body. Every red corpuscle must have an iron ration to enable it to transport oxygen, and when you "lose your 'punch'" it means that your red corpuscles have lost their "punch" through overstrain due to insufficient supply of iron. Medical science shows the way to correct this by feeding the blood with iron ration without delay. The easiest and safest method is to start taking Clements Tonic immediately. Clements Tonic contains iron compound in proper medicinal quantities so that it is easily ad quickly absorbed by the blood. After a few doses, the red corpuscles get busy again in full force and soon your "punch" is regained.

Clements brings feeling of well-being to men and women.

All the family derive benefit

"I have often thought I would like to let you know how much I think of your wonderful Tonic. For 20 years I have kept it in our home and I am sure we all, my family and self, derive great benefit from it.

"After an attack of 'flu I do not think anything is better than a course of Clements Tonic."

—(Mrs.) A.J.C., Redbank, Qld., 5/10/36.

Prices in Capital Cities: 3/- and 5/- a bottle, at all Chemists and Stores.

★ There is no substitute for Clements Tonic

CLEMENTS TONIC

and regain NORMAL VISION

THOSE suffering with impaired eyesight CAN NOW, WITH EYE CULTURE, DISCARD GLASSES FOREVER.

You can restore perfect vision, yourself, in your own home by EYE CULTURE'S Simple, natural, harmless, effective treatment.

NO GLASSES! NO OPERATION! NO MEDICINE! NO DRUGS! Just a course of Eye Culture which removes all congestion from the strained, weakened eye muscles, then by simple exercises those muscles are strengthened until they function normally, and the eyes regain their natural sight, beauty, and tone.

If you suffer from NEAR SIGHT, FAR SIGHT, OLD SIGHT, ASTIGMATISM, SQUINT, SORE, TIRED or STRAINED eyes or other eye troubles you need Eye Culture to help you.

A grateful user of Eye Culture wrote us last week . . . "I am very pleased to be able to tell you that my eyes are now perfectly well. I did not write before because I was taking another position with additional eye strain of negative retouching and colouring, and I wished to test them thoroughly."

Write or call to-day—you are under no obligation, and get our expert knowledge by which you can preserve and improve your eyesight without the use of glasses.

To those who cannot come to our rooms we will be pleased to send upon request our booklet, "PERFECT EYESIGHT WITHOUT GLASSES." Expert treatment can be given in your own home. Write or call to-day, mentioning your particular eye trouble, to "EYE CULTURE," care Irvine Ltd., No. 1 St. James Building, 107 Elizabeth Street, Sydney, N.S.W. 'Phone, MA3167.***

OVERHEARD AT THE BABY SHOW

Baby's beauty treatment is very simple—just Rexona Soap at bath time! Its gentle soothing lather keeps that sensitive baby skin smooth and healthy. Its special medication protects little limbs against rashes, chafing and all kinds of skin irritations. That's why Rexona babies are smiling, happy all the time.

"Keeps baby's skin lovely"

writes Mrs. J. E. Wade, of Wedge Bay, Nubeena, Tasmania. *"I have used the new Rexona Soap on my baby from birth. She has beautiful skin and it keeps the skin lovely and soft and prevents chafing."*

Rexona

Soap, 9d. Tablet. Ointment, 1/6 Tin.

s.187.22 (City and Suburbs)

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PARTY in PALESTINE

Continued from Page 60

"CANDIDATES are only required to answer nine of the fifteen questions," she answered. "I came here because I wanted to see the place. I hired a car to bring me here. I left my aunt in Jerusalem. And what's it got to do with you?"

"Then you'd better get that hired car to take you right back to Jerusalem," retorted Andy. "This is no place for a woman just now."

"Too many drunks about, I suppose," she said. "The hired car has gone back to Jerusalem. Do you mind leaving me alone and getting on with your drinking? I can look after myself all right."

She rose.

"I should hate to disturb your drinking," she went on. "So I'll go up to my room and read."

She went.

Andy ground his teeth and cursed furiously under his breath.

He sighed deeply, rose from the table, and went into the hall. There he met the fat, greasy proprietor. The proprietor hailed him.

"Jefferson Effendi. I was about to search for you. There is a youth at the back door—a Samaritan. He wishes speech with you. He will not come in."

Andy went to the back of the hotel and looked out. The form of a slim youth detached itself from the shade of an olive tree, came towards him, and spoke excitedly.

"My father, the high priest, told me to warn you. There is no time to lose. Abdul Musa has arrived secretly. He knows of the soldiers coming to-morrow, and he will strike to-night. It may happen at any hour now. The signal will be four shots. The townspeople are already waiting."

"Thanks," said Andy.

His voice was calm and unemotional. He walked back into the lounge of the hotel and found the proprietor.

"Which is Miss Fraser's room?" he asked.

The proprietor smiled greasily. Andy longed to hit him.

"She is in number three," he said. "On the first floor. My most comfortable room."

He paused.

"If perchance the door is locked, I have a pass key," he added.

"I'll take it," said Andy.

He took the key and went upstairs. The door was locked. Andy opened it and went in.

Jean was sitting reading by the light of an oil lamp. She rose indignantly as he entered.

"What do you want?" she demanded. "How dare you come into my room?"

"Shut up," said Andy. "Don't argue. We've got to get out of here. The town's going to rise to-night, and we've got to try to get to the barracks before it rises. We've one chance of getting there."

He spoke very quietly. She looked at him uncertainly for a moment, and then nodded. She was convinced.

"What's the one chance?" she said.

"We're outside the West Gate of the town," answered Andy. "The barracks are about a quarter of a mile outside the East Gate. That means we have to go through the town."

She nodded.

"I understand. When do we start?"

"Now," said Andy. "But we haven't got to hurry. We haven't got to look back and see what's happening behind us. We've just got to stroll through the town as if we owned it. Now smile."

"What . . .?"

"Smile," said Andy fiercely.

She smiled.

"That's the idea—if you can keep it up," said Andy.

THEY left the hotel. A hundred yards' walk brought them to the massive arched stone gateway to the town. Acting on a sudden impulse Andy grasped Jean's hand and pressed it reassuringly.

Arabs were standing about, talking in low voices. They had an air of waiting for something to happen. Some of them carried old-fashioned rifles. Others wore knives.

"Did you ever hear the story of the man who got married?" asked Andy.

"I expect so," said Jean. "But I'll take a chance on it. Is it funny?"

"Not very," said Andy. "All the same, I'll tell it to you."

Now they were well into the town. There were Arabs behind them and Arabs in front of them. Occasionally a group of Arabs, blocking the street, made way sullenly for them to pass.

"Well, you see," said Andy. "This fellow used to go about quite a bit. He had a lot of friends, and they used to take a night out once in a while. Then he got married."

He spoke lightly. But he was agonisingly conscious that if they made one false move they were done for. If they showed the least sign of being scared or uneasy, someone would start something. Then the whole crowd would pile into them.

"Yes," said Jean.

A tall Arab with a horribly scarred face and a hooked nose was staring at her. The expression in his eyes gave her a little sick feeling inside. She laughed.

"That was terribly funny," she said. To herself her laugh sounded utterly forced and unnatural. But Andy pressed her hand.

"You're doing fine," he said.

He paused.

"Anyway, this fellow got married," he went on. "And his wife wouldn't let him go out nights."

"Why not?" asked Jean.

Please turn to Page 62

WHY I USE NEW VEET

1 New 'VEET' ends all unwanted hair in 3 minutes without trouble, mess or bother.

2 New 'VEET' leaves the skin soft, smooth and white, without trace of ugly stubble.

3 New 'VEET' is a dainty white cream—sweetly scented and pleasant to use.

4 New 'VEET' avoids coarse regrowth — unlike the razor which only makes the hair grow faster and thicker. 2/6 and 4/- (double size) at all Chemists & Stores.

FREE: By exclusive arrangement every woman reader of this paper can now obtain a special package of NEW VEET ABSOLUTELY FREE. Send 4d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing and other expenses. Address Commonwealth & Dominion Agencies Ltd. (Dept. 347.B), 168/172, Day Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

Unless 2 pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements become difficult and constipated and your food decays unnaturally in your 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything.

Your friends notice this unpleasantness and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help a little, but you must get at the cause. Take Carter's Little Liver Pills. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills. Look for the name Carter's Little Liver Pills on the red label. Sold in two sizes—regular size 1/3, household size 2/-. Round a substitute.

FLU FLOURISHES ON FEAR

WHEN you FEAR the 'Flu you double its power to do you harm. The condition of fear is generally brought about by lack of knowledge regarding the method of overcoming the complaint. There is no need to fear the 'Flu when you take 'ASPRO'. It is the greatest protector and one of the greatest dispellers of 'Flu attacks that has ever been produced in the realm of medicine. No greater proof can be evidenced than the public acceptance of 'ASPRO' in leading countries of the world as the safest medicine to have on hand to smash up attacks of 'Flu. Take 'ASPRO' according to directions. It will smash up a 'Flu attack in one night. 'ASPRO' dispels the fever—clears the head—banishes the pain. 'ASPRO' works quickly and there are no dangerous after effects.

'ASPRO' SPELLS SAFETY

FEW 'ASPRO' TABLETS COMPLETELY ENDED 'FLU.

31 Ocean Street, Penhurst,
SYDNEY, N.S.W.,
14th May, 1935.

Dear Sirs,

I feel I must write my appreciation of 'ASPRO.' Just a few 'ASPRO' tablets completely relieved me of the 'Flu last week. I took them with a hot lemon drink before going to bed. I also gave my son one tablet at night; he felt the 'Flu coming on, but woke next morning feeling quite fit.

Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) Mrs. L. H. McDONALD.

VICTIM OF 'FLU EPIDEMIC —"'ASPRO' HAD ME BACK AT WORK IN THREE DAYS."

140 Park Road Section,
Ipswich Road, Sth. Brisbane,
Queensland, 12/3/36.

Dear Sirs,

During an Influenza Epidemic I was taken home with a severe attack. I immediately started dosing myself with 'ASPRO' according to directions and was able to go back to work within three days. For Colds and 'Flu I consider 'ASPRO' invaluable. We always have a supply in the house available for immediate use.

Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) E. L. MILLER.

'ASPRO' USED WITH HOT LEMONADE BROKE UP SEVERE COLD.

Chesterfield Parade,
Waverley, N.S.W.,
28/2/36.

Dear Sirs,

My son had a severe cold coming on, but on taking a couple of 'ASPRO' tablets in hot lemonade the Cold was completely broken up, and no sign of it remained in two days' time. I think hot lemonade is better than lemon juice to take with 'ASPRO' for a Cold, it seems to act quicker and gives greater relief.

Yours faithfully,
24E/37. (Sgd.) E. A. SCOTT.

NO TRACE OF 'FLU THE NEXT MORNING

16 Victoria Street,
Avondale, 7/5/36.

Dear Sirs,

I wish to tell you of the good results I have had from 'ASPRO' for Colds and Influenza. I have suffered with influenza at various times and was eventually led to try 'ASPRO' through your advertisements. I took 3 'ASPRO' tablets and a hot lemon drink upon retiring on one particular occasion when I felt Influenza developing, and the result was really marvellous. The feverish condition was speedily dispersed and the next morning there was no trace of Influenza whatever. By this simple means, I saved myself being in bed for days.

Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) J. TREDWAY.

DON'T FEAR the FLU-SMASH IT with 'ASPRO'

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Why Do Women TIRE so Easily?

The epic flights of Miss Jean Batten, Amy Mollison and others prove that women's endurance can equal that of men. Why then do so many women suffer from tiredness, lassitude and ready susceptibility to fatigue?

The answer lies in the fact that women are more delicately balanced internally than men. Constipation, for example, floods the female system with poisons far more rapidly than is the case with the male—and it is these poisons that result in those frequent headaches, dizzy spells, etc. It is therefore doubly important that women who wish to enjoy radiant health should employ the regular cleansing action of

JUNIPAH

MINERAL SPRING SALTS

A teaspoonful of Junipah Mineral Spring Salts in a glass of warm water first thing every morning will work wonders for you. Containing the same marvellous ingredients found in the world's most noted spa waters, Junipah gently, but surely, cleanses the intestinal tract, stimulates lazy muscles, purifies the blood-stream, tones up the whole system!

ENJOY RADIANT, GLOWING HEALTH!

START A COURSE OF JUNIPAH TO-DAY

CONTAINS WONDERFUL OIL OF JUNIPER . . . ENDS KIDNEY COMPLAINTS RHEUMATISM, GOUT, ETC.

Most important of all to women, however, is the fact that Junipah Mineral Spring Salts contains, in addition to its other active ingredients, the precious Oil of Juniper! Used for hundreds of years, this oil is still recognised as being a sovereign specific for kidney troubles! Junipah is unique in that it is the only product of its kind containing this valuable and expensive oil. Therefore, if you suffer from backache or any kindred complaints, let Junipah give you the relief and help you have been praying for. No other product is so good—so quick and sure in its action! Sufferers from gout, rheumatism, sciatica, etc., will also find Junipah Mineral Spring Salts of inestimable benefit. Being a solvent of URIC ACID, the vicious poison that attacks the joints and causes the excruciating pains that cripple sufferers, it provides relief often where everything else has failed.

Obtainable from all chemists and stores in the big value packet, 1/3; and double the quantity, 2/-.

FREE

Don't take our word for the value of Junipah Mineral Spring Salts. Try it yourself AT NO EXPENSE. Simply post the coupon below for a genuine Free Sample.

GROSVENOR LABORATORIES,
P.O. Box 747G,
Sydney.
Sirs,—Please send me, without cost or obligation, one FREE Sample of Junipah Mineral Spring Salts.
NAME
ADDRESS

LISTEN IN

every Monday evening to 2GB 9.0 p.m., 2BH 8.0 p.m., 3AK 12.30 a.m., 2NZ 8.30 p.m., 2AY 9.0 p.m., 3BA 9.30 p.m., 7BU 7.0 p.m., 2GN 8.30 p.m., 2AD 8.0 p.m., 6AM 8.0 p.m.; every Tuesday evening to 2GZ 8.50 p.m., 2QN 7.45 p.m., 2TM 9.15 p.m., 2WL 7.55 p.m., 7UV 9.10 p.m., 4LG 7.45 p.m., 3YB 9.30 p.m., 2RG 8.5 p.m., 2GF 8.0 p.m., 7BU 7.15 p.m., 2HD 9.2 p.m., 3UZ 7.45 p.m., 2WG 9.30 p.m., 4GR 8.15 p.m.; every Wednesday evening to 4TO 8.15 p.m., 1GL 9.30 p.m., 4IP 9.0 p.m., 5KA 7.45 p.m., 2MO 8.0 p.m., 4BU 8.45 p.m., 1MB 8.0 p.m., 2CA 8.30 p.m., 2UW 7.30 p.m.; every Thursday evening to 2HD 9.15 p.m., 4AY 8.45 p.m., 4VL 8.30 p.m., 4BC 9.0 p.m.; every Friday evening to 2LM 7.45 p.m.; and every Sunday evening to 3BO 8.15 p.m., 2OU 8.45 p.m., 2KY 4 p.m., 2GZ 9.42 p.m., 4MB 8.0 p.m. J6

The improvement in my complexion was remarkable

...after I began using these DAGGETT & RAMSDELL *creams*

Once you have seen the wonderful improvement Daggett & Ramsdell's creams will make in your complexion you will never again be satisfied with any other face creams. Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream penetrates deeper, cleanses more thoroughly, softens and nourishes your skin as no other cream you have ever used. Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Vanishing Cream protects the most delicate skin from the ravages of sun, wind, rain and dust and imparts a smooth finish to your powder and make-up. Start looking your loveliest through the daily use of Daggett & Ramdell's creams.

Look your best with DAGGETT & RAMSDELL

PARTY *in* PALESTINE

Continued from Page 61

"OH, she was just one of those old-fashioned wives," said Andy. "The fellow stood it for a time, but after a few weeks he began to long for a night out with some of his friends. So one day he phoned her he was detained at the office."

"That was a bright thought," said Jean. "Did she believe him?"

Andy's hand was thrust carelessly into the side pocket of his coat. In that pocket he had a small pistol. One round was for Jean. The remaining six rounds were for the Arabs. For himself, if he had to die, he meant to die fighting.

His grip on her hand tightened slightly.

"Take it easy, kid," he warned her. "Don't hurry. Always remember, we own this town."

"Sorry," she said.

She smiled at him. In the glare of an oil lamp her eyes looked very blue.

"I think you're grand," she said. "And I'm not really frightened."

The East Gate was not far away now. Another three minutes or so, and they would get there. Andy smiled cheerfully. He also prayed. He prayed that they would reach that gate. They must reach it. He challenged Fate not to let them reach it.

At the same time he was afraid that they wouldn't reach it. He was afraid, not for himself, but for Jean. On her behalf he suffered agonies of fear.

From somewhere back in the middle of the town four shots sounded.

A SORT of low murmur, like the breaking of waves on the seashore, seemed to run over the town. It swelled, increased in volume till it became a harsh, savage roar. The Arabs, who had been standing about sullenly, became animated. Their eyes flashed with the lust of battle. They gestured vigorously and shouted.

Brown tattered bodies surged towards them. Andy drew his pistol and fired three times. For a moment the rush wavered; the attackers drew back. Two men lay twitching on the grpund. Another, howling, was leaning against a wall nursing his shoulder.

Andy drew Jean back into a little passage leading to a closed door. His pistol menaced the crowd.

"Sorry, kid," he said. "I thought we might manage it."

"All right, Andy," she answered.

The mob howled savagely. Another rush surged forward. Andy fired again, three times. It wasn't enough. Brown hands clutched at him, trying to drag him down.

He fought. Planted solidly on his two feet, he fought with the mad strength and fury of a giant. A black rage clothed him in armor. He did not feel the blows showered on him. He fought with his fists and feet, and with a club he snatched from one of the attackers. Bones splintered under the impact of his blows. The attackers drew off.

Andy leaned against the wall. Blood was pouring down his face from a cut on his forehead. His lungs were bursting, and he felt very weak and dizzy.

Jean touched his arm.

"Andy. Is this nearly the end?"

She looked him full in the eyes. He nodded.

"The party's nearly over," he said.

"It was a nice party—while it lasted," she said. "Andy?"

"Yes."

"Have . . . have you got any more b-bullets in the pistol?"

"One."

"For me?" she asked. She was very calm.

"Yes."

"I . . . I'll do it, if you like," she said.

"I'll do it," said Andy.

They looked at one another. Suddenly her lips trembled slightly. Her eyes were misty. She clung to him.

"Oh, Andy!" she said. "Andy."

He put one arm round her and held her very close. His other hand held the pistol.

"Kiss me, Andy," she said. "Just once before . . ."

He kissed her. Their lips clung together. It was as if they had to snatch a whole lifetime's happiness out of one kiss.

The howling outside the passage rose to proportions it had never reached before.

Through the East Gate came the Midland Rifles.

They came quickly, at the double, in columns of fours. Their faces were eager; their eyes shone with the light of battle. Captain Sanderson was leading them. His steel helmet was set at a jaunty angle on the side of his head; his lips were parted in a delighted smile. At times he shouted crisp commands.

"At 'em, men. No shooting unless you have to. Use your butts."

Ragged volleys and showers of bricks greeted the British troops. They replied by hitting out with their rifle butts; their arms rose and fell with the precision of machines. The Arabs couldn't stand up against them.

"Andy . . . Andy darling . . ." said Jean.

By midnight the town was quiet, with the troops patrolling the streets. Soon after midnight some of the troops were sent back to barracks. Andy and Jean went with them.

"I'm glad that's over," said Jean. "And all that good melodrama was wasted. You didn't shoot me after all."

"There'll be plenty of time for that, after we're married," said Andy.

(Copyright.)

Arm Ached with Neuritis

"My left arm was almost useless from neuritis. The piercing pain bothered me all day. At night the sharp twinges would wake me right out of my sleep. I suffered terribly until one day I tried 'St. Jacobs Oil.' The relief I got from this simple oil was unbelievable. My arm feels fine now."

Good old 'St. Jacobs Oil' is the one remedy that really stops the pains and aches of Neuritis, Rheumatism, Backache, Lumbago, and Neuralgia. The relief is almost instantaneous because this marvellous oil goes directly to the affected part and quickly draws out all the ache and pain. And it does not burn or blister the skin. Get a bottle of 'St. Jacobs Oil' to-day at your chemist, and see how it relieves pain.

ST JACOBS OIL
CONQUERS PAIN

Don't let that cold develop

VAPEX
INHALANT

If you are subject to colds and catarrh, keep Vapex handy to use immediately you feel the first symptoms in nose or throat. Breathe Vapex frequently . . . the germicidal vapour quickly destroys the germs where they are beginning to breed and to multiply, and soon the incipient cold or catarrh is gone.

Of all Chemists

MADE IN ENGLAND BY
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THE MOVIE WORLD

July 10, 1937. The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement Page One

Calling Australia!

Moviedom News As It Happens

By BARBARA BOURCHIER and JUDY BAILEY
from Hollywood and London

Howard's Plans

LESLIE HOWARD would rather be a producer than an actor. Although his present plans are to be producer, director, and actor of "Bonnie Prince Charlie," he says that if he can get a good actor to take the part, he would gladly step out himself.

His company, Associated Artists, is trying to get Edward G. Robinson to play the lead in "Lust for Life," a story about the eccentric Dutch painter, Vincent Van Gogh.

Although the critics did not approve of Howard's stage version of "Hamlet," he is determined to continue his Shakespearean pursuits. He plans to produce a film based on the life of the poet, and will play the main role himself.

Actor Takes Out Love Insurance

● *Alan Bruce has taken out the first "love insurance" ever issued in the screen capital.*

Bruce, who is making his film debut as the juvenile lead in "Missus America," agreed not to marry for three years when he was signed to a term contract.

In order to protect himself in the event of his falling in love and wanting to wed within that period of time, Bruce has insured himself for the amount of the contract.

Gossips Confounded

TO the utter confusion of Hollywood gossips, Rudolph Sieber, the husband of Marlene Dietrich, has arrived for the purpose of taking her and her daughter Marie back to Europe. This time the girl will remain in a Swiss school. Marlene had registered her there on her last trip, but the child became ill and her mother preferred to keep her at her side.

It is not generally known that Dietrich is under contract with her discoverer, Josef von Sternberg, to do three more pictures with him. Marlene says that she doesn't know where these pictures will be filmed.

"Here, in London, in Australia, anywhere he makes them I will go," is the surprisingly docile statement from the proud Dietrich.

Barbara Stanwyck & Robert Taylor
Teamed for Fox's Picture, "His Affair"

Problem Solved

"THE DRUM" is the second new color picture to be announced by London Films.

The story, by A. E. W. Mason, is located on the North-West Frontier of India, and is said to be particularly good. It also gives the studio a chance to use young Sabu once more.

This Indian boy was giving the executives quite a headache. The studio had him on contract, and he still had to be paid every week even after "Elephant Boy" was finished.

However, "The Drum" seems to have solved the problem.

Money No Object

WILLIAM POWELL will have his steak done properly, no matter what it costs his host. Myron Selznick was entertaining ten guests at his Arrowhead Lodge. Steaks were chosen for dinner.

"The only way to prepare them is to charcoal broil them outdoors," said dashing Bill Powell, and sent down to his Hollywood home for his.

Three hours later the broiler arrived, with a bill for transport. The bill was for £50, which meant that each steak cost about £5.

Ride to York

COWBOYS of the great open spaces of Western America are not the only ones who "ride again." You know the type of thing I mean—"Hopalong Cassidy Rides Again" idea.

English Premier-Stafford Productions have now announced "Dick Turpin Rides Again." The purpose of the title may be to distinguish this production from an earlier Turpin picture, in which, if memory serves correctly, Victor McLaglen starred.

At any rate, plans are under way for an action film that will stir the hearts of the great public.

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BUT They Don't WANT GLAMOR

Stars Who Insist On Leading Normal Lives

By JOAN SEBASTIAN

IN the somewhat limited vocabularies of certain foreign languages, publicity and notoriety are the same word. In Hollywood, the meanings are likewise synonymous.

When Mary Astor's diary was introduced as evidence in the child-custody battle between Mary and Dr. Franklyn Thorpe, ninety-nine reporters broke all speed records getting to the typewriter. The off-again on-again divorce plans of the Errol Flynns and the vivid manoeuvrings of John and Elaine Barrymore were featured news.

IT was front page stuff when Clark Gable entered the witness-box in a crowded courtroom to deny the paternity of a child. That's the sort of news people like to read about Hollywood. Or anyway, it's the sort of stuff they **have** to read about Hollywood, unless they stop taking in the newspaper.

When a star in Hollywood gets a divorce—that's two columns on the front page of any newspaper. When a star in Hollywood gets married—that's half a column on page two. But when a star in Hollywood stays married—you don't even hear about it.

No one bothers with the fact that the Fredric Marches had their pals, the Ralph Bellamys, down to Laguna Beach for a quiet week-end. Or that the Warren Williams' recently celebrated their seventeenth wedding anniversary. Or that the Richard Arlens' eleventh anniversary recently passed off with a quiet home celebration.

That's small-town stuff, and the public doesn't care a hoot about it, says the city editor. Mr. and Mrs. John Public want to read about Gloria Swanson's plans for a fifth header into the matrimonial breakers.

Furtive Underworld

DESPITE all this, there is a furtive underworld in Hollywood that insists on living a perfectly normal, everyday existence in a town where sensationalism runs riot, where exhibitionism is rampant, where glamor scintillates as the tip of the panto fairy's wand. Stars are going around having little dinner parties, playing bridge, and planting petunias when they should be out getting mentioned in breach of promise suits, or at least fighting at the Colony Club.

Isn't it dreadful? Maybe the civic authorities should do something about it. Because if this sort of thing continues unchecked, it is likely to destroy the town's most precious commodity—its reputation for Gilded Sin.

Their press-agents shed bitter tears over the quiet lives led by Bing Crosby, Bob Montgomery, Fred MacMurray, Ronald Colman, Richard Dix, Warner Baxter, John Boles, and Ian Hunter. These lads lead such uneventful lives—uneventful, that is, measured by Hollywood glamor standards—that it isn't easy to get publicity for them. All of them devote their off-screen moments to keeping the home fires burning.

When Jimmy Stewart hits all the night spots in one evening, every columnist is sure to record the fact, but none of them mentions that the Robert Youngs had an early dinner and dropped over to the local show to see a second-run film.

The toughest job in the world for Mr. and Mrs. Gary Cooper would be to live the popular conception of the life of Mr. and Mrs. Movie Star! There is nothing of the off-stage actor about Gary. He confines the Thespian business to working hours. Dinner in the Cooper household is frequently a foursome—perhaps the Joel McCreas are guests, or maybe Dolores Del Rio and Cedric Gibbons. But it's a plain, informal, unpretentious dinner. No snooty evening clothes and diamonds. No opera music after dinner. No settling of the problems of the world at large and Hollywood in particular.

When there aren't guests, Gary and Sandra spend just a plain Mr. and Mrs. Jones evening at home. Maybe they'll read or turn on the wireless. Somewhere around nine o'clock or so, Gary'll yawn. And pretty soon—oh, long before social Hollywood is even getting into its velvet and ermine, its top hat and tails, for a big night—Gary and Sandra have retired. That's life in the Cooper manner.

But what about the Hollywood orgies, I hear you muttering in defrauded accents. I just hate to disillusion you—but for every star-spangled debauch there are countless gatherings that differ very little from the entertainments you yourself give. Parties with a little bridge, a little music, a lot of conversation. Parties where one good wise-crack is a marvellous batting average for the evening.

You read about some feud, but not about the Merkel-Evans friendship. In a town where friendship is supposedly found only in the dictionary, Una and Madge actually became chums when they worked in the same picture, and were still speaking when the picture was over. Theirs is the sort of friendship you encounter in any small town. Una's husband marvels how two girls, after working together all day at the studio, can find things to talk about for an hour at a time over the telephone at night. Or how they can go shopping for an entire day and come home with nothing but a headache.

Right now, the eyes of all Hollywood are focused on Frances Farmer. She is considered by many, among them that astute showman Sam Goldwyn, to be the greatest "find," the biggest potential woman star since Garbo. But I'll wager that unless "Come and Get It" has already played your town, the name of Frances Farmer conveys nothing to you.

I'm also equally confident that long before "Girls' Dormitory" hit your local screen, you were conscious of Simone Simon as a new film personality. Why? Well, when Simone (not always pronounced See-moan See-moan by the more catty of the movie girls) stormed, shouted, and sulked on the set, her temperamental outbursts did nothing to endear her to her director and co-workers. But they did provide the columnists with fodder for their cannon. And when Simone demanded of her producer that he help her find a panther for a pet, she fired a shot that was heard around the world.

Nothing Spicy

YOU don't read things like that about Frances Farmer. Outside of the raves of the reviewers, you don't read much about Frances at all, because her mode of life doesn't lend itself to spicy or sensational publicity blurbs. Neither Frances nor her young husband, Leif Erikson, give a hoot for the social whirl. Frances has only two evening dresses—and never wears them. The Eriksons drive around in a battered old car, and their idea of a crackerjack evening is a session with an interesting book, or a spur-of-the-moment dash to a neighborhood movie to watch performances and then talk them over, pull them to pieces.

If it is true that happy nations have no history, it is also true that those stars whose off-screen moments are least publicised are the ones who are living the most normal, sane, and well-balanced lives in Hollywood.

● *FRANCES FARMER, one of the stars who, even to get a break, has refused to commit follies for the sake of publicity.*

● *ANOTHER DISTRESSINGLY QUIET PERSON, Ronald Colman. In all the time he has been in Hollywood, avid gossip-gatherers have been unable to get a thing on him.*

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STARS In PANIC

Color Revolution Threatens Careers

By JEAN SPAULDING

COLOR! The word is taboo in Hollywood society. The mere, innocent mumbling of it in places where film stars gather will bring forth a barrage of baleful looks, if not voluble abuse.

The other day, one of the industry's biggest producers, Samuel Goldwyn to wit, announced that in future all pictures made by him would be filmed entirely in color. Immediately a hundred stars clutched fluttering hearts, and a score of producers scratched troubled heads.

WHY all the panic, you ask. Now that color photography has passed the experimental stage, its general use in all types of productions is the logical progressive step which the industry must make.

The filming of all pictures in natural hues is as inevitable within two years as was the coming of talking pictures once the process was perfected. And, further, the transition from black-and-white photography to color will not be as drastic a revolution as that from silent to sound.

The Key Men

WHY, then, you repeat, all the panic? Listen closely and you will hear.

Those explosions of temperament which periodically rock the foundations of Hollywood's film studios are not, as may be supposed, entirely the result of controversies over salaries, billing, or script. True, arbitration of these points is usually accompanied by a normal amount of hair-tearing and teeth-gnashing, but these are bloodless battles by comparison with the massacre which takes place in the producer's den when a star is denied a favorite cameraman.

The reason is not too elusive. Hollywood is suffering from a shortage of cameraman. With hundreds of ordinary motion-picture photographers available, there are, at the moment, only thirty who qualify as head cameramen, and who are equipped to handle ambitious productions in black-and-white. With as many as five hundred feature-length films issuing from the major studios in a year, it isn't to be wondered that the fair-haired boys of the industry are these top-flight cinematographers.

Earning from £80 to £100 a week (the regular wage scale of a "first" cameraman is £50), and as a rule under long-term contract to individual producers or studios, the members of this select group of craftsmen rank with directors in importance on the set. Names such as Hal Mohr, Charles Lang, Victor Milnar, William Daniels, Leon Shamroy, George Barnes, Greg Toland, Ray June, Peverell Marley and Charles Rosher convey little to the average filmgoer. But in Hollywood these names are magic.

No star who can honestly lay claim to such title would consider working in a picture unless one of the top-rank cameramen is handling the photographic end. Many of the more established stars go further, and will not work without a particular favorite craftsman on the job.

Greta Garbo, Claudette Colbert, Fredric March, Marlene Dietrich, Joan Crawford, William Powell, Sylvia Sidney, Carole Lombard, Grace Moore and Ronald Colman are just a few of those who generally insist upon (and are usually granted) the services of their respective favorites.

The producer's task of assuaging the demands of temperamental acting talent is no simple one to-day, with thirty qualified cinematographers only at his disposal. Consider, then, the gory battles in store for him when, following as he must every progressive step of his fellow film-makers, color photography comes into general use.

At the present moment there is one—and one only—head cameraman in the color field whose technical qualifications place him in the corresponding category with the thirty black-and-white experts.

That man is W. Howard Greene, who has been the guiding hand behind the filming of practically every important technicolor production to date. His latest picture, recently completed, is David O. Selznick's production, "A Star is Born," which has the distinction of being the first modern dress picture to be filmed in color. And it presents six particularly well-known players in color for the first time in their careers—Fredric March, Janet Gaynor, Adolphe Menjou, Lionel Stander, Andy Devine, and May Robson.

It has another distinction, too—a much more important one.

Goldwyn Adopts Color

IT is the remarkable success and popularity of "A Star is Born" in every situation at which it has been shown to date that prompted Samuel Goldwyn to announce his intention to discard black-and-white photography in favor of color. Now, as I mentioned earlier, Goldwyn is one of Hollywood's most prominent and financially-successful producers, and if one big film-maker adopts a progressive idea all the others must eventually follow suit.

Even to producers, color is a welcome advancement in technique, and one that will no doubt pay for itself in increased cinema attendances. But the trouble is to find sufficient Howard Greenes to go round—men with the necessary color experience.

Paradoxically, the camera chief rarely touches a camera. Operating photographers and assistants do the actual mechanical work. The chief merely supervises operation, controls the lighting of the set, figures out angles and difficult shots with the director, and shares, with the director and producer, all responsibilities for the production.

Qualifications of the motion picture photographers who have attained top rank in the profession include a dramatic sense, an editorial mind (the ability to visualise the development of scenes), a mastery of mechanics—and imagination.

Selznick started a flock of Hollywood headaches when he produced a modern story—"A Star is Born"—in technicolor, for he demonstrated that even a straightout comedy-romance, without spectacular outdoor settings, is greatly enhanced by color. But the principal production problem—that of cinematographers—should quickly be rectified. Many of the veteran camera chiefs are still young in years. They are expert in lighting and in the mechanics of photography, and with those essential qualifications as a background they should rapidly master the intricacies of color work. In the meantime, let the stars rave.

GALLERY OF STARS

Loretta Young

Starred in Fox's "Love Is News"

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HERE'S *Hot News* FROM All the STUDIOS!

From BARBARA BOURCHIER and JUDY BAILEY, Our Hollywood and London Representatives

JUST after it had been made perfectly clear that Howard Hughes, the millionaire aviator, had no interest in Katharine Hepburn other than professional, news comes that she is vacationing off the coast of Bermuda on his palatial yacht.

That doesn't seem to indicate that Kathie is particularly bored with the company of the demon flier. However, it may be that they choose this means of discussing a new picture to be sponsored by Hughes.

✣ ✣ ✣

SOME time ago Bruce Cabot gave a sizeable loan to a needy friend, and the pal, wanting to square things, presented Bruce with three hundred acres of barren desert land. Bruce has used it as a hideout, between pictures, but has now decided to donate it to a really worthy cause.

He will build a completely-equipped sanitarium on the land and turn it over to a local clinic for the prevention of tuberculosis, so sufferers who could not otherwise afford it may be sent there to benefit by the dry desert air. Orchids, Bruce!

AN unusual sight is Garbo in festivities at the studio. She helped stage a surprise party for Clarence Brown on the "Walewska" set. Mrs. Brown (Alice Joyce) was invited to attend, and there was an enormous cake.

Garbo's own gift to the director was a box of roses.

The Swedish star has never been in brighter, gayer spirits.

✣ ✣ ✣

THIS is a story that would happen once in ten years in Hollywood. M.-G.-M. had great hopes for a grand comeback for Gloria Swanson. They signed her up to play the lead in "Mazie Kenyon," the story of a middle-aged night-club entertainer, and cast Maureen O'Sullivan as her daughter. Things were rolling along beautifully till Gloria came down to the lot one day for preliminary tests.

Then things went haywire with a bang. La Swanson, it seems, looked younger than Maureen! In fact, so youthful was her appearance, the studio had to call off the picture entirely.

And another rumor around town is that glorious Gloria may make Gus Schirmer, a music publisher, her fifth husband soon. Her much-publicised romance with Herbert Marshall is definitely over.

DOTS... and DASHES

● Sam Goldwyn talking business with comedian Jack Benny with regard to the latter's appearance in the "Goldwyn Follies." ● Gale Sondergard buying a stunning gown of gold sequins, weighing thirty pounds, to wear in New York, then discovering the plane she will take only allowing thirty pounds of baggage.

HERE are actual statistics on how good Hollywood stars are in their kissing scenes. The heavy make-up they wear nearly always needs repairing after a passionate embrace for screen purposes, and by studying the degree of damage done to make-up by said demonstrations of enthusiasm, a local make-up expert has sorted out the stars into "heavyweight" and "thistledown" kissers!

In the former class—those who completely ruin a make-up with a kiss—are Greta Garbo, Lily Pons, and Lyda Roberti as women champions, and Clark Gable and Charles Bickford for the males.

In the lightweight class we find Loretta Young, Alice Faye, and Mae West for the women (surprised?), and Edward Arnold, Mike Bartlett and Boris Karloff among the men. I wouldn't have expected Karloff to be in either class.

SCREEN ODDITIES

By Captain Fawcett

THE much-discussed return to the screen of glamorous Gloria Swanson is at last an actuality. She spoke to the Columbia Studios in Hollywood over the telephone from London and agreed to return for the stellar role in "The Second Mrs. Draper."

The story deals with a beautiful woman who, married a second time, discovers her stepson in love with her. The film should start Gloria on a new career.

✣ ✣ ✣

ANN TODD, in private life Mrs. Victor Malcolm, has begun to entertain at her charming 500 years old cottage at Burches Green. She has had the tennis court put in splendid condition, and is following in Clive Brook's footsteps by giving delightful Sunday afternoon tennis parties for her fellow-toilers.

Iced coffee is a speciality of hers, and many of her guests prefer this (made with her own fair hands) to the hot tea and iced lagers which are also provided.

✣ ✣ ✣

Hollywood is still giggling over Simone Simon's latest trick. Her next picture will be titled, "French Doll," and as her entire part is spoken with a French accent—naturallement — the scenario-writers wrote the dialogue accordingly—in a sort of pidgin English. Simone returned the script with the objection that she couldn't understand it because it was full of misspelled words!

✣ ✣ ✣

WHEN Merle Oberon left for England, her big heart interest was supposed to be David Niven. Then came rumors that the Niven-Oberon affair was all over, and Merle had taken up with Brian Aherne—in fact, some said they had admitted their engagement.

Now we hear there has been some trouble, the wedding is all off, and Brian is returning to Hollywood to make "Summer Lightning." Well, maybe when he gets back things will be straightened out.

✣ ✣ ✣

MORTON SELTEN, charming 74-year-old actor who takes the part of the judge in Clive Brook's new film, "Action For Slander," looks very imposing in his scarlet and ermine robes.

"The only complaint I have to make," he says, "is that every role I am given seems to carry a weight of clothes. It would be nice if instead of robes and wigs, Elizabethan ruffles, and Tudor tunics, I could sometimes appear in tennis flannels or a bathing suit."

RUMORS have been going around that Jimmy Cagney and Warners are going to settle their legal battle, and that Jimmy will go back there to work.

According to brother Bill Cagney, who is Jimmy's manager, there is no hope of a truce—Warners did offer a straight five-year contract, but Jimmy refused it, not wishing to be tied down for so long.

Cagney's old contract with the studio still has a year and a half to run, but its validity must be decided by the courts. Meanwhile he is working for Grand National.

✣ ✣ ✣

THE glamorous Marlene Dietrich may realise her ambition to become a motion picture director eventually. Marlene knows more about directing, camera work and lighting than many men who bear that title in Hollywood—knowledge she picked up when she and Josef von Sternberg were such an inseparable star-director team.

We hear Marlene has received an offer from Alexander Korda to go over to England and direct pictures for him. She starred in one of his films some time ago, and he evidently spotted her directorial abilities then.

Anyway, she is undecided about the offer, but I believe Ernst Lubitsch, who is directing her current film, "Angel," is urging her to try it out.

✣ ✣ ✣

ANOTHER dumb producer story: Producer and dance director are discussing the shooting of a big dance number. D.D.: "We can't possibly shoot it in less than five days." Producer: "That will cost far too much. Couldn't you manage it in three days if you had them take smaller steps!"

And again—the producer has just recovered from a serious illness, and is asked how it feels to be so near death. "Awful!" says he. "Just like standing on the brink of an abscess!"

✣ ✣ ✣

Only the other day Robert Taylor viewed the first screen test he made in Hollywood. His girl friend, Barbara Stanwyck, dug it out and ran it off for his amusement. It was in 1933, at United Artists. Taylor, clad in a toga, did a scene in "Roman Scandals." After seeing the test, Samuel Goldwyn told the young hopeful:

"Go home and put some weight on, and maybe some day you'll be a movie actor."

The following week Bob signed at M.-G.-M. for seven pounds a week.

Far more lovely—

since she began to reveal her own natural charm

Merle Oberon, United Artists star, using Max Factor's Carmine Rouge and Super-Indelible Carmine Lipstick.

James and Anderson, Representatives for Australia, C4, Her Majesty's Arcade, Sydney.

Merle Oberon — a dramatic example of how a change in make-up can mean a complete tranformation of personality. Before, the slightly unreal exotic — now the beautiful, natural charming girl. You too may have still unrevealed depths of loveliness — let Max Factor show you how to bring it out! Fill in the coupon below and send for Max Factor's Lipstick Palette and sample of rouge in your shade — learn how the film stars heighten their glamour and allure!

Max Factor's
OF HOLLYWOOD

FREE *Please send me Max Factor's Lipstick Palette and sample of rouge in my shade, also 48-page Instruction Book, "The New Art of Society Make-up." I enclose sixpence in stamps to cover postage and handling. Print name and address and post to MAX FACTOR'S, Her Majesty's Arcade, Sydney. Fill in chart below with a✓*

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY
STATE

A34

Complexion	EYES	HAIR	SKIN
Fair ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE Light ☐ Dark ☐	Dry ☐
Creamy ☐	Grey ☐	BROWNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐	Oily ☐
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	BRUNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐	Normal ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	REDHEAD Light ☐ Dark ☐	LIPS
Olive ☐	Black ☐		Moist ☐
Sun Tan ☐	LASHES		Dry ☐
	Light ☐		AGE
	Dark ☐		

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EPIC OF CHINA

● *For months, we've been awaiting M.G.M.'s "The Good Earth." It's here at last, and these are glimpses of it. Top left are those two fine players, Paul Muni and Luise Rainer. Rainer, alone, is seen bottom left. The other pictures are scenes from the film.*

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Break that Cold ...tonight

..WITH THE 3-Minute VapoRub Massage

FIRST—*rub Vicks VapoRub briskly on the throat and chest.*

NEXT—*rub VapoRub briskly* on the back, *between and below the shoulder-blades.*

THEN—*to strengthen and lengthen its famous double-action—spread VapoRub thick on the chest, and cover with warm flannel.*

IT takes so little time, and does so much, so quickly—this 3-Minute VapoRub massage. No wonder that 26 million families, in 71 countries, rely on VapoRub for fast relief from any kind of a cold.

No Waiting—Acts Instantly

The brisk massage starts VapoRub working through the skin like an old-fashioned poultice. Even before you finish rubbing, the chest and back feel warm and comfortable.

At the same time, warmed by the body, VapoRub releases its powerful medicated vapours. These are breathed in for hours, 18 times a minute, direct to the irritated air-passages of nose, throat and chest.

Long-Lasting Double Action

Working in these two direct ways at once, VapoRub soothes irritation, loosens phlegm, relieves coughing, breaks up congestion. And, with the air-passages clear, breathing becomes easy again.

Relaxed and comfortable, the patient soon drops off to restful sleep. Meanwhile, VapoRub keeps on working for hours—breaks up most colds by morning.

Avoids Risky "Dosing"

Mothers, especially, prefer VapoRub for all children's colds because it is used externally, and so avoids all the risks of internal "dosing"—which often upsets a delicate digestion just when the child needs all his strength to fight the cold.

But you never grow too big to appreciate the warm comfort of a VapoRub Massage, and the quick relief of its powerful, head-clearing vapours.

Ideal for Children's Colds — VICKS VAPORUB — ...Just as Good for Grown-Ups

This is REAL Mustard!

• Keen's D.S.F. Mustard is sold everywhere in original 1 oz. to 1 lb. tins.

Other mustards may seem cheaper but they do not have the real mustard flavour and zest. Insist on

KEEN'S D.S.F. Mustard

PRIVATE VIEWS

By STEWART HOWARD

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ *Three stars—excellent.*

★★ *Two stars—good films.*

★ *One star—average films.*

No stars . . . no good.

★★ JOHN MEADE'S LADY

Edward Arnold, Francine Larrimore. (Paramount.)

EDWARD ARNOLD of the rich, fruity laughter is the central figure of this occasionally melodramatic but entertaining story of a self-made man who marries one woman to spite another, and doesn't discover until pretty late in the day that he loves the wench he has wedded.

Making her first appearance in films with this picture is Francine Larrimore, well-known Broadway actress. There is an odd sort of charm about Miss Larrimore's work. I liked her in spite of the slight over-emphasis—relic of her years of stage work—which was apparent in some of her scenes. She has a quality of sincerity which is very refreshing.

Arnold's role is of the kind to which his recent pictures have accustomed us: a lumber king, horribly rich, ruthless, and yet with a heart of gold beneath his swelling waistcoat.

In support are Gail Patrick and George Bancroft, the former as decorative as ever, the latter ruggedly convincing.

Not a picture you'll go mad about, but good enough for a spare evening. —Prince Edward; showing.

★★ FOR VALOUR

Tom Walls, Ralph Lynn. (Associated.)

THERE have been funnier Walls-Lynn-Travers pictures than this one, but, nevertheless, this effort contains quite enough laughs to carry off a two-star decoration.

In it, both Walls and Lynn carry off double roles, the former appearing as old Doubleday and his son, Charlie Chisholm, Lynn doubling as Major Pyke and the Major's grandson, Willie.

The story is a typical Ben Travers effort, whimsical, quite absurd, and with ample opportunities for Walls and Lynn. So far as these two are concerned, it is in their old man roles that they triumph. Walls made up as a broken-nosed, cauliflower-eared, leery, comical gaolbird is something to guffaw over; Lynn as the doddering old major is nearly as funny in a different fashion.

There is an airy, amoral quality about this picture which, while it cannot be recommended to the ultra-respectable, will be enjoyed by those of looser principles.—Mayfair; showing.

Week's Best Release

"JOHN MEADE'S LADY." Paramount Release. Not a world-beater, but entertaining melodrama.

★★ SEA DEVILS

Victor McLaglen, Preston Foster, Ida Lupino. (R.K.O.)

YES, I think this little adventure-romance is worth two stars. It packs plenty of honest entertainment, and, in addition, gives Victor McLaglen a role ideally suited to him. As the chief petty officer in the U.S. Coastguard Service, whose daughter is being chased by two rival seamen, he does a really excellent job.

McLaglen has to enact the role of a hard-drinking, hard-hitting, ruthless individual whose two soft spots are his daughter and a lady who runs a saloon, and whom he periodically "touches" for cash. It is worth seeing the picture just to watch him in this part. Foster and Donald Woods are the rivals for the love of Doris (Ida Lupino), and the conflict arises from the fact that McLaglen conceives a hatred for Foster, as a younger edition of himself, and so unsuitable for Doris, and by virtue of his superior rank does everything possible to smash the younger man.

While a court-martial scene near the end will afflict some purists with a slight feeling of the ridiculous, the director more than makes amends with a particularly fine storm at sea as his climax, and with an ending absolutely in tune with the character of Medals Malone, as built up by McLaglen through the film.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

★ THE MAN WHO CHANGED HIS MIND

Boris Karloff, Anna Lee, John Loder. (G.B.D.)

BORIS KARLOFF is still pursuing a career of science and madness. In this opus—a first-class sample of the near-horror film, by the way—he once more appears as a man of genius who, inevitably, goes potty before the story is ended.

This time, Boris has discovered a means of transferring the human mind. Such a tremendous discovery is naturally laughed at by rival scientists; the shock robs eccentric Boris of his own weak grasp on sanity. He sets forth on a ruthless career of revenge and mind changing.

As a horror picture, this is one of the best. The story is exceedingly well constructed, the direction is good, the cast, including Frank Cellier, excellent. The only trouble is, so many people dislike this kind of thing.—Tatler; showing.

★ TO-MORROW WE LIVE

Godfrey Tearle, Haldee Wright. (Associated.)

THERE is the beginning of a good idea in this opus, but the patchy way in which it has been developed and handled is disappointing. Briefly, the idea is this: A big business man, faced with ruin, decides to suicide. Wanting to go off in unusual fashion, however, he rounds up another twelve would-be suicides, to see whether they won't pop off in company with him.

Some of these people draw out at the last moment, but seven remain decided on death. To these the financier gives funds for a final day on earth. For this one day, they are free to do what they really want to do. The picture tells the story of the use put to that day by all seven.

The result—but I can't give away the climax. Sufficient to say that some portions of the film are fair, some definitely bad. As a whole, the opus just passes as average.—Mayfair; showing.

★ BULLDOG DRUMMOND ESCAPES

Ray Milland, Sir Guy Standing. (Paramount.)

A NOT particularly good one-starrer. As a thriller, it misses out, inasmuch as it lacks conviction; watching it, I could never feel that the characters were really in earnest. As comedy—and there are large slabs of comedy in it—it clicks sometimes, fails often.

To begin with, Ray Milland should never have been cast as Drummond. He is definitely not the type. Heather Angel appears as the oppressed young thing with whom Drummond falls romantically in love. The main impression Heather left with me was that her sole purpose in the picture was to go through it knocking people over the head with vases.

Honors go to E. E. Clive as Dobbs, Drummond's manservant. This lad is really funny when he is given the opportunity.

For the rest, poorish story, bad casting and uninspired direction have produced the inevitable result.—Prince Edward; showing.

★ MELODY FOR TWO

James Melton, Patricia Ellis. (Warners.)

A SCREEN personality is a queer thing. Good or bad, it is usually difficult, except in extreme cases, to say just why Miss Bloop is charming or Cyril Splurge is just no good.

Take, as an example, James Melton. There have been handsomer movie heroes than this lad, but his looks, except for a bit of fat, are passable. His voice, despite a nasal quality, is 'way better than that of the average crooner. As an actor, he's no bigger a ham than most of 'em. And yet, he doesn't get over; in fact, in "Melody For Two," he is the fly in what is otherwise an f.a.q. sample of screen musical-comedy ointment.

Story, musical numbers, bands and comedy in this opus are all well up to average. So, too, is chesty Patricia Ellis. Supporting cast is quite adequate. The catch is Mr. Melton. Don't ask me why; I've already given him credit for all his good points.

In spite of him, the film passes muster.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

THE LION'S ROAR

(A column of gossip devoted to the finest motion pictures.)

A truly great picture has come to Sydney.

★ ★ ★

"The Good Earth", starring Paul Muni and Luise Rainer, begins a season this week at the Liberty Theatre.

★ ★ ★

It is a faithful transcription of the magnificent drama that Pearl S. Buck tore from the heart of China.

★ ★ ★

It starts with the first page of the book . . . and then . . . page by page . . . chapter by chapter follows the imperishable drama . . . the romance . . . the triumph and despair of this man, his women and his people . . .

★ ★ ★

Grim famine ravages the north of China . . . revolution flames in the south . . . conscription in the armies of the war lords . . . terrifying legions of locusts hide the sun . . . but the love of Wang and O-lan endures . . . until hunger for the lips of Lotus, the sing-song girl, makes Wang forget the heart of O-lan.

★ ★ ★

These and other memorable events from the great book bring you a romantic drama such as the screen has never dared offer before.

★ ★ ★

Of this grand film . . . one of the costliest ever made . . . the *"New York Morning Telegraph"* writes:

"The motion picture reaches one of the highest peaks of its career in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer transcription of "The Good Earth" . . .

It is a mighty achievement . . . a film that both Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios and the motion picture industry can well be proud of. And quite possibly one of the mightiest films that the world has ever seen . . ."

SPECIAL SOUVENIR. A remarkable 20-page (cover in two colors) Souvenir of "The Good Earth" (size 11 x 8), containing full story of the film in pictures and interesting facts about its production, is available to readers of "The Lion's Roar." Send 7d. in stamps to "The Good Earth" Souvenir, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Chalmers Street, Sydney.

Yours for entertainment,
LEO, of M-G-M.

Do you long for a LOVER?

—Listen for him on Mondays at 9 p.m. from 4BK-AK; 2CH or 6IX-WB. Every Wednesday from 3DB-LK at 8.15 p.m., and 5AD-MU-PI at 8.30 p.m.

Asthma Cause Killed in 24 Hours

Thanks to the discovery of an American physician, it is now possible to get rid of those terrible spells of choking, gasping, coughing and wheezing Asthma by killing the true cause which is Germs in the blood. No more burning of powders, no more hypodermic injections. This new discovery, Mendaco, starts to work in 3 minutes, killing the Germ cause of Asthma, also refreshing the blood and restoring vitality so that you can sleep soundly all night, eat anything and work and enjoy life. Mendaco is so successful it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 24 hours, and to stop your Asthma completely in 8 days, or money back on return of empty package. Get Mendaco from your chemist to-day. Refuse a substitute. The guarantee protects you.***

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Charmosan Cold Cream is now being packed in a new square jar specially made for it. This cream is, as you know, all the rage for cleansing the skin at night and for massage to get rid of wrinkles, crows feet, sagging flesh, etc.

In order to introduce the new jar quickly to the public the Australasian distributors are making this offer.

Go to your chemist, draper or store and buy one jar of Creme Charmosan and one box of Charmosan face powder and get a cash receipt docket for your purchase. Send this docket together with sixpence in stamps to Clement Black and Coy., Little Regent St., Sydney, or Clement Black and Company, 316 Collins St., Melbourne, giving your name and address plainly, and a full size jar of Charmosan Cold Cream will be posted to you by return mail.

This offer applies to New Zealand as well as the Commonwealth.

The sixpence in stamps is to pay the postage on the free jar.

This offer closes on the 31st July, 1937.

Charmosan face cremes & powder the choice of the stars

IF YOU DON'T WANT A COLD—read this

At this time of the year the air is full of germs looking for a home.

They take the line of "least resistance." Recently a world-famous scientist said: "Modern science has demonstrated conclusively that resistance to infection is primarily a matter of proper feeding." In other words, germs show a preference for the under-vitaminised, people whose diet is short of Vitamins and whose condition is therefore "below par."

Thousands of colds could be prevented—*are* prevented—by Vitamins. During a recent Influenza epidemic the Bemax office and factory staffs were given Bemax daily; at the height of the epidemic the Company was able to notify the Ministry of Health that there was not a single absentee.

A Medical Officer, reporting the result of a test with Bemax, stated:—

"The general improvement in health and stamina was in many cases remarkable, **absence of the usual colds and other winter ailments** being an especially notable result of the treatment."

Keep free from colds: keep free from 'Flu—keep fit on

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THE RICHEST NATURAL VITAMIN TONIC FOOD

From Chemists and Stores.

3/6 a tin—a month's supply for an adult.

For CONSTIPATION

Mother! Keep baby's habits regular and bloodstream cool during teething by giving Steedman's Powders. The gentle, safe aperient used by mothers for over 100 years—for children up to 14 years.

Give **STEEDMAN'S POWDERS**

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THE *Four* MARYS

Continued from Page 34

"GO on—have yourself a time," said Kilmartin. He pulled her hair gently. It was her father's trick. It made Mimi cry all the more. "Come, come!" said Kilmartin at length. "Tell us what all the shooting's about."

Mimi sat up and pushed back her red hair from her wet, distorted face. "Much obliged for the first aid," she said. "I've just come from Elizabeth's."

"Hope you left her the same," said Kilmartin. He pulled up a straight-backed chair and straddled it, watching Mimi keenly.

"I left her as pink and fresh as a radish," said Mimi. Her voice caught on a final sob.

"And what did she say to you to upset your little applecart like this?"

"It was what she wouldn't say," said Mimi. She forced a smile. Then perhaps because Kilmartin already knew so much it couldn't hurt to have him know more, perhaps because talking eased her bruised and baffled soul that silence could only bruise and baffle more deeply, she told him every word she had said to Elizabeth, every word Elizabeth had said to her.

At the end, when she looked to him for approbation and understanding, he shook his head, frowning.

"You simpleton," he said, "you hopeless half-wit! Thought all you had to do was to step up and ask a woman for her husband, did you? Thought she'd hand him over to you like a package that had been delivered to her by mistake."

"I gave her a chance," said Mimi coldly, "to be decent about it. We're not living in the Dark Ages, you know. Two women could talk a thing like that over to-day."

"Rats!" said Kilmartin. "Neither to-day, yesterday, nor to-morrow. Truth of the matter is you two are merely staging a good old prehistoric catch-as-catch-can over a guy that is getting a kick out of watching you. So long as he's not in any danger himself."

"That's a lie," said Mimi, rigid with rage.

"Go on, kid yourself all you please," said Kilmartin disgustedly, "but you're riding for an awful fall. If you think you'll last five minutes with Wythe after he finds out what you were there for this afternoon—"

Mimi reached for her hat and put it on blindly. Kilmartin got up, pushed his chair aside and laid a hand on her shoulder.

"Don't be sore, Mimi," he said. "I'll keep my mouth shut. It's none of my business, anyhow."

"You don't have to say any more," said Mimi huskily. "You've said enough." She put on her coat, picked up her bag and gloves.

"Listen," said Kilmartin. "I was going to make you a swell stew." His usually cynical grin was all at once a trifle anxious.

"Thanks," said Mimi briefly. She moved towards the door.

"Where are you going?" said Kilmartin. He took a long-legged stride or so and was there before her. Held it shut.

"Home," said Mimi.

"Don't be a sap. You'll be way too late for dinner."

"I'm not hungry. Open the door, please."

Kilmartin's own Irish temper blazed up to meet such wrong-headed insolence.

"All right. Go and good-bye to you!"

"Good-bye," said Mimi, not so much as looking at him. He opened the door for her and she went.

MIMI got back to Connecticut that night to learn that in the early afternoon Raymond had slipped and fallen on an icy sidewalk, breaking a couple of ribs, and sustaining a slight concussion of the brain.

Though the concussion was wearing off by the time Mimi got home, Molly had already wired Judy, in Bay City, of her son's accident and received in reply a telegram full of maternal flutterings, ending, however, with a dash into hard fact: "Arrive Thursday." It was then Monday.

"Where will you put her?" asked Mimi after polite but perfunctory inquiries as to Raymond's present state. She and Molly and Meg were sitting around the table in the dining-room.

Mimi had been late for dinner, as Kilmartin had predicted; but, Susy having left for the night, Molly, after some show of annoyance, had produced a bowl of hot soup, some cold sliced lamb, half a head of lettuce with Russian dressing, and Mimi ate like a starved young wolf. She who had thought she would never care to look at food again. Meg watched her with suppressed tenderness, Molly with amusement a trifle sardonic.

"Judy will have to sleep in my room, of course," said Molly.

"Mother," said Meg imploringly, "you know how badly you sleep."

"Can't be helped," said Molly.

"Why don't you have a cot put in for her?" asked Mimi.

Molly regarded her granddaughter with surprised approval. "That's not a bad idea. Might be able to borrow one."

"And why put it in your room?" pursued Mimi capably. "Why not put it in Raymond's? Then if he wants anything during the night—water or whatever—there'd be his doting parent all ready to leap to her feet."

A CALL drifted down from Meg's room. "Grandma—oh, grandma!"

"I'll go," said Mimi.

"Stay where you are, child," said Molly. "If I don't come down again can you two clean up?"

"I should hope so, mother," said Meg. "And don't let Raymond keep you talking. Do go to bed and get a rest."

When Molly had gone Mimi inquired disinterestedly, "How is Raymond, really? Broken ribs are nothing to raise a howl about. Tommy Gaunt's always getting something like that out of polo."

"Raymond's not very strong," said Meg. "And he got quite a bad fall. The doctor took three stitches in his head."

Please turn to Page 70

ANYONE who loves the pretty rooms illustrated in the magazines or shown on the films can have similar ones in her own home. Anne Stewart's book, "The Colorful Home", will show you how to plan color schemes and make dingy rooms smart and charming at little cost.

This valuable book is absolutely free—just fill in the coupon and send for it to-day!

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Rheumatism

Sufferers can now get Permanent Relief

This great "mystery" disease claims more victims every year than almost any other complaint suffered by the human race. This agonising disease not only makes the lives of men and women a torture, but Rheumatism is responsible for more loss of employment than any other complaint.

This is according to British Government Statistics.

But men, and women, too—by the thousand—are daily learning of a reliable method of getting relief from Rheumatism. Once more they know how to enjoy life. Work and play are no longer handicapped by that constant agony in joints or muscles which makes their days a torture and their nights a misery. No longer do they risk the heart-weakening strain Rheumatism brings.

THIS FREEDOM

has been secured by the use of a remedy sold by the thousand bottles daily the world over—De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills.

The Englishman, the Australian and New Zealander, the South African, Argentino or Peruvian, the Hindu and the Chinese are all daily using De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. In Siam, the islands of the Pacific, the tropical jungles of Brazil, or the malaria-laden swamps of Colombia and Panama, men and women depend on De Witt's Pills when their kidneys are out of order, or Rheumatic Pains torture them. Always they find their trust amply repaid in the blessed relief they experience. Our files are laden with letters of grateful thanks from all over the world.

No ridiculous cure-all properties are claimed for De Witt's Pills. They are made for the special purpose of ending rheumatism, backache, bladder trouble and the pain and weakness caused by kidney trouble. De Witt's Pills will not only rid you of your pain, but their splendid tonic action will bring back renewed vigour and vitality. Sold only in the white, blue and gold box. Splendid for men and women at all times—and children, too. Get relief to-day by getting the genuine De Witt's Pills. You will bless the day you took this advice.

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Greatest of all Kotex inventions

★THE NEW WONDERSOFT KOTEX

1. Sides cushioned in downy cotton to eliminate chafing.
2. Holds its shape—no more discomfort from twisting.
3. Increased security and economy —by lengthening the hours of protection.

Kotex scientists, with the help of a Testing Board of 600 women, have created . . . in Wondersoft Kotex . . . the *perfect* sanitary pad.

★ The sides are cushioned in downy cotton to prevent chafing, yet *the centre of the pad is left free* to absorb instantly.

Three times, Kotex improvements have earned Patent protection. First — rounded, tapered ends that make protection invisible. Second — the famous Equalizer, that controls absorption lengthwise and increases efficiency. Now the third and greatest improvement—the new Wondersoft Kotex. It includes *all* the exclusive Kotex features. It is exactly the same size as before, but the comfort is NEW, and *cannot* be copied.

In America, *8 out of 10* women choose Wondersoft . . . the same improved Kotex that is now available in Australia. Wondersoft Kotex is the only sanitary pad made with Cellucotton, which absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture. It is 5 times as absorbent as cotton.

Buy Wondersoft Kotex from chemists and stores—at the lowest standard price ever asked for Kotex.

Wondersoft Kotex is completely disposable.

1/6 BOX OF 12 PADS

Box of 4 pads, 6d. West. Aust. prices, 1/9 and 7d.

One woman tells another about this new comfort

WONDERFORM

KOTEX BELT 2/

● Do you know the ripe beauty Michel gives your lips? How infinitely soft it makes them? How warm and appealing?

One touch of Michel lipstick lasts all day—through all sorts of engagements and all kinds of weather. Michel is truly indelible. Its creamy base guards against dryness and parching. Its flattering color gives fresh, young beauty to your mouth. Its perfume is delicate and delightful. Try Michel and see how truly lovely *your* lips can be. *Avoid imitations.*

TOUCH YOUR LIPS WITH YOUTH

5 APPEALING SHADES
Blonde, Scarlet, Vivid, Raspberry, Cherry.

For an entrancing complexion, use Michel adherent compact rouge; for eye beauty, use non-irritating waterproof Michel cosmetique.

Michel LIPSTICK

From all Chemists and Stores.

"REALLY necessary," persisted Mimi "to have Judy come up?"

"Mother thought it necessary to wire her," said Meg. "I don't think she quite expected Judy to start North at once. As you say—it's not too serious."

"Just a swell excuse for Judy to make us another visit."

Meg was tired, too. She had been running up and down stairs all afternoon, conferring with the doctor, helping Molly plan for the sudden dislocation of household routine. She said now, picking up Mimi's soup bowl and plate and starting for the kitchen, "I'm not looking forward to having Judy around any more than you are, Mimi."

Raymond was not an ideal patient. In the three days before Judy reached his bedside he managed to wear out Molly, Meg and Susy in varying degrees. Susy perhaps suffered least because she refused to believe his illness was not "jus' laziness an' general cussedness."

Judy got there Thursday afternoon about dusk. She paid her taxi, left Susy to look after her bags, and sped up the stairs. Meeting Molly on the landing, she cried, "Oh, Mother Davis, where is he? I've been about out of my mind!"

Molly said, "In there, Judy."

In Meg's room Judy found Raymond propped up on pillows, stretching out yearning arms. Raymond's sense of drama was really in its way reliable.

"Oh, my baby, my baby!" cried Judy, flinging herself down upon her knees beside the bed, flinging an arm about the invalid's neck.

"Oh, li'l' mamma!" cried Raymond. "I thought you'd never come!"

Molly turned and went back into her bedroom, where Mimi presently followed her.

"What's going on in there?" asked Mimi casually. "Sounds like an old-time camp-meeting."

"It seems Judy has been worried," said Molly wearily. She lay back in her big chair with her eyes closed, her heavily-veined hands listless on the arms of it.

Mimi watched her grandmother for a moment in silence. Then she went over and touched the back of an exquisitely manicured forefinger lightly to that wrinkled cheek. "Tell me what the invalid gets for dinner. I'll fix his tray."

"YOU wouldn't know how," said Molly. She smiled faintly. "Thank you, my dear. I'll attend to it myself presently."

"Stay where you are," said Mimi. "I'm thinking up something tasty with a spot of prussic acid in it. No, really, granny, you're tired. Susy and I will bump him off together." Going out of the door, she met Judy coming in. "How are you, Aunt Judy?" she said coolly. "Anxiety agrees with you. Never saw you looking better."

"Thank you," said Judy promptly. "I wish I could say the same for you, Mimi. What have you been doing to yourself?" As if that shallow, bright-blue eye stripped one to the bone.

Judy went in and sat with Molly, to whom in the course of half an hour she confided that she knew she worried too much about the young people, but if she were Meg and had a daughter like Mimi she wouldn't be able to sleep at night. "Women can't have changed so horribly. Isn't there any place in the world to-day for just a sweet old-fashioned girl, Mother Davis?" demanded Judy mournfully.

"THERE aren't any fashions in women," said Molly, goaded into acknowledgement, surprising even herself. "There are only fashions in dress and behaviour. Women go on pretty much the same." Nevertheless, she regarded Judy warily. Judy was obviously resentful—offended by something Mimi had said; and an angry woman was like an angry cat. You never knew which way it might jump.

Raymond for the next few days kept everyone within his reach busy. The stitches on his head healed slowly, and a slight infection set in. The doctor said he must be kept in bed on a light diet. Must not use his eyes—therefore must be read to.

"I know just what's ahead of me," sighed Judy, touching her eyes with her handkerchief. "I've taken care of him so many times."

The doctor was an elderly practitioner from the village with a bedside manner which had comforted a good many into and out of the world. Judy's plump Dresden charm touched the ageing springs of gallantry in him. He gave her a sedative for her nerves and asked Meg to keep an eye on her. "Don't let that little woman do too much. She doesn't know how to spare herself."

"I'll try to keep her from complete self-immolation," said Meg gravely.

To be Continued

THE *Four* MARYS

Continued from Page 69

BETTER FAR

Sundials? Sundials?
By a garden path?
How infinitely better
Is a stone bird-bath!

Sundials! Sundials!
Have them if you will—
Mine shall be a garden
Where time stands still.
—M.E.C.

Here is Token No. 19 for The Australian Women's Weekly "Peoples of the World in Pictures." **PW 19**

Here is Token No. 58 for The Australian Women's Weekly Australian Home Gardener. **G 58**

Here is Token No. 34 for The Australian Women's Weekly Mammoth Wonder Book. **WB 34**

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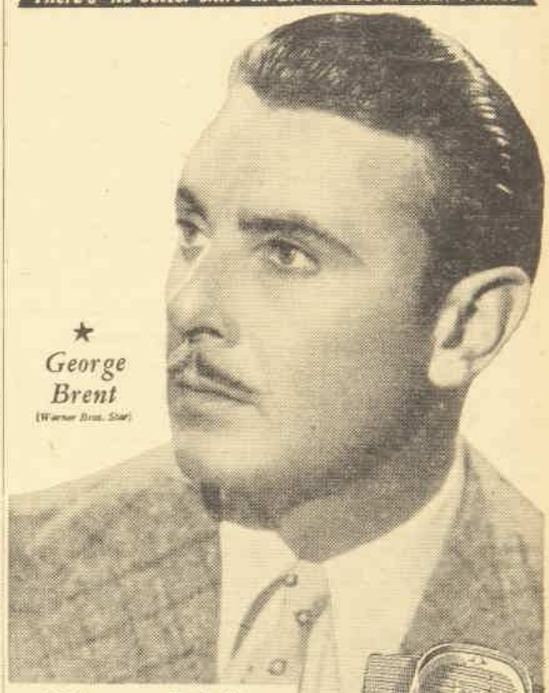

★ *George Brent*
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Shirt and Collar just right . . THEY *MUST* BE IN HOLLYWOOD

In his dress, George Brent is acclaimed by many to be the very acme of good taste—a reputation which owes not a little to his careful selection of good shirts and collars. A good shirt plays such an important part in a man's appearance. You will notice this when you try on a Pelaco . . . how easy and comfortable you feel . . . how confident you are that you look fresh and immaculate.

See the wide range of Pelaco shirts at your local store—available in the latest colours, stripes and fabrics, and priced from 6/11 to 17/6. Specify "Pelaco" and accept nothing "just as good."

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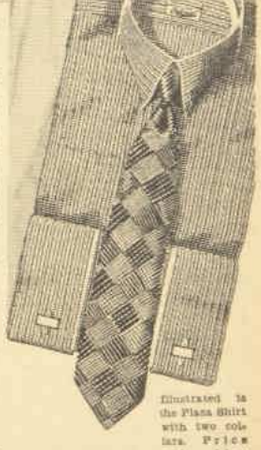

Illustrated is the Plaza Shirt with two collars. Price 8/11. Also available with collar attached ("Derby"), Price 8/6.

Don't ask for just "a shirt"—specify . . .

Pelaco

SHIRTS COLLARS AND PYJAMAS

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HAZARD

Continued from Page 10

"I HEAR you," he replied. "So, I imagine, can everyone else in this place. There is a great deal I must say to you, but this is not the moment. My whole object now is to avert a scandal. Explanations—oh, yes, they will be hard enough to make—can come later."

"I don't care a fig for scandal," declared Miss Wyse, stormily. "People may say what they please—it is nothing to me. But that I should find you here—that you should have—oh, it is cruel of you, Carlyon."

"I'm sorry, Fanny," he said. "You'll find the truth hard to believe, but I promise you you shall hear the truth from me. I beg of you, be calm. I will myself escort you back to town——"

"Do not touch me!" said Miss Wyse, retreating. "You shan't take me back. I won't go with you."

He regarded her with a kind of weary patience. "Then perhaps you will tell me what you mean to do," he said.

Miss Wyse lowered her handkerchief and looked boldly across at him.

"I'm going to Gretna Green," she announced. "And nothing you can say will stop me."

"Have you taken leave of your senses?" he demanded. "There's no question of going to Gretna. And if there were, what in the name of heaven could possess you to go there?"

"I'm going to be married there!" said Miss Wyse, in a rapt voice.

"Oh, no, you are not!" replied the Marquis forcibly. "Though it is just like you to do your best to turn everything to dramatic account. If you go to Gretna, you'll go alone."

Miss Wyse gave a shriek at this. "Good Heavens! What do you mean to do?" she cried, running forward and clasping her hands about his arm. "Charles, I implore you, have mercy."

The Marquis disengaged himself, looking down at her in the liveliest astonishment. Even supposing her to be on the verge of a fit of strong hysterics, her behaviour seemed to him inexplicable. He was just about to inquire the reason for her last outburst when the door into the coffee-room was burst open, and a young man in a bottle-green coat strode into the parlor and checked on the threshold, staring in a challenging way at Carlyon.

HIS bearing, though not his dress, proclaimed the soldier. He was about five-and-twenty years old, with a fresh, pleasant countenance, and a curly crop of brown hair brushed into the Brutus style made fashionable by Mr. Brummell.

Carlyon, turning his head to observe the newcomer, said somewhat irascibly:

"This, my good sir, is a private room."

Miss Wyse released Carlyon's arm and sped towards the intruder, upon whose manly bosom she seemed more than half inclined to swoon.

"Henry!" she cried. "This is Carlyon himself."

Henry said in a grave, rather conscious voice, "I apprehended that it could be none other. I beg of you, however, not to be alarmed. My lord, I must request the favor of a few words with you alone."

"Oh, no, he will kill you!" quavered Miss Wyse, grasping the lapels of his coat.

The Marquis put a hand to his brow.

"Who the devil are you?" he demanded.

"I do not expect my name to be known to your lordship, but it is Dobell—Henry Dobell, Captain in the —th Foot, and at present on furlough from the Peninsula. I am aware that my action must appear to you desperate; of the impropriety of it I am, alas, miserably aware. Yet, my lord, I believe that when it is explained any man of sensibility must inevitably——"

The Marquis checked this flow of eloquence with an unflung hand.

"Captain Dobell, have you ever been badly foxed?" he said sternly.

"Foxed, sir?" repeated the Captain, quite taken aback.

"Yes, foxed!" snapped the Marquis.

The Captain gave a cough and replied:

"Well sir, well—I must suppose that every man at some time or another——"

"Have you?" interrupted the Marquis.

"Yes, sir, I have!"

"Then you must know what it is to have a head like mine this morning, and I beg you'll spare me any more long-winded speeches, and tell me in plain words what you're doing here?" said Carlyon.

Miss Wyse, finding herself out of the picture, thought it proper at this moment to interject:

"I love him!"

"You need not hang upon his neck if you do," replied the Marquis unsympathetically. "Is he a relative of yours whom you have dragged into this affair?"

"Relative! No!" said Miss Wyse, affronted. "He is the man I love!"

"The man you—" The Marquis stopped short. "Good heavens! Is this an elopement?" he demanded.

"But—but you know it is!" stammered Miss Wyse.

The Marquis, who had almost reeled under the shock, recovered himself and came towards him. "No, no, I"d not the least idea of it!" he said. "I thought—well, it's no matter what I thought. You must allow me to offer you my most sincere felicitations! Are you on your way to Gretna Green? Let me advise you to lose no time. In fact, I think you should set forward again at once. You may be pursued, you know."

"But did you not come in pursuit of us, sir?" asked the astonished Captain.

"No, no, nothing of the sort!" replied the Marquis, grasping his hand and wringing it fervently. "You have nothing in the world to fear from me, my dear fellow. I wish you every imaginable happiness!"

"Every imaginable happiness?" cried Miss Wyse indignantly. "Have you forgot that I am engaged to you, Carlyon?"

"You will be much happier with Henry," the Marquis assured her.

"The advertisement will be in today's 'Gazette'!"

The Hour

I, and the quiet sunset,
You, and the velvet night,
And the hour that falls between the two
Will carry you from my sight.

I, and the waiting silence
Shadowed by sails of ships;
Your eyes are beating upon my soul,
And the dear red curve of your lips.

You, then the vast wide ocean,
Why am I standing thus?
Oh, the light of the day is ended,
And nothing is left to us.

—Yvonne Webb.

"Don't let that weigh with you. Is a mere advertisement to stand in the path of true love?" said the Marquis. "I'll repudiate it immediately. Leave everything to me!"

"Don't you want to marry me?" gasped Miss Wyse.

"Not in the—not when your heart is given to another!" said his lordship, with aplomb.

"But Mamma said—and your Mamma, too—and everybody, that I must accept you because you were desperately in love with me, and it had been understood for so many years. Only when I had done it I knew all at once I couldn't bear it, and I sent for Henry, and——"

"Very right and proper," approved his lordship. "I could wish, of course, that you had sent for Henry before I wrote the advertisement for the 'Gazette,' but never mind that now. The thing is for you to waste no time upon this journey."

The Captain, who had been gazing upon his lordship in a bemused way, said in a much-moved voice: "Sir, your generosity does you honor! An explanation of conduct which you must deem treacherous indeed is due to you."

"No, no, pray don't explain anything to me!" begged the Marquis. "My head is none too clear, you know. Let me take you out to your chaise!"

The Captain, finding himself propelled towards the door, hung back and said: "We stopped here to partake of breakfast, sir!"

"Not to be thought of!" said Carlyon firmly. "At any moment you may be overtaken and Fanny wrested from your arms. You must make all possible speed to Gretna."

THE mere thought of being wrested from the Captain's arms caused Miss Wyse to add her entreaties to his lordship's. Captain Dobell, still faintly protesting, was swept out of the inn, informed that this was no time to be thinking of food and drink, and pushed up into his chaise. He made a second attempt to explain his elopement to Carlyon, but at a sign from the Marquis the postboys whipped up their horses, and the chaise bowled off down the street, with the Captain hanging out of the window and shouting a final message to the Marquis, the only words of which to reach him were "everlasting gratitude" and "eternally obliged."

The Marquis turned back into the inn and strode across the coffee-room to the parlor. Miss Morland had emerged from the cupboard and was standing by the table, trying hard not to laugh. The Marquis said: "Did you hear, Helen?"

She nodded.

"Yes. I couldn't help hearing," she answered, a slight quaver in her otherwise solemn voice.

"We must go back to London at once," said the Marquis.

"Yes," agreed Miss Morland.

"For one thing," said the Marquis, "I want a change of clothes, and for another this Gretna scheme was a piece of nonsense. I am not going to be married in company with that pair. We must have a special licence."

"But we are not going to be married," said Miss Morland. "It was all a jest. I was mad—I never meant to come with you!"

"You had to come with me!" retorted the Marquis. "I won you, and you're mine."

Miss Morland was trembling a little.

"But——"

"I have been in love with you for months, and you know it!" said the Marquis.

"Oh!" said Miss Morland on the oddest little sob. "I did think sometimes that you were not—not indifferent to me, but indeed, indeed this is impossible!"

"Is it?" said the Marquis grimly. "We'll see!"

It seemed to Miss Morland that he swooped on her. Certainly she had no time to escape. She was nipped into a crushing embrace, and kissed so hard and so often that she had no breath left to expostulate. The Marquis did at last stop kissing her, but he showed not the least inclination to let her go, but looked down into her eyes and said in an awe-inspiring voice: "Well? Are you going to marry me?"

Miss Morland, quite cowed by such treatment, meekly nodded her head.

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Moods of Two Tennis Maids

GAY AGILITY— —INTENSITY AND— —AMIABILITY

SENORITA LIZANA, the champion Chilean, and Alice Marble, of U.S.A., are shown playing each other for a tennis title in England. The third picture shows their quaint reaction after the strenuous match. There is a fashion contrast also in the styles of their tennis garb.

WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Astrological Research Society

Cancerians are Easy-Going, But They "Get There"

People born between June 22 and July 23 belong to the zodiacal sign Cancer, and, as such, merit special attention.

They are interesting folk, often seeming deceptively "soft" and easy-going, yet having within themselves the power to achieve great things in life, and to enjoy more success and happiness than do most people.

CANCERIANS know what they want—and when they want it—yet are inclined to daily and procrastinate to such an extent that associates feel like placing a bomb in their vicinity in the hope that the shock will bring action.

Many opportunities are lost to them because of this dilatoriness, but once let the Cancerian grasp an opportunity, and it is a forgone conclusion that he will turn it to account.

Astrologically, the sign Cancer is symbolised by a crab, and people having friends who belong to this sign will find that they ape the crab characteristics to a rather amazing degree.

They are slow, but sure, rather timid of battles or arguments of an unpleasant nature, and inclined to run from trouble. Perhaps this is an expression of unconscious wisdom on the part of Cancerians, for peace and serenity are absolutely essential to their health and happiness.

These people should never be upset near mealtimes—either by quarrels, upsets, rushing or excitement. Such things have an adverse effect upon their digestive processes, bringing nervous reactions which, in turn, create afflictions such as indigestion, dyspepsia, and general stomach ailments.

They love to travel, particularly by water, and are capable of carrying their homes with them in the shape of sentimental or familiar and comfortable possessions.

Despite an inborn shyness and reserve, they love to contact the public, and shine as shopkeepers or makers of foods or other public commodities.

They also succeed in journalistic, domestic, architectural, interior decorating or gardening spheres, and as miners, soldiers, sailors, doctors, designers and diplomats.

Cancer people will find that their most harmonious and helpful friends and partners (whether marriage or business) will usually come from among those born under the signs Scorpio (October 24 to November 23); Pisces (February 19 to March 21), and Cancer (June 22 to July 23).

Those born under the signs Taurus (April 21 to May 22), and Virgo (August 24 to September 24) can aid them also, and a strong attraction may be felt for Capricornians (December 22 to January 20), Arians (March 21 to April 21), and Librans (September 23 to October 24).

The Daily Diary

TRY to use this information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Live very quietly. Attempt no new ventures of importance. Try to guard against difficulties and delays, especially on July 7, 8 and 9 (early).

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Just fair on July 11 (night), 12 and 13.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Routine work. July 12 and 13 poor.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Work hard. Chase opportunities. Be optimistic and confident. Make important changes and seek advancement, especially on July 7, 8 and 9 (morning). July 12 and 13 also good.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Unspectacular. July 9, 10 and 11, fair.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Quite fair on July 11 (after 3 p.m.), 12 and 13.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Be cautious in all you do. Annoyances, upsets and difficulties can be expected, especially on July 7, 8 and 9.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 22): Splendid days for you on July 11, 12 and 13 (a.m. only). Work hard, seek promotions, ask favors. Begin new ventures. Opportunities may arise.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): July 9, 10 and 11 (in dusk) fair.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Beware of losses, entanglements, arguments and worries. Take things quietly, especially on July 7, 8 and 9.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Routine best. July 9, 10, 11, poor.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Go after the things you want. Your chances of success are good. Make important changes and seek improvements, especially on July 7, 8 and 9 (a.m.).

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them.—Editor, A.W.W.]

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Portrait of a Rebel

... BY ...

Netta Syrett

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FREE SUPPLEMENT TO THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY.

COMPLETE BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL

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PORTRAIT OF A REBEL

By NETTA SYRETT

HAMPSTEAD was a country village when Pamela Thistlewaite and her twin sister Fanny were born at Gideon Grange on the edge of the then almost undesecrated Heath.

At the time of their birth their father, later to become Mr. Justice Thistlewaite, was a rising barrister.

Two years previously, at the age of thirty, he had married a girl of seventeen, charmingly pretty and sufficiently ignorant and ill-educated to reinforce his preconceived notions as to the mental inferiority of women.

In choosing a wife Charles Thistlewaite required two things only—beauty and gentle birth. Possessing both qualifications, Fanny Seaforth, though impecunious, became eligible for an offer of marriage from the handsome if sardonic young man "with a future."

Fanny, or rather Fanny's mamma, promptly accepted it, and after a brief engagement, the lovely child became Mrs. Charles Thistlewaite.

Two years later, happily perhaps for her, she died in giving birth to twin girls.

In after years her daughters were glad to believe that their mother's brief married life had not been unhappy. Its brevity was in her favor.

Till the twins arrived, her husband, still enamored of her beauty, treated her with a condescending indulgence which she was far from resenting. What more could a young wife bred up in the traditions of the 'forties expect from her lord and master?

Even before the children's birth, however, his passion was on the wane, and it would certainly not have survived the blow of her failure to present him with a son. To have one daughter in place of the heir he awaited would have been vexing enough, but to be saddled with a brace of the inferior sex evinced an outrageous lack of tact on the part of Mrs. Thistlewaite.

She redeemed her mistake by dying immediately after its perpetration, and thereby certainly spared herself many a later sarcasm from the father of the unconscious infants.

Meanwhile, at his request, Mr. Thistlewaite's maiden aunt, a timid, diffident lady in the middle fifties, consented to make her home at Gideon Grange, and to order his household to the best of her self-mistrustful ability.

It was thus that Pamela and Fanny acquired Aunt Serena, and through her, in the fullness of time, their governess, Miss Piper.

The house in which the twins were born stood in its own grounds, surrounded by a high wall, and for Pamela that wall was symbolic. It fenced off its inmates from the world. Early in the eighteenth century, when Hampstead as a rural retreat was becoming fashionable, Gideon Grange had been built for Gideon Thistlewaite, a wealthy merchant, the great-grandfather of Charles.

On the death of his parents, which occurred a year prior to his marriage and within a few months of one another, Charles, their only child, inherited the house and all its belongings.

Charles Thistlewaite knew nothing and cared less for art, but having been told by his contemporaries that the furnishings of Gideon Grange was old-fashioned, he had given his prospective mother-in-law carte blanche to buy what she pleased, to make its rooms as far as possible fashionably up to date.

"I think Mamma's mother must have had very bad taste," was one of the remarks that later scandalised Aunt Serena as coming from Pamela, a child, who, as she remarked to Miss Piper, was altogether too forward in criticising. Miss Piper agreed with alacrity, and added that Pamela, she grieved to say, was difficult to keep in her place . . . But that was some time after Miss Piper's arrival.

She had come late one evening when the children were in bed, and at ten o'clock the next day the two little girls sat eagerly awaiting the first sight of their governess.

The sunshine of a summer morning eighty years ago lighted up a small panelled room, once the "boudoir" of their young mother, and streamed upon the bright heads of the children she had never known.

Perched on high stools opposite to one another at a table near the window sat the children of this childish mother, their legs encased in frilled pantalettes, their little feet in bronze sandalled shoes with crossed elastics, dangling. They were dressed alike in frocks with flounces to the waist of blue and white check, muslin crossovers and short puffed sleeves.

Later to be known for a season as "the beautiful Miss Thistlewaites," Pamela and Fanny were remarkably pretty children, inheriting beauty from both sides of the family.

Even while they awaited such a great event in their monotonous lives as the advent of a governess, the difference in the respective behaviour of the two children was sufficiently marked.

Fanny, apprehensive and shy in advance, was almost afraid to speak or move. Pamela pranced and wriggled with interest and excitement, and chattered incessantly.

There were footsteps at last on the black-and-white paved hall outside, the schoolroom door opened, and Aunt Serena and Miss Piper entered.

Aunt Serena was a shrivelled, gentle-looking little lady in a flowing gown.

Beside her, Miss Piper had something of the air of a grenadier masquerading in feminine apparel. She was a woman of fifty. Her face was massive and highly colored, her hair, black and shiny with pomade, disposed in curls like sausage rolls on the top of her head. She had hard black eyes (later described by Pamela as "peppermint bull's-eyes") and a commanding nose.

As the door opened, the two little girls simultaneously slid from their perches and executed curtsies taught them by Aunt Serena.

"This is Pamela, and this Fanny," said Miss Thistlewaite. "Come and shake hands with Miss Piper, my dears."

"I'm glad to see the curtsy," observed Miss Piper when each little hand had been offered and duly shaken. "There's a tendency nowadays to dispense with the formality. A mistake in my opinion." She addressed Aunt Serena, who replied in her customary nervous fashion.

"Oh yes, yes. I agree. Completely. Oh, absolutely!"

"Well now, may I look at their books?" demanded Miss Piper briskly. "Ah! backboards, I see. That's as it should be," with a glance towards a corner of the room where these rigid aids to deportment leant against the wall. "Have they also expanders? No? I really think it would be wise to procure them. They are very valuable for the improvement of the figure."

"What are expanders?" inquired Pamela.

Miss Piper looked a little astonished to be addressed suddenly in a self-possessed voice by a pupil so recently acquired, but made no reply. She crossed to the table and began turning over some books.

"Mangnall's 'Questions.' Admirable. I should have asked for this book to be procured if I had not found it here. My mother was a pupil at the school of that excellent woman, Mrs. Mangnall," she observed.

"Indeed?" murmured Miss Thistlewaite. "I was unaware that—that Mangnall was a—a person. But yes—now you mention it, of course, some one must have written the book. . . ." In Aunt Serena's hazy mind Mangnall's "Questions" merely existed as a fact in nature unapproached by any queries of her own.

"Of course some one wrote it!" put in Pamela, "and I always wondered who Mangnall was. I thought it was a man. Why isn't it called Mrs. Mangnall's 'Questions'? But I suppose she's dead? So she can't write any more now!"

THE note of satisfaction in her voice was reinforced by a mirthful laugh, and Miss Piper frowned.

"I should like to examine the rest of the books at my leisure, if that will be agreeable to you?" she said, addressing Miss Thistlewaite, and ignoring the too voluble child.

"Oh, certainly. By all means. I did not anticipate that lessons would begin this morning. Would you like the children to show you the garden before you begin your unpacking? Fetch your hats, my dears, and conduct Miss Piper. And remember, Pamela, not to be wild and run about like a tomboy. Walk quietly. It's too hot today for any exertion."

With a squeal of joy scarcely repressed by the sight of Aunt Serena's eyebrows lifted in despairing expostulation, Pamela seized her sister's hand and danced out of the room.

Miss Thistlewaite glanced deprecatingly at Miss Piper.

JAP CAKES | coffee glaze. | Prepared, processed and packed by

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"I am afraid you will find Pamela in need of much checking," she began.

"She certainly seems undisciplined," Miss Piper very slightly sniffed.

"Oh, I know! I know. . . . I am relieved to be able to hand her over to you. She's too much for me. I can't cope—— So excitable. So wild! Fanny now, as you may have remarked——?"

"The other child looks tractable. She appears to have all the shyness and timidity her sister lacks."

"Yes, except when it comes to defending Pamela. Then I own Fanny amazes me. She becomes——"

Miss Thistlewaite left the sentence unfinished. She rarely finished a sentence. "That is why I am thankful to have some one—— I feel it too great a responsibility —— Their father—— You know what gentlemen are? He leaves it all to me, and I am often unequal—— But now I shall rely—— You understand? . . . Ah, here they are coming back for you?"

The two little girls had reappeared, each wearing a flopping Leghorn hat, and their governess went in search of the bonnet and shawl without which no Victorian lady as self-respecting as Miss Piper ventured out, even into a garden, on a June day.

CHARLES THISTLEWAITE spent as little time as possible in his home, his rooms in the city being a much more congenial habitation to a man of his temperament than a house filled with "a pack of women." Sunday was the exception to his rule of absence, and Sunday was the day dreaded by his children, who did not breathe freely till early on Monday morning when the brougham came round to transport Papa to that mysterious "city" from which he emerged once a week.

His introduction to the latest addition to his pack of women took place on the Sunday morning after Miss Piper's arrival.

"The children's governess has come, Charles," Aunt Serena announced timidly when she met her nephew in the breakfast-room ten minutes before the gong rang. "We had both retired last night before you came in. She will be down to breakfast in a few minutes."

"Oh?" returned her nephew in an indifferent tone. "What's her name?"

"Miss Piper. Miss—er—Charlotte Piper."

"Her Christian name is no particular concern of mine. I'm not proposing to call her Lotty," he remarked with the twisted sardonic smile that always terrified Miss Thistlewaite. Aunt Serena was not endowed with a sense of humor.

"Oh, no! Charles," she returned hurriedly in a shocked tone. "I'm sure you wouldn't! She's not the kind—— I mean she's a most exemplary——"

Furtively she glanced at him, and while she summoned up courage to break the silence the irrelevant thought darted into her mind that dear Charles was exceedingly handsome.

Presumably unconscious of his aunt's desire to discuss Miss Piper, he went on glancing through the bundle of papers before him.

"I hope you'll approve of my choice, Charles," she quavered at last. "Miss Piper has been for twenty years governess in an excellent school in Cheltenham. She bears an unexceptional moral character. The headmistress cannot speak——"

"Too highly of her worth," Mr. Thistlewaite concluded the sentence for her. "My dear Aunt Serena, I'm sure she's everything that's admirable, and I needn't be consulted. The children are in your charge. I leave them to you with every confidence —and much relief."

The last words were drowned by the reverberations of the breakfast gong, and as they died down, Miss Piper entered, followed by the two little girls.

Miss Thistlewaite nervously effected an introduction and the children came forward to offer limp little hands to their father.

Never in his life had he kissed either of them.

The family then seated itself at the breakfast-table, Aunt Serena behind the coffee urn.

Perfunctory questions concerning Miss Piper's journey addressed to her by the master of the house, and the lady's polite replies, broke the silence which usually prevailed at meal times, and presently under cover of the desultory stream of talk the children ventured upon a murmured conversation which, escaping notice at first, led to more pronounced chatter. A sudden silence on the part of their elders was their undoing.

"I thought there was a rule of no talking at meals?" observed Mr. Thistlewaite in his dry voice, looking not at his offspring, but at their responsible aunt.

"Yes, Charles. I don't know why——" Miss Thistlewaite characteristically paused.

"Let us discover what is the important subject under discussion. Now, Pamela, now, Fanny, let us hear the subject of your doubtless brilliant remarks to one another."

Dead silence. Fanny hung her head, her face scarlet, her eyes filling with tears; Pamela, equally flushed, though tearless, flung an inimical glance at her father.

"Come, I'm waiting for an answer. What were you talking about?"

"Nothing," said Pamela shortly.

"That was indeed intelligent! Please explain how the subject could rouse so much animation. For instance, what was your last remark, Fanny?"

It was Pamela who replied.

"I said I hoped we shouldn't have to go to church, and Fanny didn't answer at all—because there wasn't time."

In her high, clear voice there was a hint of scorn. She was dimly conscious of her father's cruelty in addressing the child least capable of a reply, and anything but dimly aware of her own angry resentment.

"Dear me! But that's shocking!" put in Miss Piper. "Little girls not wanting to go to church? Fie!"

"It's raining," said Pamela sulkily.

"With mackintoshes and goloshes to protect us, a little rain is of no account," pursued Miss Piper. "How far is your church?" she went on, turning to Miss Thistlewaite.

Thankful for the digression, the children listened to Aunt Serena's incoherent directions as to the exact position of Hampstead church—an entirely unnecessary explanation since, never failing to attend divine service herself, she would in a few moments conduct the party thither.

It had stopped raining and the sun was struggling through clouds by the time the family set out for church, Miss Thistlewaite and Miss Piper behind, the children in their best silk pelisses, feathered hats and clean pantalettes, some little distance in front.

The chiming of the bells had changed to the clashing note that preceded their cessation just as the party from Gideon Grange reached the gate.

"We haven't decided what to think about in the sermon," whispered Fanny.

"The bower," returned Pamela hurriedly. "How we can make it prettier for Titania, you know."

Fanny nodded.

The choice of a common subject for meditation during the hour's sermon that was the least to be expected in every well-conducted church in their childhood was an established ritual with the little girls. Titania's bower, a structure which with infinite pains they had contrived in a clearing of the shrubbery, had for some time been the engrossing interest of their lives, and it was almost a foregone conclusion that "the bower" should provide them with interesting material for reflection during that portion of the service in which, as Pamela expressed it, "Mr. Collins had it all his own way."

While he thundered from the pulpit of fire and brimstone, of God's wrath, and the means to avert its consequences, the children, wrapped in a happy dream, saw Titania in her bower sending forth her elves to war with reremice, steal from the honeybee, and dance and gambol in the moonlight of a magical wood.

It was to Pamela, leader in everything, that Fanny owed her part in this enchanting vision.

Thanks to the children's grandfather, Gideon Grange possessed a fine library.

It was Pamela who asked questions, who pressed for information, who learnt so rapidly that her aunt gasped for breath, finding it almost impossible to supply her with a sufficient number of facts to be learnt "by heart." She ran through Mangnall's "Questions" in a flash, learnt hymns and texts with terrifying swiftness, and like a hungry puppy was for ever clamoring for mental food and receiving the stone which was all poor Aunt Serena had to offer.

In despair, Miss Thistlewaite had finally allowed the child to read "improving" books for part at least of the time devoted to lessons, and it was thus that Pamela became acquainted with the works of one William Shakespeare.

TITANIA, Oberon, Puck, Peaseblossom, Mustard Seed became the daily companions of the little girls. Boughs and branches, moss and leaves, were eagerly collected for the bower in the shrubbery which contained a "bank" upon which the wild thyme, carefully imported from the Heath, obstinately refused to grow.

"And now to God the Father" . . .

The congregation, not a few members echoing the sigh of relief breathed by Pamela and Fanny, rose to its feet, and at last the service was over. Its dreary length had been to some extent lightened for the children by their private meditations, combined with furtive smiles directed towards the pew containing Catherine Mavor.

"Now you'll see! If Mrs. Mavor does ask us, we shan't be allowed to go," whispered Pamela under cover of the rustling and shuffling made by the stream of people issuing from the church.

At the gate of the churchyard, eagerly waiting for the appearance of the twins, stood their little friend Cathy Mavor with her mother.

"Ah! here you all are!" Mrs. Mavor exclaimed cheerfully. "How d'you do, dears? Catherine so hopes they may come to tea to-morrow, Miss Thistlewaite?" she went on, turning to Aunt Serena.

Pamela squeezed Fanny's arm, and both children listened breathlessly for the reply.

"Oh—er—may I introduce Miss Piper? . . Mrs. Mavor."

The ladies bowed, and Miss Thistlewaite went on hesitatingly. "So kind of you . . . But Miss Piper, you see—newly arrived in

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would scarcely be wise—their lessons, you know. Children, shake hands with your little friend," she hastily interpolated, glad to gain time.

"Oh, mayn't they come?" begged Catherine, a plump little girl of nine or ten. "They never come," she added, pouting discontentedly.

"Hush, Cathy!" the mother admonished mildly, and then to Miss Thistlewaite. "Of course you know best. We are sorry . . . Whenever you can spare the children we shall be glad to see them. It has cleared up nicely after the rain, hasn't it? How tall Pamela and Fanny are growing!"

Mrs. Mavor turned towards Church Row, and the others in the opposite direction.

"Oh, Aunt Serena, why can't we go?" Pamela cried, disappointment and anger combined making her voice shrill.

Miss Thistlewaite was beginning a more or less conciliatory reply when Miss Piper interrupted.

"Little girls questioning?" she asked in her deep booming voice. "That will never do. Shocking. Quite shocking!"

Pamela shook her shoulders impatiently, and seizing her sister's arm, hurried on in front.

MISS PIPER, who wrote the Bible?" The question was asked suddenly by Pamela.

A year had passed since the arrival of the twins' governess, and by no means a peaceful year either for the teacher or the taught. Little as she was willing to confess it even to herself, Miss Piper's attitude towards the red-haired twin was one of great uneasiness. Absurd as it might seem, it even included fear. The child was clever, so uncannily clever, in fact, that Miss Piper lived in dread of her questions— which she was too often utterly unable to answer. Pamela was an irrepressible, and also, it must be conceded, an exceedingly naughty child. But that most of her insubordination sprang from boredom caused by uninspired mechanical teaching, neither Miss Piper, the one-time disciplinarian, nor gentle, timid Aunt Serena was in a position to realise.

"Miss Piper, who wrote the Bible?"

Miss Piper hadn't the faintest idea. Inwardly a prey to exasperated annoyance, she went on ruling lines in an exercise-book as though she had not heard the question. The child was always asking awkward questions!

"As you know perfectly well, Pamela, it is the Word of God."

"Yes, but who wrote it? God didn't sit down with a pen and a piece of paper, did He?"

"Now you are blaspheming, Pamela."

"But, Miss Piper, I really want to know! I'm not being irreverent. At least I don't mean to be. Only it seems so funny. I can't think how God did it. And there's another thing I thought of last night in bed. Suppose somebody didn't believe the Bible. Suppose they didn't believe in Jesus, you know? Is there anything else in another book that would make them believe in Him?"

Pamela poured out her questions in a rush, her elbows on the table, her eyes aflame with eagerness as she leant towards her governess.

"Take your elbows off the table and sit up," said Miss Piper.

With an impatient frown the child obeyed.

"Is there?" she repeated urgently.

Miss Piper had been ransacking her memory, which as yet had yielded her nothing.

It was little wonder that with such a pupil Miss Piper should feel baffled.

Accustomed to the dull routine of a select seminary for young ladies as conducted in the late 'forties, she had never before encountered a child like Pamela. At the Cheltenham boarding-school in which for twenty years Miss Piper, the head governess, had been regarded as the source of all wisdom and learning, no pupil ever asked a question that could not immediately be answered.

In the direct line of mental descent from Mr. Day and the other apostles of Reason, Miss Piper viewed Pamela with incomprehension. There was nothing consistent or reasonable about her. What could be thought of a little girl who at one moment played childish games and most unbecomingly romped with terrific energy, and the next was buried in a book that by every rational law was beyond her years?

And the worst of it was that Miss Piper was never safe from her questions. The provoking child never forgot anything, and if baffled, returned again and again to the charge.

To-day, for instance, with a sinking heart Miss Piper knew she had not heard the last of the Bible. Ten minutes after morning lessons were over, in passing through the hall, she heard the children's voices in the library.

"Oh, Pam, do come and play dressing-up," Fanny was urging.

In the huge attic at the top of the house stood a leather-covered trunk which to the children was a veritable treasure-chest. It contained a delightful miscellany of articles. Old dresses, discarded coats and satin waistcoats of eighteenth-century cut and color, wigs worn by gentlemen of an earlier age, broken fans, necklaces of cut steel, faded artificial flowers and feathers that once decked the head of their maternal grandmother were included in its infinite variety of entrancing objects.

"What shall we dress up to?" asked Fanny, when the lid of the trunk had been thrown back and they knelt in front of it.

"Titania and Oberon," decided Pamela at once. "I'll be Titania and you can be Oberon. Now let's see. What can we wear?"

"This is going to be the best dressing-up we've ever had," she went on with growing eagerness. "Take off your things, Fanny, and I'll dress you first, and then you can help me."

At one end of the attic a large disused mirror had been propped against the sloping wall. It was covered with dust which Pamela wiped off with one of the articles of clothing tossed out of the trunk, and when it was clean after its polishing, Fanny ran to take her place at her sister's side.

Never, perhaps, had an Early Victorian mirror reflected a prettier, a more fantastic or a less discreet sight! In faithful imitation of the costume—or lack of it—depicted in the illustrated Shakespeare, the children had practically nothing on.

For a moment the sisters gazed at their reflections in silence. Then slowly a smile overspread the countenance of Pamela.

"Do you know, Fanny," she whispered, "I believe we're very pretty!"

"Are we pretty?" Fanny's voice was diffident, though pleased. "Well, Titania and Oberon ought to be pretty, so of course we are," she added with a naïve confusion of ideas.

"I do wish we could go out and act in the shrubbery," Pamela began eagerly. "But I s'pose we can't. Let's do the part where ——"

"Pamela! Fanny! What are you doing up there? It's time to get tidy for dinner."

Their governess' voice at the foot of the attic stairs froze them into silent horror.

No reply forthcoming, Miss Piper ascended quickly, and at the open door paused in awful amazement.

"What, what is this?" she boomed after a moment's speechlessness. "The immodesty. The—the indecency! . . . What are you—"

"We're fairies," interrupted Pamela, recovering a little. "And fairies don't have many clothes, so we took ours off. Why is it indecent?"

"Yes, I assure you! Positively almost—well, one may say quite—er—naked!" exclaimed Miss Piper outraged, but keeping her voice under control in case anyone other than Miss Thistlewaite should overhear.

"OH, dear! Oh, dear!" moaned Aunt Serena, when she learned of the misdemeanor. "Do you think they've taken cold? It isn't, of course, really cold to-day, but—"

"I'm not thinking of the physical consequences, but of what it indicates as to moral character." Miss Piper's voice marked her disapproval of Miss Thistlewaite's concern with the bodily rather than with the moral aspect of the dire occurrence.

"I have sent them both to bed. In separate rooms. For to leave them together would be no punishment." Miss Piper's voice was still frigid.

"Oh, dear me—and dinner just coming in." Miss Thistlewaite was full of distress, though whether at the moral turpitude of her great-nieces, or at the idea of so much dinner being wasted, was undetermined.

Miss Piper preserved a dignified demeanor. It was clear that Aunt Serena's lenient attitude had annoyed her, and dinner was an almost silent meal.

"I took the precaution to turn they key in the room I assigned to Pamela," she remarked when she rose from the table. "Her disobedience is so flagrant that it would not surprise me if she left it to go to Fanny, had she the opportunity."

Miss Thistlewaite murmured something unintelligible.

"If you have no objection I will go into the village for a little shopping this afternoon," pursued Miss Piper, still stiffly, as she left the room.

Miss Thistlewaite had no objection. She even made use of the opportunity afforded by the moralist's absence to carry a cup of soup to the respective bedchambers of Pamela and Fanny, excusing her weakness by regarding the beverage as a necessary preventive of colds.

She had her reward. Pamela, usually chary of caresses, threw her arms round Aunt Serena's neck and kissed her.

"Leave the door open, won't you?" she begged. "I'll promise you not to get up. But I can't bear to be locked in."

Half an hour later, when Miss Thistlewaite again crept upstairs, she found both children asleep, Fanny with traces of tears still on her cheeks, Pamela, who had not wept, looking extremely comfortable.

THE twins were over seventeen when they first heard anything more than a mention of Aunt Kitty, their father's only sister who lived in India.

At Gideon Grange it was not even yet recognised that the girls were children no longer. Their life went on as monotonously as ever, diversified from time to time by Pamela's increasing contumacy and her passages of arms, not only with Miss Piper, but, as not infrequently happened, with her father also.

It was on one of her more peaceful days that Miss Thistlewaite sent her and Fanny with a basket of invalid dainties to Bessie Cole, who had recently been ill.

As the earliest nurse of the twins, Bessie had become an institution at Gideon Grange. A legacy from the well-to-do uncle some years previously had rendered her independent, and it was now only occasionally

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and as a special favor that she attended ladies in their confinements.

Bessie was a little dumpling of a woman between forty and fifty, rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed and lively. She adored the twins, who were always delighted when they could see her alone, for then Bessie goseiped most pleasantly.

At a turn in the lane they came in sight of Bessie's cottage, a little weatherboarded house with a small gay garden in front in which grew a tangle of homely flowers: sweet-williams, moss roses, southernwood and big straggling bushes of lavender and rosemary. At the click of the little green gate separating the garden from the lane, Bessie came running down the brick path, neat and trim in her full lilac print gown and her frilled white cap tied beneath a rosy chin.

She hugged the girls affectionately.

"Well now! What a nice surprise, my pretties! And without yer governess, thanks be! . . . Come in, me dears. Come along in."

They followed her into the parlor, a low-ceilinged room where antimacassars, mounds of wax fruits in glass cases, and other Early Victorian objects abounded.

"So yer auntie's comin' 'ome, I 'ear?" Bessie presently asked as she poured cowslip wine into curious little dark green glasses and set them before the girls.

"Oh, Bessie, did you know her? Do tell us about her. No one ever tells us anything!" Pamela eagerly clamored.

"Never set eyes on 'er meself, Miss Pam. She were at boardin'-school when I first come to 'Ampstead just after me 'usband died, and the next I 'eard—me bein' friendly with Mrs. Wells' 'ousekeeper at the Grange—was all the fuss about 'er 'avin' run away to git married."

"She ran away? From school? Eloped? Oh, do go on, Bessie!" The excited questions pattered like hail. "What fun!" exclaimed Pamela, her eyes dancing.

"Yes. Didn't you never 'ear? With some young spark that your grandpa and grandma never knew, she 'avin' met 'im at the 'ouse of one of 'er schoolfellows, so Mrs. Wells told me. The young man was just goin' out to India, and they was determined not to part, so off they ran to Gretna Green together."

"How splendid!" interpolated Pamela.

"And she but seventeen and he not much above twenty."

"WHY did they run away? Were grandmamma and grandpapa very angry?" asked Fanny.

"There was no money, me dear, and she knew they wouldn't allow 'er to be engaged to 'im. Angry? Well, they was terrible upset, of course, but they was a gentle, quiet sort o' couple accordin' to Mrs. Wells, and they was more grieved than anything else. It was your pa that was angry. Mrs. Wells said 'as 'ow 'e tried to persuade them not to see 'er afore she sailed. He said she'd disgrace the family."

"He would!" declared Pamela.

"You wait till yer aunt comes 'ome!" Bessie said consolingly. "From all I used to 'ear, she's not the kind to sit by an' see 'er pretty nieces lose their chances. Rare and lively she were as a girl, by all accounts. . . . If the young gentlemen 'ave got the same eyes about 'em as their fathers afore 'em, you'll both be snapped up in a twinklin'!"

"I'll never be snapped up!" said Pamela, with a lift of her head. "It sounds like a dog with a bone. I shouldn't want to be married at all, except that it seems the only way for girls to get away from home . . ."

"Well, Aunt Kitty seems nice, doesn't she?" Fanny said an hour later when they were on their homeward way. "It'll be something to look forward to. I suppose Papa must have forgiven her, as she's going to stay with us."

"What on earth has he got to forgive her for?" demanded Pamela. "She didn't hurt him. It was her own affair."

"No—but you know what he is," Fanny sighed. "I expect it was Aunt Serena who persuaded him to ask her. She is kind, Pam, and I do think you needn't be as horrid about her as you are sometimes."

"Yes, she is, and I am horrid," Pamela conceded frankly. "I often think what a wretch I am. But oh, Fanny, I'm so bored! Aunt Serena is a dear, but she's got no brains, you know, and the Piper is worse, because she pretends to be clever. There's no one to talk to—and I want to talk so much."

Fanny glanced wistfully at her sister's discouraged face. "I do wish I were clever, Pam!" she said in a slightly trembling voice, "but I'm no good to you either. I don't understand the books you read, or even sometimes what you say. I'm just—stupid."

"Why, Fanny!" With a swift movement Pamela slipped her arm through her sister's and gave it a little hug. "How absurd! You're just—Fanny! I can't imagine life without you." She laughed. "Who wants you to be clever? I'm sure I don't!"

Some hours later Pamela stood in the library facing her father, who was impatiently tapping a book with his eyeglasses while he questioned his daughter.

"What's all this? I hear you took books out of the library in defiance of your governess' prohibition?"

"Yes, I did."

"And why, may I ask? You're not quite imbecile. I suppose you understood her order?"

"It's because I'm not quite imbecile that I paid no attention to it. I'm too old to be punished like a child whenever she happens to be angry with me. The only way I have of learning anything is by reading. Miss Piper can't teach me."

"Really?" Mr. Thistlewaite's voice was at its most sarcastic. "How is that? Are you incapable of learning?"

"No. Just the other way. Already I know more than she does, because I've read more. It's only a useless expense to keep her here now Fanny and I are grown up."

Mr. Justice Thistlewaite put his glasses on and regarded his daughter with an expression in which astonishment predominated over rising anger.

"Upon my soul!" he ejaculated, and then: "May I ask," he added with a dangerous politeness, "what you propose?"

"If we are to have a governess at all, I propose that we shall have some one who's interesting. I want to learn Latin and Greek."

"Enough of this nonsense!" he exclaimed. "My time is too valuable to be wasted in listening to a foolish conceited girl. Latin and Greek indeed!" he laughed contemptuously. "Can you sew? Can you cook? Can you add accounts? I doubt it. Now go and leave me in peace. You will of course in future obey your governess."

"How long is she going to stay? Fanny and I are over seventeen, you know," said Pamela, still looking straight at her father.

There was an expression in her eyes that, despite himself, gave him an uneasy feeling.

"I have told you to go, Pamela." He shouted it at her.

She paused a moment; then spoke very deliberately before opening the door.

"I'm sorry you're a judge," she said. "You must be a very unfair one."

. . . . . .

Mrs. Richard Mostyn returned to the home of her girlhood one Saturday afternoon in October and made an instant conquest of her tremulously excited nieces.

"Isn't she a dear!" Fanny exclaimed.

"Would you have recognised her?" asked Pamela, when they were alone with Miss Thistlewaite, "Aunt Kitty" having at last retired with her brother to the study.

The old lady shook her head. "I only saw her once when she was about sixteen, and a plump rosy girl. She's so thin now. She looks delicate, I'm afraid."

"Oh, she can't be ill, she's too lively," returned Pamela carelessly. "Let's go and pick some more flowers for her room, Pan. She says she can't have too many of them."

FROM her seat near the window in the study, Mrs. Mostyn watched her nieces strolling together across the lawn.

"My dear Charles, where are your eyes? Why, the girls are lovely! They'll make a sensation, I give you my word," she exclaimed.

The interview between Charles Thistlewaite and his long absent sister had been so far attended by a certain amount of embarrassment on his side and none at all on hers.

"Oh, yes, we're very comfortably well off, thank you, Charlie!" Mrs. Mostyn had said in an earlier stage of the talk with her brother. "And not only prosperous, but very happy. If we'd had children I should have considered myself the luckiest woman on earth. But Richard has made up for the lack of babies. . . . He's an adorable husband. . . . Yes, he's going to retire from business. I've left him to wind up affairs out there, and in a few months he'll join me and we shall settle down somewhere in England. You lucky man to have two such daughters! They've been helping me unpack. They're simply charming!"

"Are you alluding to their looks or to their dispositions?" inquired her brother with his habitual rather unpleasant smile. "Because I confess I am not greatly impressed with either."

"Then all I can say is you're no judge of beauty. They've only to be seen to create a sensation," she declared confidently.

"Fanny's well enough—but Pamela, with that ugly flaming head? My dear Kitty!" He gave a scornful laugh. "The girl's a perfect vixen!" he went on, with an attempt at lightness, "and her sister, though amiable enough, seems a little nonentity."

He did not disclose the fact that from the day when Pamela in a Parthian shot gave him her opinion of his claim to judicial eminence, he had scarcely visited his home at all.

. . . . . .

From the day of their aunt's arrival a new life began for the twins.

Before she had been many hours in the house Mrs. Mostyn seized and summed up a situation which she lost no time in altering.

Pamela's complaints of the monotony of life and the isolation from which she and Fanny suffered, she soon discovered to be unexaggerated, and her private condemnation of her brother's treatment of his daughters was not lessened.

Almost at once, and with Aunt Serena's thankful acquiescence, Mrs. Mostyn took the reins of government at Gideon Grange.

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Tactful questioning revealed the fact that Miss Piper would be by no means ill-pleased to receive financial treatment generous enough to allow her a three months' holiday before going to keep house for a bachelor brother, and to Aunt Serena's stupefaction and Mrs. Mostyn's secret amusement, her governess took leave of Pamela with tears in her eyes. "Always my favorite pupil!" she had previously assured the elder ladies.

"Pamela? Her favorite—?" gasped Aunt Serena. "I can't understand it!"

"I can!" laughed Aunt Kitty. "From the moment Pamela was sure of getting rid of her she found it worth while to exercise her fascination on the poor woman. Pamela can twist people round her little finger when she likes. I shall have to keep my wits about me when she takes the young gentlemen in hand! Oh, Pamela's a dangerous witch," she added, again confusing the literal mind of Aunt Serena, who had already begun to feel a little dizzy at the revolution this woman of the world, her niece, had already effected in the household.

Not that it was anything but a peaceful one. Quite easily and most charmingly, Mrs. Mostyn took command. Young people were invited to the house from families in the neighborhood. Friendship with the Mayor family, tentatively begun during the girls' childhood but lapsing in later years, was resumed.

"You've never had dancing lessons? My dears, we must remedy that!" and arrangements for the joining of classes at the Hampstead Assembly Rooms were instantly made.

There were visits to dressmakers in town, resulting in more fashionable attire for Pamela and Fanny, and perhaps best of all, days spent in seeking for the furnished house from which at a not too distant date, they were to emerge from the chrysalis to the butterfly stage, and spread their wings in Society with a capital letter.

Intoxicated with delight, the girls naturally adored their new-found relative, and with equal naturalness, as they had never known her as a strong healthy woman, ignored the look of delicacy only too apparent to Mrs. Mostyn's old friends.

These were many. Kate Mostyn had a genius for friendship, and during several prolonged visits to England in the course of her twenty years of married life, she had endeared herself to a large circle of people. The news that she would be settled in town after Christmas was received with unfeigned pleasure in a dozen households.

That Mrs. Mostyn's nieces were true swans was proved beyond shadow of doubt when Pamela and Fanny entered Lady Rinlake's ballroom a month later.

"The beautiful Miss Thistlewaites" as descriptive of the sisters was a current phrase that dated from this, their first appearance in society.

Dressed exactly alike, in white gauze over crinoline petticoats of silver tissue, little coronets of silver leaves binding their hair, this very fact served to emphasise their different types of beauty, and almost immediately admirers were divided in opinion as to their relative loveliness.

The men clamored for introductions, and the girls' little white programmes with their tasselled pencils passed rapidly from one young elegant to another. The band struck up a quadrille and over the shining floor crinolined women with their partners floated, or in some cases romped, through the fashionable dances of the early 'sixties. The chaperons in Victorian fashion lined the walls.

"My dear, they are exquisite!" Lady Rinlake exclaimed as she took a seat next to her friend some time after midnight. "And they dance so beautifully too. The red-haired one—Pamela, is it?—is quite amusingly self-possessed. Look at her now! This might be her second or third season!"

The strains of the "Blue Danube" surged voluptuously; the ballroom glittered; the dancers swayed in a haze of light and color . . . Mrs. Mostyn sat patiently regarding the scene in company with other matrons who, anxious eyed, watched their daughters' success or non-success in the field of combat which in the 'sixties every Victorian ballroom represented.

The particular form of misery endured by some of her contemporaries in regard to their charges Mrs. Mostyn thanked heaven she was spared. There was no shadow of doubt about the success of Pamela and Fanny . . .

At three o'clock in the morning, still bright-eyed, still radiant, the girls sat in their mahogany furnished bedrooms at South Street, comparing programmes.

"FANNY, you danced three times with that Mr. Freeland!" exclaimed Pamela laughing. "What did Aunt Kitty say?"

"He wanted me to give him ever so many more," Fanny confessed, her color wavering, her voice tremulous with excitement, "but Aunt Kitty said I mustn't, so of course I didn't." She sighed a little.

"Did you like him best?"

"Oh, ever so much best! He's so nice, Pam. I don't feel shy with him. Did you like him? You danced with him, too. I saw you."

"Oh yes! But I liked some of the others better. This one, for instance." She indicated a hieroglyphic on her programme. "We flirted, Fanny! I find I can do it rather well. It's quite easy." She laughed again, gaily, excitedly.

"You weren't a bit frightened even at the beginning, were you?" Fanny declared. "You're wonderful, Pam. But then you look so pretty!"

"Well, so do you. And what's there to be frightened about? They're only men." Pamela threw back her head superbly. "We've been brought up to believe that men are superior beings, and women nothing at all. I'm sure it's all nonsense. I'm certain there are men just as silly and brainless as silly women. Why, to-night I've proved it. This one, for instance," she jabbed the tasselled programme in the direction of a name, "was as stupid as an owl. I had fun teasing him!"

She turned from the glass and went across the room to her sister, who was half undressed.

"Help me off with this balloon!" she begged. "Oh, Fan, what fun it is to be alive, isn't it? And there are weeks and weeks of all this before us. It's only just beginning. It's too good to be true!" she sighed ecstatically.

The season thus brilliantly begun for the twins continued as triumphantly. They were popular even among the girls they outshone, for they took their success well, Fanny a trifle deprecatingly, Pamela lightly, as a matter of little concern. Both were quite sincerely enthusiastic in praise of their contemporaries.

Of the two it was Fanny who gained universal approbation. The elder ladies praised her modesty, thought her shy diffidence charming, and awaited with interest a certain "interesting announcement."

They were not kept long in suspense. Five weeks from their first meeting at Lady Rinlake's ball, Fanny and Lieutenant Freeland were engaged.

Pamela, though popular with most women and enthusiastically admired by men, failed to escape a considerable amount of adverse criticism. She was "too self-assured." She "expressed opinions too freely to be becoming in a young girl." "It was a pity she was such a flirt."

"You're quite right, Kitty—she's a witch, my dear," asserted Lady Rinlake. "A wicked, lovely, heartless little witch. I know half a dozen men who are wild about her . . . She leads them all on, keeps them hanging on tenterhooks, and doesn't care a jot for any of them!"

"Pamela's not heartless—far from it," returned Mrs. Mostyn from her sofa. "If she flirts, it's only lightly. I don't think she'd ever trifle with real feelings."

The one cloud for the girls on the sunshine of their season was the increasing tiredness of Aunt Kitty. The word illness was never mentioned in their presence, but more and more often it was Lady Rinlake who chaperoned them in the place of Mrs. Mostyn. They were becoming used to going about with their friend Sally Rinlake and her mother, because Aunt Kitty found it too fatiguing to take them to parties more than one or twice a week. They never suspected that Aunt Kitty was really ill. How could she be ill when she was always laughing, always gay, always eager to listen with amusement to their experiences when they returned to her after a party?

More experienced than her friend's nieces, Lady Rinlake looked down at her with an anxiety she found it hard to conceal.

They had been talking over Fanny's engagement.

"It was the coup de foudre for young Freeland! He fell in love with her, at sight, he tells me, and I must say he managed to fend off other aspirants very cleverly," remarked Lady Rinlake.

"Yes, but Fanny herself has never wavered," returned Fanny's aunt. "She told me that first evening she liked him best of all her partners, and she's gone on liking him best ever since, bless her! Oh, I knew Fanny would be no trouble. It's Pamela who's going to be difficult. She's already refused two very good offers. You say she doesn't seem specially attracted in any direction, Mary? You're taking them about so much now, that you're the best judge."

"No—unless perhaps to Archie Waring. Sometimes I've thought—but I hope not," she added very decidedly.

"Why? Who is he?"

"Oh, very well connected. Heir to a title, in fact. Some money too, I believe. I don't know him well, though his uncle, Lord Belthorpe, is an acquaintance of mine. But I don't like him!"

"Anything to go on?"

"No. Just instinctive. He's too good-looking, for one thing," she laughed. "I always mistrust your young Adonis. He's amusing, certainly."

"That would appeal to Pamela."

"Yes—that's his attraction for her, I believe. They're always laughing when they're together. Oh, I daresay there's nothing in it. Certainly there's no hint of the lovelorn maiden about Pamela. My dear, what a marvellous flair she has for dress!" she added at a tangent. "So daring—yet always just the thing to suit her."

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PORTRAIT OF A REBEL

While they were being discussed in the drawing-room, Pamela and Fanny, believed to be resting in anticipation of their exertions at a big ball the same evening, were chattering in their bedroom. Propped up against pillows in the four-post bed, they fulfilled the letter of Aunt Kitty's law of a quiet hour in the middle of the day. It was supposed to be devoted to sleep, but was usually spent in talk.

Fanny's engagement was a week old, and, the first excitement of the event past, Pamela was secretly depressed. Fanny would go away. Right away—out of England. She had scarcely as yet grasped what this would mean to herself. Life without Fanny was inconceivable.

As though aware of what was in her sister's mind, Fanny suddenly turned to her impulsively.

"Oh, Pam," she cried, "if only he had a brother in the Navy! Then you could marry him and we should go together!"

"He probably wouldn't be going in the same place, silly!" returned Pamela. "Sailors have to go where they're sent."

"Well, anyhow, why don't you accept some one and get married, too? You'd be able to do what you liked then, and we should meet much more often. You simply can't go back home!"

Pamela shuddered. "Never! Aunt Kitty says I'm to live with her."

"Yes, but you must get married some time."

"Why must I?"

Fanny looked blank. "Well, what else is there? Besides—don't you want to?"

"Not unless I fall in love. Then I 'ppose I should have to, though it might be a bother. But I don't seem to be good at falling in love."

"Wait till you do fall in love," observed Fanny, slipping off the bed after a glance at the clock on the mantelpiece. "Alan's coming at five," she explained, as she arranged her ruffled hair at the glass.

Pamela watched her as she put on the prettiest of her afternoon dresses, and gave final pats to the flaxen curls round her sweet, delicately tinted little face.

"Give him my love," she said lastly, when her sister turned at the door with a smile of anticipated happiness.

When the door shut Pamela threw herself back against the pillows, her arms under her head, her face reflecting the uneasy trouble of her mind.

Pamela's eyes brightened mischievously. She decided not to take Archie Waring too seriously. It would spoil everything to be in love, and not to have it reciprocated would be too terrible. The behaviour of Archie Waring was so mysterious that she really didn't know how he felt towards her.

"I expect he just likes flirting. Well, so do I, and I can't blame him. It's a game, but that's exciting!"

Still thinking of the man who was not to be allowed to interfere with her fun, Pamela raised herself lazily from the bed and began to make herself tidy to go downstairs.

Fanny and Alan Freeland she supposed, were in the dining-room, "kissing one another." Her smile was a little mocking, but there was tenderness in it also, because Fanny was so obviously happy.

Fanny, she reflected, would soon be a married woman. It was strange and somehow frightening that Fanny should join the initiated before her. Fanny, who always seemed so much younger than herself.

"I'm in no hurry," she mentally declared with a queer mingling of sensations that combined something of panic, a good deal of curiosity, and—yes—also a little twinge of jealousy. . . .

She was startled out of her confused thoughts by the sound of a cough.

Aunt Kitty was going up to her bedroom, and though Pamela was used to the cough, something about it, and more perhaps in the sound of the dragging footsteps slowly mounting the stairs, sent a chill to her heart. Could Aunt Kitty be really ill? With another frightened pang, she recalled words overheard a few days previously.

"Thank goodness her husband is on his way home!"

At the time she had only taken them to mean that Aunt Kitty was longing to see him. Now, with sudden anxiety, she wondered whether they had any graver significance.

IN the bedroom at Gideon Grange once shared with her sister Pamela woke on a morning in August to the memory that this was the anniversary of Fanny's wedding day.

A year ago this very morning, waking about the same hour, she had turned to see for the last time, Fanny lying in the little bed next to hers.

With the sunshine streaming in through the Venetian blinds, just as it had done a year ago, she lay re-living that momentous day in her sister's life.

All the events of the past year crowded in Pamela's mind.

The misery after Fanny's departure; then the crushing grief of her aunt's death—a blow as unexpected as terrible, for neither she nor Fanny had ever doubted that Aunt Kitty would get well. She had been taken to Bournemouth on purpose to get well! It was incredible that the gay little aunt who for six months had been a mother to her, with whom, after Fanny's marriage, she had been expecting to live, had gone away forever!

Equally unforeseen, though in a totally different way, was her subsequent discovery that Aunt Kitty had made provision in her will for her nieces. With her husband's consent she had left to them, in equal shares, money that had come to her from her parents, and to her amazement, for by its terms payment was to be made at once, Pamela found herself in possession of something a little over two hundred a year. What that money meant to her she was by degrees to discover.

It had been a twelvemonth full of unforeseen and rather dramatic events, one of which, greatly to Pamela's comfort, had led to the establishment of Bessie Cole as an inmate of Gideon Grange.

Long before the end of last year's London season she had given up all pretence at play, and acknowledged that she was in love with—or at any rate completely subjugated by her feeling for—Archie Waring.

It was now more than a year since she had seen him, but beneath all her surface occupations there was scarcely a moment when she was not thinking of him, wondering, trying to solve the mystery of his behaviour.

Surely he had cared for her? Why, then, had he not asked her to marry him? When a man said he couldn't sleep for thinking of you, that you drove him mad, that you were the loveliest thing he had ever seen, that he couldn't imagine life without you—and yet had never asked you to be his wife, what was the answer to such a riddle?

For over a year Pamela had racked her brains for its unravelling, and had finally decided that, imagining her indifferent, he had been too proud to risk a refusal. If he only knew!

For weeks she had only lived from one post to another. Then one day, just before Fanny's wedding, she had heard of him, and of all people in the world, from Cathy Mavor, who had run in to see Fanny's trousseau.

"Archie Waring?" she had repeated in reply to some casual mention of him from Fanny. "Why, he's a kind of connection of ours. Very good looking, isn't he? I've never seen him since I was about six, when he stayed with us. Mamma doesn't like him. I don't know why. We heard he'd gone abroad somewhere, to shoot lions and tigers and things, I think . . ."

Pamela had listened in a silence whose apparent indifference covered a sinking heart.

After Cathy's unconscious disclosure, her reason told her, but her heart, alas! refused to abandon its allegiance, though pride forbade her to discover even to Fanny that she had been wounded. She was aware that in private everyone—with the avowed exception of her father—had expressed surprise that she, Pamela Thistlewaite, had returned from the marriage market without securing a husband. This, for an acknowledged and presumably by no means penniless beauty, was sufficiently inexplicable.

Meanwhile she wickedly rejoiced in the knowledge that her method of spending an income over which he had no control annoyed her father. Many of her activities, indeed, were unknown to him, for he visited his home more and more infrequently, and on her own responsibility Pamela had engaged a French lady for practice in conversation and, to Aunt Serena's helpless consternation, a tutor for Latin.

At the thought of Aunt Serena's prompt appearance, knitting in hand, directly she and mild little Mr. Carr sat down to their work, Pamela laughed aloud and then wriggled impatiently under the bedclothes.

A knock at the door and the simultaneous entry of Bessie with tea shattered her train of thought.

Pamela smiled at her affectionately. It was always good to see Bessie's kindly face.

"It's a year to-day since Fanny's wedding," she remarked, taking the tea-cup from the tray.

"Nor I 'adn't forgotten it, me dear. Came into my mind the first thing this morning, it did. And thinks I to meself p'r'aps this time next year we'll be 'avin' another wedding' in the 'ouse!"

"Mine? Oh, I shall never get married," returned Pamela nonchalantly.

The assertion was met by a laugh.

"You not marry, me dear? Likely, ain't it? Not but what you're right to wait till the man of your 'eart comes along."

Pamela was in a happier mood to-day than she had been for many months. Sunshine, the expectation of a letter from Fanny, her own youth which responded so quickly to outward influences, all combined to raise her spirits. Time and mental occupation were in process of effacing the image of Archie Waring.

Aunt Serena at the breakfast-table gave her a welcoming smile, and thought with satisfaction that Pamela was not only regaining her spirits but looking very charming. Vaguely, indeed, she had been long aware that all was not well with the girl, but she had attributed the change in her to the loss of Fanny, and—for Aunt Serena was typically feminine, as femininity was then understood—to disappointment at having failed as yet to achieve the married state.

Pamela on her side was suddenly aware that Aunt Serena looked very old and frail in the radiant searching light of the morning. It was a blessing Bessie had come to lift some of the burden of housekeeping off poor Aunt Serena's shoulders, she thought, struck all at once by the pathos of old age, its patient wistfulness as of waiting—just waiting to be done with life.

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She slipped her young arm round the old lady's shoulders, and, stooping, kissed her warmly. There were sudden tears in her eyes.

"There's your letter, my love!" quavered Aunt Serena, nodding towards the thin envelope on her niece's plate. "What is the dear child's news? Is she still at Gibraltar?"

Fanny's letter, with its account of galeties, its constant reference to Alan, as the "best husband in the world," its gay, light-hearted tone, lasted aunt and niece through breakfast. Then, for Pamela, came the stroll in the garden before the carriage arrived.

The garden, always beautiful, looked this morning lovelier than ever, she thought, with the dew still wet and sparkling on the lawns.

AS she strolled past the summer-house before putting on the clothes considered appropriate for town, Pamela's face broke into a mischievous smile.

Aunt Serena would probably die of shock if she knew how often on hot nights that little white summer-house had been used as a bedroom! It was a secret jealously guarded even from Bessie, that more than once this particularly warm summer, when the heat had been insupportable, she had crept out of the house, a dressing-gown over her nightdress, a rug and pillow under her arm, to enjoy the coolness, the silence, the sight of the star-strewn sky out of doors.

. . . But it was almost time to start, and she ran back to the house, to emerge ten minutes later clad fashionably for town in a crinoline skirt of deep blue silk, a little short jacket of black taffeta with wide sleeves, a small round blue hat perched well forward, pulling on white one-buttoned gloves with blue stitchings to match the dress.

Aunt Serena stood in the shadow of the porch while the perfectly-matched carriage-horses pawed the gravel of the drive, and the sunshine winked and scintillated on their shining harness.

"My love, you're not going without your green veil? Do think of your complexion! The sun is so powerful to-day," wailed Aunt Serena.

Bessie, already waiting for her young mistress on the doorstep, was despatched to fetch the veil, and Pamela, less impatiently than usual, submitted to having the "complexion fall" swathed round her hat and adjusted to cover her face.

Briggs, the stout coachman, touched his hat as Pamela stepped into the carriage, followed by Bessie, and with a flick of the whip, the horses started.

At a leisurely rhythmical pace the horses proceeded till Oxford Street was reached, a quiet Oxford Street judged by modern standards, thronged though it seemed to Pamela with every kind of horse-drawn vehicle, from pony carts to barouches similar to the one in which she and Bessie was seated.

They drew up at Bumpus', and with an order to the coachman to meet them at the Piccadilly end of Bond Street, Pamela entered the shop, where she spent a delightful half-hour turning over books, and ordering others from her list to be sent to Gideon Grange.

"Now it's your turn to have a treat, Bessie, so we'll walk down Bond Street and look at the shops," she said gaily, putting up an ivory-handled, blue-fringed parasol to keep the sun from her eyes.

Bright-eyed and eager, she gazed into shop windows, appraising or laughing at ultra-fashionable bonnets and hats, infecting Bessie with her gaiety.

They had just decided to go into a confectioner's for an ice, when Pamela suddenly stopped short. The next moment Bessie, her curiosity aroused, saw her shaking hands with a man.

"And a proper 'andsome one at that!"

The reflection was scarcely formed before her attention was diverted by a glance at her young mistress' face. Pamela had flushed to the roots of her hair.

"You!" she heard her exclaim below her breath, and then in a voice very cold and distant: "You are quite a stranger, Mr. Waring."

He wheeled round, placed himself at Pamela's side, and they walked on together, Bessie perforce dropping behind.

She could see that the young gentleman was talking fast, as though explaining something, leaning towards his companion in an eager effort to see her face.

Thus with Bessie out of earshot, but keenly interested in the meeting and its effects, they reached Piccadilly, where the carriage stood drawn up against the kerb.

"You're going home?" asked Waring when Pamela stopped. "I was thinking of paying my respects to the Mavors to-day"—he paused, glancing at her "in a kind o' beseechin' way" was Bessie's inward comment, while she was alert for Pamela's reply.

"I can drive you there," she said. "They don't live far from us."

He smiled and followed her into the carriage. "You are goodness itself," he murmured. "Off 'is 'ead about 'er!" was Bessie's further mental exclamation.

On the homeward way the two talked reminiscently. Bessie, on the seat opposite, heard an allusion to Mrs. Mostyn's death from Waring. It was spoken in a grave, gentle voice. He inquired for Fanny; was glad that the news was good. Then he spoke of the Mavors. It appeared they were cousins of his, and she gathered that Pamela already knew the fact.

"May I call?" he asked when the carriage stopped at the house in Church Row. "If Mrs. Mavor will bring me? Perhaps this afternoon? . . . Thank you a thousand times—for everything."

He was on the pavement now, standing with lifted hat till the carriage rolled away; but looking back, Bessie saw him admitted and the hall door close behind him.

Five minutes later Pamela was in her bedroom, standing before the glass.

Yes, she was looking her best, and she gave a thankful sigh. She was glad she had put on her prettiest dress, her most becoming hat to go to town. But this was only a passing surface reflection, for in the depths of her, tumult reigned. Already in her heart she had forgiven Archie Waring, or rather exonerated him. All the excuses for his conduct which she had discarded as futile and absurd reassembled themselves in her mind, not as excuses, but as reasons.

The gong for the midday dinner startled her out of her trance to the discovery that she had made no attempt even to take off her hat. She must hurry, compose herself, give no sign of perturbation.

Dinner was nearly over before with admirable nonchalance, she warned Aunt Serena of the impending call.

"Oh!—I think Mrs. Mavor and perhaps Cathy may be coming this afternoon, Auntie. I met a cousin of theirs in Bond Street to-day, a Mr. Waring. He's with them for the day and he said he thought they were coming to see us this afternoon. I expect they'll bring him with them. Fanny and I met him several times in town last year."

"Oh, my dear, I'm glad you mentioned it," Aunt Serena returned in a flustered voice. Mrs. Mostyn no longer at hand, she had relapsed into her former timidity at the thought of visitors. "That will mean the best tea-cups and I must get them out myself. Dear! Dear! And we're out of cherry jam! You might have brought it back from town, my love, if only——"

"Oh, what does it matter?" asked Pamela with a little strained laugh, pushing back her chair.

The hours between two and five seemed an eternity. Outwardly the picture of rest and coolness in her frilled dress of white muslin, Pamela sat under the cedar on the lawn, her eyes bent on the page of a book in which she saw no word.

At last the sound of voices!

With a painful leap of the heart she rose and strolled smiling across the lawn to greet Mrs. Mavor, Cathy—and the man she—yes, loved.

For the next half-hour while she made conversation with Mrs. Mavor, while she laughed and chattered with Cathy and addressed a few remarks to Waring, who was being extremely polite to Aunt Serena, Pamela's one distracted thought was the chance of a moment alone with him.

Help came from Cathy Mavor, a lively dark-eyed girl, not over gifted with brains, but possessed of an adoring admiration for Pamela, and a new found excitement in the advent of a handsome man who even several times removed was yet a cousin.

"My dear, isn't he too good-looking!" she whispered, drawing Pamela to a window recess after tea. "Don't you love his figure and his dark eyes and the shape of his mouth? I'm perfectly certain he adores you! That's why we're here, of course. He insisted upon being brought to call, and I know he's dying to get you alone. Now don't be haughty with him, will you?

WITH a secretly beating heart and an outwardly half-amused, half-indifferent smile, Pamela let the girl rattle on, and thankfully let the manoeuvre to her.

"May Pamela and I show Mr. Waring the garden?" she heard her presently beg Aunt Serena. . . . "Oh no, mother dear, I'm sure it's too hot for you!" as Mrs. Mavor made a movement to rise. "Pam and I don't mind the heat, and Mr. Waring is quite used to it."

It was Cathy who did most of the talking as the three strolled away together across the sun-steeped lawn. "You'll take us to the summer-house, Pam, won't you? It's so pretty. Isn't it a perfectly lovely garden, Cousin Archie? He says I'm to call him that, you know, Pam, even though I haven't seen him for ages! But I shan't before mother!" she giggled foolishly. "Did you ever see such roses? . . . Everything's so beautifully kept, isn't it? Ah! and here's the summer-house. Isn't it a little duck of a place? Pam says it's in imitation of a Greek or Roman temple or something. I do think it's lovely. So romantic and secluded! . . . And what do you think Cousin Archie, Pamela actually sleeps out here, when it's a hot night! Isn't it brave of her? I should be terrified to come here in the dark, but ——"

"Cathy!" interrupted Pamela, rather annoyed. "You promised not to say a word. I didn't mean anyone to know, but it slipped out the other day when you were complaining about the stuffiness of your bedroom."

"No one shall ever learn from me where the Sleeping Beauty lies," Archie returned with a laughing bow. "A charming little

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PORTRAIT OF A REBEL

place, upon my honor! They had a fine eye for effect in bygone days." His eyes were upon Pamela, his voice betrayed impatience, and Cathy chose the moment to exercise what she imagined to be consummate finesse.

"Pam! Didn't you say Miss Thistlewaite had a letter from Fanny to show me? Yes? Oh, then, I can't wait a moment. I'll run back and ask her for it at once. . . ."

"Thank Heaven for that," murmured Waring as Cathy ran off at full speed towards the house.

. . . . . .

Five or six hours later, as the church clock chimed eleven, Pamela, a thin dressing-gown over her nightdress, slipped into the little white temple.

During weeks of a summer unusually dry and warm, she had spent hours of the day, and secretly not a few of the night also, in this secluded garden house.

More eagerly than ever now she had sought its quietude for the calming of her madly-rushing brain, yet for a moment thought was held in suspense by the magic beauty of the night.

PAMELA sat very still, as though by a movement she might break the spell of loveliness and perfect bliss that held her, but her thoughts raced.

All was well. He loved her—and she could not think further than that. What it was that had held him silent so long scarcely mattered. He would explain when they could get more than two minutes alone, for little more than that had been vouchsafed them this afternoon. . . . Cathy had come running back all too soon. . . . But there had been time for him to draw her into the temple's shelter. Here she had been in his arms. Here he had kissed her lips, her neck, had whispered passionate words.

"Oh Pam, I love you so desperately! You love me? Oh, you do, you must. Yes, my darling, I know. . . . Don't be angry with me. I couldn't help it. I'll explain. I've loved you all the time. At first sight even. But it's all right now—" And then they had heard Cathy calling.

Pamela didn't know how she had met the girl without self-betrayal, but evidently this had been achieved, for Cathy's face had expressed nothing.

Not time for "anything"? Pamela smiled and caught her breath. There had been time to change the world for her—to make her unbearably happy. He had always loved her! What had separated him from her she would know in good time, and it didn't matter, for soon she would be his wife, and then they would be together always! Again she caught her breath in rapture, and thrilled at the memory of his kisses. No man before him had ever kissed her. She was glad of that. Glad that the first man to touch her lips should be her future husband. For a second her thoughts darted to Fanny. Darling Fanny! She had forgotten that Fanny had professed dislike of Archie Waring, and thought only of the joy of writing to tell her the wonderful news . . . To-morrow? The church clock began to strike. It was already to-day! He would certainly come. But when? In the morning? No. Perhaps early in the afternoon——?

All at once her body grew rigid. There was a sound . . . a rustle of leaves. A moment's silence in which her heart stopped beating—then a voice. His voice—whispering, "Pam? Darling! You are there! Don't be frightened!"

The entry to the temple was suddenly darkened as he came quickly in, and falling on his knees beside her, put shaking arms round her.

Dawn was breaking when Pamela crept back into her bedroom. Noiselessly closing the door, she stood for many minutes just within it, her hand still on the knob, forgetting to move, unconscious of her surroundings, of everything except mental confusion shot through with some emotion that was wonder, uneasy joy, shame, bewilderment . . . Something incredible had happened to her. It could not possibly be true! . . . And yet—it was true.

Her mind began to recover from its torpor. She began to remember . . . She began to re-live the past hours.

Were any coherent words spoken by him at all? . . . Yes—something was coming back. She heard his voice again. She would, she must forgive him—because he adored her so. He had walked all the way from his rooms in town on the chance of finding her here, in the garden. She recalled a whispering laugh. The garden wall was so inhospitably high—he had overcome its objections at the cost of rents and bruises . . .

Then later, other words, which must have been in answer to some broken incoherent protest of her own—something about the old uncle whose heir he was. The uncle he must not offend. The silly old man wanted him to marry a woman he had chosen for him . . . They must wait a little—temporise. A secret marriage even, if necessary. Would she mind? Just for the sake of keeping the old man quiet? He was ill . . . couldn't live long . . . Then kisses, mad caresses again . . .

The sun rose as Pamela dragged herself across to the washing-stand to bathe her face.

On the way to it she paused before a long glass, afraid to look at her own face, half expecting to meet a stranger there. She must be changed—since last night.

But except that her cheeks were unusually flushed, her eyes brilliant as though with fever, her glowing hair in wild disorder, there was no difference. Strange that there should be no difference!

Mechanically she washed and dressed with her usual care, and it was only when she was slipping into her muslin dressing-jacket to do her hair that suddenly once more she was overwhelmed. Could this incredible thing have happened to her—to Pamela Thistlewaite, brought up in all those traditions of modesty, chastity, respectability that belonged to a family such as hers? She thought of Aunt Serena, of her father and the deference accorded to him as a legal luminary. She thought of Fanny, dear innocent Fanny—a legally married happy wife.

As Fanny's gentle lovely face rose to memory, Pamela put both elbows on the dressing-table and buried her own face in her hands.

All at once she sprang up, shook her shoulders and threw back her head.

After all, it was done—past recall. Useless to brood upon what couldn't be altered. And of course she was going to marry him. They must marry at once. Everything must be arranged this very day, and there were plans to be made.

She had promised somehow or other to meet him at his rooms in Conduit Street this afternoon. Bessie would have to drive there with her, of course, and some means of circumventing Bessie must be devised. That was the immediate problem before her, that and the need for arousing no suspicion by any change in her own voice or manner.

In the depths of her heart, despite her infatuation, despite her attempts to overlay what he had done with excuses, she knew that Archie Waring had committed a dastardly act—and shrank pitifully from the knowledge.

The ordeal of breakfast with her aunt was just over, and Pamela was escaping into the garden when she found Mrs. Mavor under the portico, about to ring the bell.

The lady's smile was a trifle embarrassed.

"Ah! Pamela, my dear! I ought to apologise for coming so early. Miss Thistlewaite down? May I see her? You're looking pale, my child," she added quickly.

Pamela forced a laugh. "It's so hot, isn't it? Auntie is still in the breakfast-room, I think. Do come in."

She caught a glimpse of Aunt Serena's startled face as she rose to receive her early visitor, and for a moment wondered what had brought Mrs. Mavor to the house.

Half an hour later, a maid sent to find her delivered a message. Would she come in? Miss Thistlewaite wished to speak to her in the drawing-room.

She found Aunt Serena looking agitated, and evidently about to embark upon a flood of incoherent speech.

"My dear, I daresay it's of no consequence to you, but Mrs. Mavor—she thought you ought to know. Very kind of her to come. Such a hot day—and so early. Just a friendly warning, that's all."

Pamela sat down on a sofa. Fortunately the drawn Venetian blinds darkened the room, for she turned very pale. "But what is it?" she demanded in a controlled voice.

"About that young Mr. Waring. It appears he's quite a bad man!" She sank her voice to a whisper, and glanced about her apprehensively. "I'm sorry you offered him a seat in the carriage yesterday, my dear. So awkward if anyone saw—— A girl so easily gets—— But of course——"

"Why should Mrs. Mavor think I'm likely to be interested in gossip about Mr. Waring?" demanded Pamela. She heard her own cold voice with stupefaction. It came from her lips automatically, as though someone else had taken possession of the faculties she herself felt slipping from her.

"I told her that!" exclaimed Miss Thistlewaite in a tone of great relief. "I said I was sure your affections were not engaged by any young gentleman. Now if it had been Fanny—so susceptible, bless the dear child! But you . . . Still, she was aware that Mr. Waring paid you attention last year, and then, as she said, coming to call like that yesterday, when for years he hasn't visited them—— It was, she's sure, merely an excuse to see you. So marked—— She didn't want to bring him, but——

For a further quarter of an hour she sat listening to Miss Thistlewaite's attempt at a coherent account of Mrs. Mavor's recent intelligence. Only one fact out of the confused tangle reached her brain, the fact, or alleged fact, that Archie Waring was already married.

AT three o'clock the same afternoon the Thistlewaite carriage stopped at a door in Conduit Street.

Accustomed to waiting for Pamela at the houses of acquaintances in town, Bessie saw nothing unusual in this particular visit, and during the drive her mind was entirely occupied with Pamela herself, whose appearance alarmed her.

The girl sat silent, rigid, her lips set in a stern line, and shook her head impatiently when Bessie suggested going home.

"Only a headache . . . I shan't be long," she said as she left the carriage.

A man-servant admitted her; she followed him upstairs, and a moment later, the door closing behind her, she stood confronting her lover.

He was rushing towards her when at the sight of her face he stopped short, startled, uncertain.

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"Darling? . . . What is it? What's the matter? Sit down. You're ill."

He took another hurried step forward, but she put up her hand with an imperious gesture.

"Not till you prove that what I've just heard is a lie." Her voice was low, but very clear and cold. She kept her eyes steadily upon his face.

He changed color, then laughed uneasily

"My angel, what are you talking about?"

"About your marriage." If her voice had been cold before it was frozen now. She knew. The last desperate hope that had sustained her fell dead. She had only to look at him—to know.

"What do you mean?" The words were as uneasy as the laugh had been.

"Mrs. Mavor has been to see my aunt this morning."

He tried bravado. "Really? How energetic of her. Why such an early call?"

"To ask her to warn me against you—a little late in the day."

"And you believe this, Pam?" He had recovered from the first shock of surprise. His voice was tenderly reproachful.

"I didn't—till this minute. Now I know it's true."

"Why? You seem confoundedly anxious to condemn me without a hearing! One wouldn't have expected this—last night," he added, stung by the cold contempt in her face and voice.

The sneer sent a tide of color over her face, a moment ago expressionless, now full of scorn at white heat.

"Last night I was a mad fool, but you were a contemptible liar," she said, still in a voice that scarcely quivered.

"I'm waiting for a proof of that amiable assertion," he drawled, "—unless you consider the gossip of an interfering old woman proof enough?"

"Her husband met your uncle, Lord Belthorpe, in Scotland last year," Pamela said. "He told him that you were married. A man in his position doesn't usually lie about his prospective heir, but I wouldn't believe the story till I had seen you. I have seen you—and it's true."

The last words came in a whisper, and for the first time there was despair as well as scorn in her voice.

Waring gave her a swift glance, and then, unable to meet her eyes, turned abruptly away and began to pace the room. Suddenly he wheeled round and began to talk agitatedly, imploringly.

"Look here, Pam! I confess it. I behaved badly. It was a vile trick. I don't deny it. But I was mad for you. I was mad for you last year—and knew it was hopeless. That's why I went away. I swear it. Because I couldn't trust myself near you . . . I wanted to get over it, and thought I had—till I met you again yesterday. You're more beautiful than ever, and when that Mavor girl, by letting out about the summer-house, gave me my opportunity—I lost my head. Oh! I know it was abominable."

He paused a moment to glance at her. She stood as she had been standing the whole time, rigid, her back against the door. Her face was again expressionless, and drained of color.

"Pam!" he went on desperately. "Try to forgive me. I'm so madly in love with you, and—and I thought you were with me. We can't marry—I'd give a fortune for a divorce, but the confounded woman—won't—can't, rather. And I can't get rid of her. Nothing in law against her." He made a scornful gesture. "But darling love, what's marriage after all? Just a convention! We love one another. Come away with me, Pam. We'll go abroad, and you shall have a wonderful life—the kind of life you've so often told me you want. You hate the conventions forced upon you by a stupid society. Here's a way out, if only you have the courage to take it! You'll be a queen of beauty; the envy of everyone . . .

He checked the torrent of words and went swiftly to her, his eyes alight, glittering—arms outstretched. Before he could touch her she threw up her head and looked him full in the face, and as though he had been stabbed, he fell back.

"If my life depended on it I wouldn't marry you now!" she declared. She laughed a little. "To be deserted when you were tired of my looks? Because that's all that you care for in me . . . You've talked about love. Neither of us is fit to mention the word. We've never loved one another. I've deceived myself, and you've deceived me. I've been mad—but I see you as you are now—and it isn't a pleasant sight. I've come to my senses. A little too late, that's all," her voice shook, but she recovered it. "There's nothing more to be said . . . I hope we shall never meet again."

She turned, opened the door, and disregarding his cry of her name, half imploring, half savagely frustrated, closed it quietly after her, and as quietly walked downstairs to the waiting carriage.

A PIECE of news which threw Aunt Serena into amazed agitation and left Pamela completely indifferent was the announcement of her father's intended marriage.

After an even longer absence from home than usual, he returned suddenly one day, and in the course of dinner briefly mentioned that he was about to marry the daughter of Clinton, the well-known barrister. Timid questioning from Aunt Serena revealed the further astounding fact that the prospective bride was a mere girl, barely five-and-twenty.

"You will of course continue to run the house," her nephew told her. "Alice—that's her name—is prepared for this, and offers no objection.

"She's not a blue-stocking," he went on, turning abruptly to Pamela with one of his twisted smiles, "so I don't know what she'll make of you. Don't frighten her with your learning, if you can help it. She happens to be a very simple, feminine and amiable young woman . . . I will bring her here to introduce to you shortly. She's out of town on a visit at the moment."

Pamela, her mind torturingly obsessed by her own misery, scarcely listened, though in so far as the news kept Aunt Serena's attention diverted from herself, she welcomed it.

. . . . .

"I thought you said your daughter was considered a beauty?" observed Alice Clinton when her elderly lover was driving her home after her visit to Gideon Grange. "I'm afraid I don't see the beauty. She's got good features certainly, but I hate red hair! And she looks so ill! Pinched somehow. What's the matter with her?"

Alice Clinton was a conventionally pretty, fair-haired, thin-lipped young woman, who was frankly marrying for position.

"No accounting for tastes," he returned. "I don't admire her myself, but according to report she was the rage in town last year.

"I wish she'd get married!" he broke out after a moment. "But I don't blame the men for fighting shy of a bad-tempered blue-stocking. She threw away all her chances during her London season. I must give her another, I suppose. You shall chaperon her, darling, when we're married."

Miss Clinton did not respond to the idea with any perceptible eagerness. With the tact that henceforth guided her life, and governed his, she changed the conversation.

As soon after the visit as she could escape from Aunt Serena's eager desire to discuss the future mistress of Gideon Grange, Pamela crept wearily upstairs to her room.

Notebooks and dictionaries lay on her writing-table—she was supposed still to be working at languages—but it was long since she had opened a book.

There was a great fear at her heart—a fear that by now was almost certainty.

This particular terror had recently blotted out all else she had felt since a certain summer night two months ago.

At first it was only shame, sickening disillusion, self-abasement that had tortured her. Now there was something else, something monstrous, incredible, and yet as she was increasingly sure—true.

She was going to have a child. There was no escape.

Night after night Pamela lay sleepless. Like a trapped animal that runs wildly in every direction seeking some outlet to its prison, her mind ceaselessly worked, devising one futile plan after another.

She might go secretly away, hide somewhere, never come back? . . .

Fanny? Oh, if only she could go to Fanny! If Fanny were alone and free! But married to Alan Freeland—a good, dear fellow, but conventional to the backbone? Impossible to bring disgrace upon such a couple! Yet her longing for Fanny was almost insupportable. Darling Fanny, who would love her in spite of everything. . . .

What remained then? One thing only—the thing that had leapt to her mind in that first awful moment of realisation. Suicide. She might kill herself. But how? Her distracted mind darted hither and thither in search for the means of self-destruction.

MR. JUSTICE THISTLEWAITE'S wedding took place in town about the middle of November.

For weeks beforehand Pamela had listened to Aunt Serena's flustered chatter; had gone with her to dressmakers, chosen her own gown, and superintended the "trying on" of old Miss Thistlewaite's finery. She had been present at the ceremony, smiling, talking in a kind of dull dream in which things happened, and she herself moved, spoke, answered questions, even laughed—like an automaton. And all the while, beneath the indifferent surface dream, the hideous nightmare continued. At last, though it scarcely mattered—because nothing mattered—all the fuss was over, and her father and his bride started for a honeymoon in Paris.

In bed that night in the darkness, Pamela sat up with clenched hands, while a wave of cold furious anger swept her as she thought of her false lover, probably now quietly asleep after a day spent in his usual round of amusements.

Monstrously, incredibly unjust! . . . She was frightened at her own terrible revulsion of feeling towards her one-time lover. She felt herself choking, and in a panic struck a match, lighted her candle, and sprang out of bed to drink water and bathe her burning face. Then forcing herself to calm she rehearsed what seemed to her the only possible plan. It included a flight abroad, a letter of confession to her father, and an assurance that she would never return. The money that was legally hers could be sent to her.

Shaking with cold, she crept into bed at last, and from sheer exhaustion slept till dawn, all unconscious that the day just

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breaking was to change her whole outlook on the future.

Pamela never forgot that day.

Early in the morning she had wandered in the garden. The sky was overcast, grey and gloomy, but the air was mild. Unseeing, careless of her surroundings, she found herself presently in the clearing of the shrubbery that once enclosed "Titania's bower." The framework of the arbor—certain thick stakes which she and Fanny had coaxed the gardener to fix in the ground—still stood there, though of the lattice-work above nothing but a few strips of decayed wood remained. Frayed to ribbons, they alternately fluttered in the wind and flopped dejectedly against the wooden stakes.

Tears rushed suddenly to her eyes as she gazed. The little ruined bower so unbearably typified the decay of all that was sweet and innocent in her life.

It was long before she could stop crying, and longer still before she felt she could with safety return to the house. Going in at last, she met a housemaid about to search for her in the garden, with a message from Miss Thistlewaite to deliver.

Pamela went upstairs and opened the door of her aunt's bedroom, with no expectation of anything but a trivial reason for the summons. But one glance at Aunt Serena altered her mood and struck terror to her heart. The old lady was crying, and she held a telegram.

"Fanny!" cried Pamela sharply, her face white.

"No! No, thank Heavens! Not Fanny. Not dear Fanny—but look!"

Pamela, still shaking, took the flimsy pink sheet.

"Regret to report Lieutenant Freeland killed in explosion on Blenheim."

She read the official telegram aloud under her breath, dropped it, and stared vacantly at Miss Thistlewaite.

"Poor dear little Fanny—a widow. Oh, terrible! And the baby that she thought was coming," she went on with a fresh burst of tears. "She told us that, in the letter we got only yesterday, didn't she? The telegram was addressed to your father, love, but I felt it my duty—— Tell me what to do, Pamela?" she implored through her tears. "Telegraph to your father? He will surely wish the dear girl to come home? Or wait till we hear—— Oh! too sad, too sad. . . . We ought to send——"

"Wait!" interrupted Pamela, putting her hand up to her head. "Let me think." In a blinding flash the idea had come.

"I must go to her," she said slowly at last. "She can't be out there alone—or come back by herself. I will go to her at once."

"You, child?" Miss Thistlewaite gasped in stupefaction. "Alone? Impossible. Your father would never consent——"

"I shan't ask him," said Pamela peremptorily.

"Bessie! I'll take Bessie. She'll come. She'd do anything on earth for Fanny. And if there's a baby coming——"

Miss Thistlewaite, swept off her feet, heard with stupefaction the same evening that Pamela had been to town and arranged everything for an immediate journey to Toulon, where young Freeland's ship was stationed. Bessie was to accompany her.

Aunt Serena then sat down to write to her nephew, her grey curls shaking almost as violently as her hand.

Late that night Bessie Cole received the shock of her life. Secretly quailing at the thought of the journey to "foreign parts"—she who had never been further afield than Margate—she had yielded immediately to Pamela's entreaty.

All day long, hurrying about town with Bessie, Pamela's mind had been directed solely to the business in hand, and Fanny's tragedy for the moment swamped the memory of her own.

Bessie, strapping a box, looked up suddenly, and, struck by the girl's haggard face, rose slowly to her feet and took both her hands.

"What is it, my pretty?" she whispered coaxingly. "Tell Bessie—whatever it is, for it's somethin' more than Miss Fanny's trouble that makes you look like that, and 'as done for a long time past." Then as Pamela was silent, she put her arms round her tenderly. "Tell Bessie!" she urged again. "It's somethin' to do with that young gentleman who come in the carriage that day, isn't it, now?"

"Yes," Pamela said. And then, keeping her tragic eyes on the woman's face, she added suddenly, with brutal directness, "I'm going to have a child by him."

She saw Bessie's round rosy face go white as chalk. For a moment she stood silent, her mouth half open. Then—Pamela watched the change with a curious impersonal interest—its stricken look changed to one of indulgent tenderness.

"It's the truth," broke in Pamela. "Now that we're leaving this house to-morrow, I can tell you. I've wanted to before—often. But I daren't. Sit down, Bessie."

Her voice was quiet, and with the same unnatural calm she went on with the story.

"I thought of killing myself, but I couldn't. I meant to go abroad anyhow. And now I'm going to make Fanny still more wretched. But I can't help it. There's nothing else to be done. . . . What do you think of me, Bessie?" she concluded with a laugh more painful than tears.

For answer Bessie clasped her tight in her arms, and rocked her as though she held a baby.

For the first time in many weeks Pamela slept dreamlessly for what was left of the night. The ever present horror was mitigated at least to the extent that human love and sympathy now encompassed her. The loneliness of the condemned cell in which she had been a prisoner, shut off from fellow-beings, was gone.

If only she had told Bessie before!

. . . . . .

The long train journey was nearing its end. For some hours past, Pamela had been looking from the carriage window upon scenes which six months previously to her untravelled eyes would have held the glamor of fairyland.

How she would have loved this journey—six months ago. Now, while conscious of its beauty, it seemed to her an impossible theatrical setting to a tragedy. To two tragedies—her own and Fanny's. Ah! but Fanny's misery held no shame, made her no outcast. For her grief there would be nothing but kindly sympathy, tender commiseration, only enhanced by the knowledge of her coming motherhood. While for her—Pamela gave a shuddering sigh and glanced at a thin gold ring on the third finger of her left hand. In the railway carriage in which between London and Dover they were alone, Bessie had placed her own wedding ring there.

"You must arrive with the show of a married woman," she said, "because of afterwards."

They had reached Toulon. Only a little while now before she would see Fanny! Pamela's heart began to beat expectantly.

Thanks to her sister's last letter, she knew how to reach her.

While the rowing-boat they had entered at Toulon sped across the water, Pamela recalled every word of her sister's last happy letter.

Except for a cottage or a farmstead here and there, Tamaris in the 'sixties was untouched by civilisation.

The boatman knew the farmhouse in which the poor young dame Anglaise lodged. Naturally everyone in the neighborhood knew of the tragedey aboard the English ship, and throughout the half-hour's journey from Toulon he poured forth voluble commiseration intermixed with questioning, to which Pamela replied in monosyllables, scarcely heeding.

He pointed out the farmhouse, a large substantial dwelling with brown-tiled roof and yellow-washed walls, standing a few paces up the hillside, facing the primitive landing-stage. . . . In another few moments Fanny was in her sister's arms, and Bessie, with the tears falling down her face, stood waiting for her turn to embrace her.

"Oh Pam! Oh Pam!" It seemed all that Fanny's lips could utter, a heartrending cry, in which there was relief, joy, profound thankfulness with an undercurrent of bewilderment.

Soon she had one arm round Bessie also, though she clung to Pamela as though afraid for a moment to loosen her hold.

"I can bear it now you have come!" she sighed at last when there was coherent speech between them. "If you hadn't—I think I should have died. . . . No, no, Pam darling—not alone! Everyone's been so kind. All the officers' wives . . . Mrs. Irwin only left me this morning. Her husband's ship was going. She had to leave me. But they're not—not my own people. Oh, Pam, how I've longed for you. . . . When your telegram came—only an hour or two ago—I could have died for joy! But I shall never have joy again!"

She broke into a flood of bitter tears.

Not for several days—not till Fanny had again and again recounted all the circumstances of her husband's death—did Pamela break her own news to her sister. Those days were spent in comforting Fanny.

She kept her self-control. Fanny need not be burdened with a further grief—yet.

But the news could not be long delayed. There was the household to consider, and Bessie was urgent that she should wear a wedding ring.

Almost oblivious at first of their presence, Pamela had begun to recognise the family in the house, a married couple with three grown-up sons, who between them managed the farm.

Madame Didier, a kindly woman, was at the moment too much interested in the young widow to be observant of Pamela, whom she addressed as Mademoiselle, but even this nominal misapprehension must not continue, and one morning, before they went out, Pamela slipped the wedding ring on to her finger.

The sisters climbed a steep track in the pine-woods behind the house, and sat down on a lichen-covered rock from which, between the trees, they had a glimpse of deeply blue sea.

Fanny let her head sink back against a pine trunk, and gazed before her with tear-swollen, hopeless eyes.

For some minutes neither spoke.

Then without moving her eyes from the sea, Fanny felt for her sister's hand. It was the left hand, and as hers closed round the wedding ring she turned her head and looked at the thin gold band, too loose for the finger it encircled.

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"Where did you get this?" she asked in a flat voice, lacking in curiosity.

There was no answer, and Fanny again turned her head to look full at her sister.

"Pam?" she began. And after a second a note of alarm in her voice as Pamela gazed at her with strange eyes. "Pam? . . . What is it? You are not——? Are you married?" The last words fell to a startled whisper.

Pamela moistened her dry lips.

"No . . . Listen . . . I'm going to tell you."

Fanny sat motionless, as though turned to stone, her lips apart, her blue eyes never leaving Pamela's face. Only when, still in the expressionless tone with which she had made the crucial announcement, her sister reached the story of the summer-house, did her face change, to remind Pamela with unbearable poignancy of their childhood.

"The devil! The wicked, cowardly devil!" she murmured between set teeth, clasping her sister tight in her fragile arms.

"Oh, Pam, that he should have dared. To you! You, of all people in the world! You don't love him now, Pam?" She loosed her arms a moment to throw back her head and search Pamela's face with wild anxiety.

"Love him?" Pamela gave a bitter little laugh. "Love him!" she repeated.

"But no one knows? No one at home even guesses?" The breathless whisper interrupted.

"Bessie. I told her the night before we started. She's been an angel."

"Let's go to her now!" Fanny started up. "We must think what to do. Bessie may help."

They found Bessie very slowly and emphatically trying to make Madame Didier understand plain English.

She desisted after one glance at Fanny's face, and followed her and Pamela into their bedroom.

"So you've made a clean breast of it, me dear?" she said in a low voice to Pamela, who sat down on the window-seat, while Fanny sank limply upon the bed, her agonised eyes fixed upon her. Bessie rose to the occasion, straightened herself and assumed a cheerful, brisk demeanor.

"Well, now we've got to do a bit o' thinkin' an' talkin'," she began, "and a mercy it is that these pore furriners seemingly can't understand a word we say, which makes it more private like. First of all we'd better find out when the both of you is expectin'." . . . Searching questions followed, and at the end of the interrogation Bessie leant back in her chair and delivered herself of a considered opinion.

"WELL, me pretties, so far as I can figure it out, you'll be within three weeks of one another—Miss Pamela leadin'."

"That brings us to about next April. Six months," murmured Fanny, looking despairingly at Pamela, who didn't speak.

The silence lasting for several minutes was broken startlingly by a cry from Fanny, who sprang to her feet and stood above her sister, trembling, a little wavering smile on her lips, her tear-swollen eyes all at once bright, her whole being transfigured.

Pamela gazed at her mutely, too amazed to speak.

"Pam!" she stammered, "I've found a way. It's easy—easy . . . I can have twins!" Then, answering her sister's dazed look of inquiry, "Yes. Don't you see? Bessie says we're close together. Well, after I've had my baby, and you yours, you can tell them at home that I've had twins. Doesn't having twins run in families, Bessie? Anyhow, there'd be nothing remarkable about it. Then we can go back to England and live together, and you won't be separated from your child, yet no one will know!"

For a moment after Fanny's shaking excited voice ceased, neither Pamela nor Bessie spoke. Both stared at her, too dazed and confused to take in at once the simplicity of the solution. At last Bessie brought her hand down upon her knee with a resounding smack.

Pamela got up slowly. "Oh, Pan!" she cried in a smothered voice, "how like you to think of a way to save me!" She stretched out her hands to Fanny, and all at once burst into tears of passionate gratitude, of almost unendurable thankfulness for release from mental torture.

The boatman who plied between Toulon and Tamaris came one morning to the farm with letters.

"Let's take them into the wood," Pamela suggested. "There's one from father, and it's sure to be annoying. I can't sit in the house to read it."

"It will be in answer to what you told him about staying on," Fanny said, as they sat down under the trees.

Three months had elapsed since Pamela's hurried journey, and after clever temporising about the date of their return, she had written to state definitely that since Fanny was not well enough to travel, they could not come home until after her confinement.

With the exception of a rather stilted letter of condolence to Fanny on his return from his honeymoon, in which he observed that if she cared to return to Gideon Grange "till she had made other plans" she would be welcome, this was the first communication of Mr. Justice Thistlewaite to his daughters, and addressed to Pamela, the letter was as disagreeably terse as she had expected. He considered the postponement of her return at least, ridiculous and quite unnecessary. Fanny, as out of his jurisdiction, could do as she pleased, but if Pamela chose to stay on, she must do so at the expense of keeping Bessie as well as herself. He had no intention of providing funds to enable her to act contrary to his wishes.

"A pleasant parent, isn't he?" remarked Pamela as she folded the letter after reading it aloud. "Luckily we can manage it. Oh, Pan, how I bless Aunt Kitty! Without money I should be nothing but a helpless slave!"

"We ought to make our wills, leaving everything to one another," said Fanny drearily after a silence. "I shall make you sole guardian of my baby—I mean of my babies," she added quickly, with a timid glance at Pamela.

THE days slid past—quiet days, though not monotonous.

It was characteristic of Pamela to extract mental interest from her surroundings, and Tamaris provided it abundantly.

On wet days, forced to keep to the house, the sisters made their baby clothes and gossiped with Bessie, who had wonderfully adapted herself to her new conditions and was on excellent gesticulating terms with the French family in the kitchen.

On one such morning of rain, the boatman from Toulon brought a letter for Fanny from Catherine Mavor. She read it, and after a moment's hesitation, passed it silently to her sister.

Pamela dropped the little cap she was decorating with the delicate stitchery taught her by Aunt Serena, and glancing carelessly through the first page of gushing endearment, came to a name that arrested her and sent the hot color to her face.

"I'm so glad Pam wasn't a bit attracted by that wretched Archie Waring. We are always hearing fresh things about him. You know he'd just been abroad for a year when he came to see us only to get mother to take him to see Pam? Well, he had to leave the country, and it wasn't as he pretended a pleasure trip at all. He'd done something disgraceful about a cheque. Forged it or something, and had to keep out of the way till it was hushed up. Just think if Pam had fallen in love with a man like that! He is so handsome that she very well might. But she is so sensible . . ."

Pamela folded the letter deliberately, replaced it in its envelope and gave it to Fanny with a contemptuous gesture.

"He swore he'd left England to try to get over his love for me!" she said derisively. "But what does it matter? Only one more proof that he is a liar, and that I'm a fool!"

A week later than the discovery of the bi-lingual doctor, in the early hours of a radiant morning, Pamela gave birth to a daughter.

Bessie was jubilant. Never had she known an easier confinement, nor a patient who made a more rapid recovery. In three weeks' time Pamela, feeling strong and well, if mentally confused by the strange sensations the child evoked in her, was up and had resumed normal existence.

And Fanny, released from fears for her sister, calmly awaited her own trial.

It came, and from the outset Bessie was anxious.

FANNY called to her about midnight, and early next morning one of Madame Didier's sons was sent to fetch the doctor from Toulon.

"Now, no need to look like that, Miss Pam!" exclaimed Bessie sharply, coming into the sitting-room where Pamela sat white and strained-looking beside her baby's cradle. "It's just a precaution like—because so far as I kin see it's goin' to be a long job."

Two hours later, young Didier returned in the boat with Doctor Durand, and as Pamela watched the men leap ashore, she breathed again. With medical help at hand, all would be well, and this nightmare of helpless listening to moans from the next room would cease. . . . But it did not cease. It went on interminably all day. Her baby woke and cried. Automatically she lifted it from its cradle, fed it, covered it again in its cot, still listening in despairing horror. . . .

She herself had suffered. Unused to pain, she had thought Bessie mad to tell her she had had a wonderful time. . . . But this . . . this! . . .

Suddenly a cry that she never through life forgot, sent her staggering against the wall, and her knees giving way under her, she sank to the floor, covering her ears with both hands.

Then silence—a silence broken by a feeble wail. Pamela's heart began to beat to suffocation. It was over! Surely now—? . . . But again an eternity of waiting. . . .

At last with the sound of an opening door she rose to her feet and quite unconsciously lifted her baby from its cradle. It was thus, with the child clasped to her breast, her eyes like those of a hunted animal, her white lips parted, that she awaited the doctor's entrance.

He came in, shutting the door gently after him, a tall dark young man whose face in the scarcely discernible shaded light of the lamp was grave.

"A boy," he began. "It does well. It will live. But the mother—" he shook his head. "I regret, madame——"

Fanny died at dawn, leaning against her sister's shoulder—died with a smile on her lips.

JAP CAKES | coffee glaze.

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"Alan, Pam! . . . I shall see Alan . . . the baby—yours—both yours . . . Dear Bessie . . . Dear, dear Pam!"

The two women kneeling by the bed just caught her faint whisper. She smiled again, sighed once, and was gone.

"NO, Papa, I can't live at home."

Six months after Fanny's death Pamela sat facing her father in his study at Gideon Grange.

In the old schoolroom, Aunt Serena, to Pamela's eyes terribly aged and frail, was purring over the tables, and with tears dropping down her withered cheeks, listening to Bessie's account of their mother's death.

The new Mrs. Thistlewaite, secretly bored, had retired to her own room. After all, she had never known Fanny. Pamela was only little less of a stranger to her, and she was strenuously opposed to her husband's expressed intention of keeping his daughter and his two grandchildren under his own roof.

With a movement of exasperation Charles Thistlewaite pushed back his chair and began to pace the room.

"What have you been doing since your sister's death?" he demanded at last angrily, wheeling round to face her.

She replied at once, and with the irritating composure she had preserved throughout the interview.

"I've been in London—with Bessie and the children. At first we were in rooms while I looked about for a house, as I've already said. I've found one in Chelsea, and we moved in a week ago. I sent you the address at once, and Aunt Serena wrote to say that you wished to see me and that Alice was sending the carriage for us all to-day. We drove here, and if we may have the carriage again, we shall drive home to-night."

"Home!" He gave a short laugh. "Upon my soul, you have impudence! Your home is here, under my roof, while I choose you to remain."

"No. Not necessarily. I am over age, and I have money of my own."

Pamela's voice was cold and steady. She sat perfectly still, looking at her father, and in her glance there was a disdain which infuriated him.

She had altered, he perceived. Was it her plain black dress that made her look so much older? She had grown very thin in the face, and she'd lost her color . . . There had been talk about her beauty! Well, if it had ever existed, there was little of it left now. He was aware of being obscurely glad. The animosity that existed between him and Pamela was deeply rooted.

"We all know you are overwhelmingly clever and strong-minded, Pamela, and therefore no doubt you'll be able to make it clear to my poor masculine intellect how you propose to support yourself, two children and a servant upon a trifle over two hundred a year? That is the sum, I believe, which my sister was so ill-advised as to leave you? If you are relying on your aunt for assistance, I may tell you that her income is a mere pittance. But perhaps you have other resources of which I am unaware?"

"Yes. I have Fanny's allowance as well." Pamela's voice shook a little, but she recovered it instantly. "Fanny left all her money to me. I sent you a copy of her will yesterday, so that you might see that besides leaving this to me she has made me the children's guardian."

Quite at ease now, he smiled satirically.

"Her will? I was under the impression that at her death Fanny had not attained her majority by some weeks? A woman of affairs, my dear, ought to know that a minor is legally incapable of——"

"Her wishes then!" interrupted Pamela, her voice definitely unsteady now. "I do know that in law her will doesn't count. But I didn't think that even you"—she stressed the word with bitterness—"would disregard what Fanny wanted more than anything in the world! If the children are not mine, whose are they? Do you claim them?"

He made a gesture as if waving her aside.

"Your behaviour of late has not been easy to explain to our circle of acquaintances I can assure you! But I will let that pass. I can scarcely believe you to be serious in saying you have taken a house upon your own responsibility, but if this is actually the case, I will see to its disposal as soon as possible."

He leant back in his chair and twirled his eyeglass.

Pamela was silent.

"You are surely not such a fool as to refuse this offer?" he exclaimed at last.

"Yes. I do refuse it, Papa."

"Listen to me!" he returned, raising his voice. "It's now or never. If you insist upon taking these infants away, don't imagine that I shall ever contribute a penny either to their maintenance or your own. A fine way to respect your sister's memory, I must say!" he burst out again, still fuming. "You'd rather let her children suffer and be brought up in squalor and poverty than give up your idiotic plans?"

Pamela rose abruptly and stood before her father, her eyes blazing.

"It's because I won't let my—Fanny's children suffer, that I refuse!" she exclaimed vehemently. "They shall never be brought up as she and I were in this house—repressed, neglected, and despised by you—because we were girls! Left to a stupid governess, all knowledge of every kind withheld from us—sneered at by you when we wanted better education. Oh! you'd take some interest in the boy, no doubt! He'd be sent to a public school, and to the University, and among other things he taught to look down on women. But the girl?" She gave a short laugh. "I know, and Fanny knew from experience what a girl's lot would be. No! No. Fanny's children, my children now, shall have a different upbringing from ours. If it hadn't been for Aunt Serena we should have had no affection in our home at all. As it was, we had no life—till Aunt Kitty came home!"

"Yes. Started all this rebellion, and then added to the mischief by——"

"By making me independent of you," Pamela interrupted him. "You'll never forgive that, will you, Papa?" She threw back her head with a smile which ironically enough, and little as she guessed it, resembled the very smile characteristic of her father when he dealt with a legal adversary. At that moment the door opened.

As she closed it quickly behind her, Alice Thistlewaite's glance darted rapidly from her husband to her stepdaughter, and rested on Pamela.

"What is it?" she asked presently in her demure voice, looking at her husband and reading in his face the baffled anger he was experiencing.

"You'd better ask this violent woman!" he replied, pointing at Pamela. "She's no daughter of mine!"

In a flash of irrelevant amusement, Pamela was conscious of the ultra-femininity of her stepmother's outward appearance.

"Papa is annoyed that I've made plans for myself, the children and Aunt Serena which can't be altered," she explained in a voice that was once more level and quiet. "It is kind of him to offer to provide for the children, but they will live with me in my own house."

"Have you heard till now that my aunt wishes to leave us?" demanded Mr. Thistlewaite, turning furiously to his wife.

Alice sat down in an armchair, picked up the dangling needle and calmly went on with the work upon which she had been engaged since half-past ten that morning.

"Oh yes, Charles. I have discussed the matter with your Aunt Serena."

"Why was I not informed of this?" His voice rose till courtesy alone would have denied to it the quality of a shout.

"Well, dear—it scarcely seemed necessary to worry you so far in advance," said Alice soothingly. "Aunt Serena can do as she pleases, can't she? And if Pamela wishes also to leave us—why not?"

"Because it's a monstrous thing that my grandchildren should be brought up by a young woman lost to all the decencies and proprieties of the social position which as my daughter she holds—or has held! If she persists in this shameless idiocy moreover, the children will be reared in poverty—for I've refused to contribute towards their maintenance unless they live under my roof. My grandchildren in poverty! A pretty state of things to explain to the outside world, upon my soul! And all for the whim of an undutiful, headstrong girl!"

He paused in his agitated pacing of the room to bring his hand down with a thud on the table near which his wife was seated. Several little balls of wool which she had taken from her pockets and placed there jumped madly into the air and fell to the floor.

Mrs. Thistlewaite stooped to collect them.

"But I suppose Pamela has thought of the money side of the question?" she observed, turning the square of canvas on her knee, and regarding it with her head on one side. "Can you afford it, Pam?" She looked up from her work to put the question almost casually.

"Certainly I've thought of it," Pamela replied, addressing her young stepmother. "It would be entirely unfair to expect financial help from Papa for a plan of which he disapproves. I can manage while the children are young, but later, of course, expenses will increase. That's why I'm going to keep a shop."

IF a thunderbolt had fallen through the study ceiling Mr. Thistlewaite would probably have been less stupefied, less incredulously aghast. Even Alice dropped her woolwork on to her lap and stared at Pamela.

"Is this a joke?" inquired her father, after an electric silence.

"Not at all. I'm opening it next week," she returned, her face grave, though her eyes were suspiciously bright with some emotion not too far from mocking derisiv.

Mr. Thistlewaite darted across the room and rang the bell violently.

"What do you want, dear?" Alice's voice was full of wifely solicitude.

"The brougham sent round at once. I've wasted too much time already in the attempt to reason with a mad woman." He turned white-faced to Pamela.

"When you leave this house to-day you'll take your aunt and the children with you, and neither you nor they will ever re-enter it. I've done with you!"

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"Good-bye, then, Papa," said Pamela in an even voice.

He flung himself out of the room without reply, and Pamela, shrugging her shoulders, glanced at her stepmother.

In Alice's downcast eyes as she neatly folded up her work there was a gleam of satisfaction.

By the time Pamela closed her bedroom door that night she had almost reached the breaking-point.

To have revisited her late home, with all its memories of Fanny, even in normal circumstances, would have been sufficiently poignant; to have endured in addition the scene with her father, the tears of Aunt Serena, torn between distress at offending "Dear Charles" and her desire to leave a house in which, since his re-marriage, she had been unhappy, had thoroughly unnerved, and for the moment robbed the girl of strength and even of her courage.

Thank Heaven, all was quite now in the Chelsea house that was to be the scene of a great venture. Aunt Serena was comfortably settled in the room that for a week had been ready for her, and the fretful wail of the babies, disgruntled by the break in the routine of their little lives, had ceased. They were asleep, and she, too, might sleep in peace.

BUT over-tired, over-strained, sleep did not come. Her brain whirled, presenting her in a series of vivid pictures out of their proper sequence, the events of the past year.

She thought among a thousand other things, how wonderfully chance had forwarded these plans, by leading her to people who in the 'sixties considered "advanced" if not actually sacrilegious, had eagerly welcomed her.

The centre of this little company of thinking young people, was Sally Erskine, Lady Rinlake's daughter, the girl with whom she and Fanny had been intimate in the old South Street days. To her mother's distress Sally had married a man whose reputation as a promising writer was considerably greater than his income, and Sally was not only unrepentant, but happy, interested and busy in her new life of comparative poverty.

It was Sally's letter of sympathy after Fanny's death which, on her return to London, had sent Pamela, still dazed with grief, to the little house in Chelsea owned by the newly-married couple. A very different home she found it from any she had previously known—her own included.

There, for the first time in her life, Pamela met people, nearly all of them young, who read, thought and talked eagerly, animatedly about things "that mattered." Some of Pamela's mental pictures were of a small oak-panelled room filled with a gay little crowd of men and women who had met—an event remarkable enough in the 'sixties—to talk on equal terms. To talk, in contradistinction to the aimless chatter interspersed with compliments, which was the only form of intercourse hitherto known to her when women as well as men were present.

As soon as the Erskines and their friends realised that she was not joking in her desire to "cease to be a lady," the idea of a bookshop, with Pamela Thistlewaite as manageress and saleswoman, was received with delighted acclamation. Before long, capital for the venture was supplied by the joint effort of enthusiasts, and at Pamela's insistence the whole enterprise was put upon a business footing . . .

On recalling these preliminaries, her thoughts darted with amusement to her recent experience in the household of Mr. Hodges.

From the outset she had felt the absolute necessity for some sort of business training and it was Jack Erskine who had helped her to attain it by introducing her to an intelligent bookseller in Kensington. By dint of much persuasion Mr. Hodges had consented to take her as a pupil, and for the past three months she had worked from early morning till late at night in his shop.

The day dawned as she lay awake, still thinking, planning, alternately anxious and confident, excited and dubious.

But on the whole, self-confidence predominated, and was mingled with a sense of triumph.

From the misery and hopelessness of last year she had emerged strong and self-reliant, ready to embark upon a venture that in her day, represented the height of daring and audacity.

The room was light now, and slipping on a dressing-gown, Pamela went to the door and softly opened it.

The house she and Sally Erskine had chosen three months previously was one of the many Georgian houses then existing before modern flats and terraces of stucco spoilt the "Village."

Pamela crept quietly down the shallow stairs to the shop on the ground floor, newly arranged and awaiting this, its opening day.

Crossing the room which stretched the whole depth of the house, she drew back the curtains and gazed about it with a thrill of pride.

Behind the small panes of the window, on slanting shelves, were displayed the very latest books of the day. "Felix Holt," "Atalanta in Calydon," the just published "Vittoria," "The Life and Death of Jason," were among them; and prominently placed in the forefront, the already much discussed "Frederick the Great," the latest work of the sage round the corner.

From the tastefully arranged window she turned to the shelves lining the room and let her eyes wander over the rows of books displayed according to subject, in neat array.

She drew her hand lovingly over the backs of the books on one of the shelves, delighted with their gay fresh colors, and with the aspect of her shop, with its oak tables, its blue "Morris" wallpaper and its simple rush-seated chairs.

"It's different from every other shop in London!" she jubilantly assured herself.

Her first day as a saleswoman had dawned at last. Sally and Jack had promised to bring all their friends, so that business should be brisk, and she was going to give a tea-party for them in the shop itself at five o'clock.

It was fun to be so startlingly original!

While she lingered, throwing satisfied glances about her, the first beam from the newly-risen sun shot in at the window, enhancing the charm of the place, and was hailed by Pamela as a good omen.

Closing the door behind her at last, she went upstairs, and, still eager and excited, softly opened the door of the night nursery.

All was quiet within. Bessie's night-capped head was sunk in her pillow, and from the cots placed side by side at the foot of her bed there was no sound.

Noiselessly Pamela crept nearer, and in turn bent over their tiny occupants.

"They're getting pretty," she thought dispassionately. "The boy's hair is going to be like mine."

From the sleeping child whose head was covered with a soft copper-colored down, she turned to her own baby. Little Fanny lay with one tiny hand tucked beneath a rose-flushed cheek, and as her mother stooped nearer, she moved a little and smiled in her sleep.

At the sight Pamela was conscious of a strange novel sensation at her heart, a stirring of something deeper than the involuntary pity for their helplessness, hitherto the sole emotion the babies had roused in her. A great tenderness suddenly engulfed her, and but for the fear of Bessie's wrath—perhaps even more on account of a certain abashed shyness before her own feeling—she would have snatched the child up to hold tight, to kiss with passion.

"I'm going to love her!" she thought wonderingly, half bewildered, wholly glad. "To love them both," was the quick amendment in her own mind. "My babies now!"

After she had dressed and put her room in order she sat down on the broad window-seat in the sunshine and rather in the manner of a serious schoolgirl on the first day of term, made rules for herself concerning the conduct of her inward and outward life hereafter.

Except in a business capacity, it was to be little concerned with men. She hoped for pleasant friendships among them, certainly—six months spent in touch with the Erskine circle had proved to her that men could be intellectually interesting, might even inspire strong liking. But love? No. A thousand times no. Never again would she give her heart away.

From Archie Waring and her father, the two men who had been most intimately in her life, no specially exalted opinion of the rest could be deduced, she scornfully reflected. . . . But to dismiss all irrelevancies, here was she, Pamela Thistlewaite, spinster and shopkeeper, determined to succeed!

With a laugh as gay as a schoolgirl's she sprang up, aware, now that she had emerged from thought, of the sounds of life in the house. There was a pleasant clatter below, announcing breakfast. She heard Bessie's voice at Aunt Serena's door, asking if she should bring in the twins "to say good morning."

IT was Saturday afternoon, and Pamela and her friend Sally Erskine were in the nursery, where the children, now three years old, had just finished tea and were having their bibs removed by Bessie.

"They're really lovely, Pam!" Sally exclaimed rapturously.

"Take them in to see Aunt Serena before they go to bed, won't you, Bessie?" Pamela suggested. "Let's come downstairs, Sally."

She made a movement towards the door, but before she could escape the babies rushed to her with open arms and stammering cries. "Not go, Auntie Pam! Not go!"

Pamela stooped, kissed them hurriedly, and whisked out of the room, followed by her friend, to whose advances the twins had paid but scant attention.

Sally laughed. "You adore them, don't you? Do you remember telling me you didn't care for children and you were afraid of not loving them?"

"Yes," said Pamela briefly.

Pamela and Sally parted shortly afterwards, with promises to meet at a party in the evening.

Pamela went into the shop where most of her time was spent. She let her thoughts dwell on the success of the shop. It had indeed succeeded beyond her wildest dreams, but though to the many congratulations she received Pamela always replied, "I've had such luck!" the chief factor in its good fortune, as she could not help knowing, was her own personality. True, circumstances had been propitious at the start. She had had the

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loyal support of friends who everywhere advertised it. The novelty of the undertaking, coupled with the beauty of the shopkeeper ("and only imagine a lady, my dear!") also contributed to its popularity. But even when such adventitious aids were included, the true source of its success, as everyone agreed, was Pamela herself. Her intelligence, her quickness of apprehension and grasp of a subject—the same quickness which had made her the despair of her early teachers, who could not supply her fast enough with mental food—stood her in good stead when it was applied to a means of livelihood. Even in the first months of the venture, knowledge of how and what to buy came to her almost instinctively, and in an incredibly short time she had also developed a useful flair for the acquisition of rare books and first editions.

Scholars, many of them erudite, had begun to haunt the Chelsea bookshop on the chance of finding what they wanted in seventeenth and eighteenth-century literature that dealt with more or less abstruse subjects, and Pamela seldom failed them. Sooner or later the coveted volume would be procured, and in triumph handed to the often dubious inquirer.

Before opening the shop three years previously she had taken lessons in book-keeping, and she now managed her accounts without any assistance from experts.

Her yearly audit showed increasingly satisfactory results. Soon, she reflected, she would have paid off everything, and the business would be her own property.

Pamela at last turned to the consideration of something that in spite of all efforts to disguise its importance had never for the past half year been absent from her mind.

It was three or four months now since a man called Felix Ashton had made her an offer of marriage which she had hastily refused, and while appearing to accept her decision, and at her request returning to the role of friendship, Ashton had never ceased his quiet efforts to wear down her resistance. They had succeeded, up to a point, and while insisting that at present there should be no engagement, Pamela found herself committed to give him a definite answer within a few days. . . .

Hands folded idly in her lap, eyes fixed on vacancy, she tried to think, to come to some conclusion—only to find her mind in a tumult, emotion gaining the mastery. It was maddening!

Three years, a year, even six months ago, she could have quite honestly sworn that her bitter experience had for ever cured her of the madness of love for any man.

The shock of that experience had induced in her a secret hostility to the other sex which even the friendships she had made with men during past years had not entirely dissipated.

She fell to thinking of her first sight of Felix Ashton.

He had entered the shop one morning as a customer and—to-day she acknowledged it—from the first moment his personality attracted her.

Ashton was an architect possessed of considerable private means and also of a skill and taste which raised him above the rank and file of his profession.

Pamela already knew the story of an early marriage and the death of his young wife, scarcely a year later. No other woman, he said, "till now"—and with a renewal of the thrill she had then experienced Pamela recalled the words—had ever attracted him.

With a sudden nervous movement she sprang to her feet, and leaving the shop, rushed upstairs as though to escape the pursuit of that insistent claim for decision.

The children would be going to bed in a few minutes and if Aunt Serena was not in the nursery she herself ought to be there while Bessie prepared the bath. She was thankful for the excuse to postpone further reflection.

By half-past eight a dozen or more of Pamela's intimates had assembled. The flower-decked candle-lighted shop made an original and charming setting for the rather attractive-looking group of young people who filled it with a babel of talk and laughter.

"No dowds and no fools admitted to Pamela's parties," was the dictum of Jack Erskine. It held a considerable amount of truth, for despite her wholehearted enthusiasm for improvement in the position of her own sex, Pamela was almost as impatient of the cranks and extremists in the movement, as she was of the type of woman described by her as the "simpering slave." As guests of such a hostess, it was not surprising that though nearly all the girls in the room were workers either for improvement in education, for the right of entrance to the medical profession, or for the grant of the suffrage, none of them should consider eccentricity in dress or behaviour as part of their programme.

An air of peculiar gaiety and excitement prevailed to-night on account of the recent return to Parliament of their champion, John Stuart Mill, and Connie Merton, who had taken part in the novel electioneering methods organised by his supporters, had a group of eager listeners and was frequently interrupted by eager questions and exclamations.

"You drove round Westminster? . . . How splendid! . . . What fun! How did you feel? . . ."

"Yes. We had a carriage all decked up with ribbons! . . . Yes . . . Placards hung all round it with his name on them . . . Oh, Madame Bodichon's idea, of course. She always thinks of such splendid things. No, I didn't mind the shouting. It was exciting. Oh yes, there was hooting, naturally—but lots of cheering, too, and that was splendid . . . Oh Pam," the girl broke off to exclaim, "we were thinking of you all the time, and longing for you to be with us. You'd have looked so lovely in the carriage! But that might have done more harm than good," she added reflectively. "You know how horrid people are! I heard lots of sneering remarks about 'the man who wants to have girls in Parliament' and of course there was a good deal of sniggering and odious kind of laughing!"

"Let them sneer," said Pamela. "They'll have to get used to us in Parliament, and everywhere else before we've finished! I hope you wore that pretty blue dress of yours, Con?" she added anxiously.

There was a general laugh.

The conversation drifting sometimes into other channels always returned to the question of the vote, which destined to be delayed for almost half a century after this particular party, was hailed by the optimists of that year as near at hand. Wasn't Mr. Mill about to present a monster petition to Parliament? Surely public opinion was veering round—if not to a sense of justice, at least towards accepting the inevitable? . . .

Outwardly animated, Pamela talked more perfunctorily than usual, and her eyes strayed constantly to the door . . .

"Pamela is looking particularly beautiful to-night," observed Mrs. Singleton to Ned Summers, with whom she had been talking about the much-discussed work of the new painter Rossetti. "I never saw her so brilliant," she added with another glance at her hostess.

"I wonder whether——" she broke off abruptly as Pamela, to whom her gaze had returned, rose to greet a newcomer, and Summers heard her utter a half-smothered ejaculation.

"Someone you know?" he asked, following her eyes to the door, at which Felix Ashton was entering.

"No—yes—that is, an acquaintance of many years ago. He'll have forgotten me," she returned a little hurriedly.

"This is a scene of enchantment!" Ashton exclaimed as he held Pamela's hand a moment longer than was conventionally necessary. "What a delightful background for all these pretty dresses!"

"Let me introduce you to some of the wearers," said Pamela, her outward self-possession giving no hint of the inner tumult she was crushing down. "We don't generally make quite so much noise, but we're all dreadfully excited about Mr. Mill's election, you know!"

Ashton bowed right and left as his hostess mentioned names.

"Mr. Ashton and I have met before," observed Mrs. Singleton as Pamela, continuing her introductions, looked in her direction. "How do you do? You haven't forgotten me?"

"Of course not," he returned, shaking hands with her . . . "Though it's a very long time——"

"Oh, ages ago," she interrupted, turning from him to take the cup of coffee young Summers was offering her.

In a few minutes Ashton had renewed his slight previous acquaintance with Jack Erskine, and been presented to Erskine's wife.

"We've been talking about the Discussion Society that has just started in Kensington," Sally told him. "We must make Miss Thistlewaite join it!"

"Isn't she already too busy?"

"Well, the meetings are in the evening, so they won't interfere with her own work, and we are all certain she'd made a splendid speaker."

"What are you two plotting against me?" demanded Pamela, coming towards them with a glass in each hand.

"I'm telling Mr. Ashton that you must join the Kensington Discussion Society. All the shining lights belong, you know, Pam—Miss Elizabeth Garrett, Miss Buss, Miss Beale, Miss Davies——"

"Who are these ladies?" asked Ashton, smiling. "Forgive my ignorance. I'm afraid I'm only a theoretical sympathiser with all your activities. In practice I find I don't know much about 'the emancipation of women.' Isn't that what you call it?"

"Let us lighten your darkness!" answered Pamela, smiling at him. "Miss Elizabeth Garrett is engaged in opening the medical profession to women——"

"Heavens above!" interrupted Ashton jokingly, but with an undercurrent of distaste in his voice that was not lost upon Sally Erskine. Pamela did not appear to notice it.

"Why not?" she inquired lightly. And then without waiting for an answer "Miss Buss, Miss Beale and Miss Davies are fighting to get a decent education for girls."

"And you and Mrs. Erskine are in the thick of all this?"

"Mrs Erskine is up to her eyes in it, and I should like to be—but I haven't much time."

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"The next debate is to be on 'The Limit of Parental Authority,'" said Sally, reverting to her original topic. "Ah, look at Pam's sparkling eyes! I knew that subject would appeal to her!"

There was a burst of laughter from the group of people gathered as usual round Pamela, most of whom knew her to be the disowned daughter of Mr. Justice Thistlewaite.

"Yes, I might have a word or two to say about that. Only I should like to change the title. How would 'Parental Authority is—the limit,' do?" she suggested, unconsciously coining the phrase.

"You're rash women to invite Pam to your society," declared Jack Erskine in the midst of the hilarity. "That is unless you want the dovecotes fluttered! There'll be feathers flying, I assure you, if you let her loose amongst them."

"Perhaps they'll pay no attention to a mere shopkeeper," suggested Pamela, demurely.

"Doesn't the revered Mrs. Ellis say something delicious about women and trade, Pam?" a girl called to her across the room. "Do you remember it?"

"Perfectly. Who could forget Mrs. Ellis on anything? Would you like to hear it?"

THERE were cries of assent, and not without a pang at her heart at a sudden memory of Fanny's merriment when she "did" Mrs. Ellis, Pamela assumed a voice of sanctimonious gravity and began the recitation.

"'Gentlemen may employ their hours of business in almost any degrading occupation, and may be gentlemen still, while if a lady does but touch any article, no matter how delicate, in the way of trade, she ceases to be a lady.'"

"Do go on, Pam!" the laughing voices entreated. "Isn't her memory wonderful? Can't you give us another gem?" . . . Do try!"

"A beautiful passage occurs in a work entitled 'The Afternoon of Unmarried Life,'" returned Pamela. "I forget the name of the genius who wrote it, but it's worthy of Mrs. Ellis. It runs thus:

"'On the ground of self-preservation it behoves every unmarried woman to find some harmless mode of doing service. There is always some unrelished occupation that may devolve upon a willing coadjutor. In default of every other, the dullest branch of family correspondence will often be gladly conceded . . .' so when I've reached my 'afternoon,' I must leave off keeping a shop and turn to 'unrelished occupations,' you see!" she concluded, relapsing into her ordinary tone.

"How long ago was that written?" asked Ashton, turning to Mrs. Erskine when the derisive cheers subsided.

"Only about six or seven years. Mrs. Ellis is earlier. She flourished some time in the forties I think, but when I was a schoolgirl there was an epidemic of manuals insisting upon our natural inferiority, and beseeching us to recognise it and be quiet. Even before the forties, as you know—or perhaps you don't—women here and there had begun to kick a little, and these books, you see, were written by alarmed ladies as a sort of counterblast to what were then new and pernicious ideas."

"We've kicked harder since!" exclaimed Mrs. Carfax a young married woman to whom Ashton had been earlier in the evening introduced. "What would those dear ladies think of us now, I wonder?"

"They wouldn't think at all, they'd just swoon!" declared Pamela, who moving about among her guests had returned to the group she had for a few moments abandoned.

"Are you for or against us, Mr. Ashton?" demanded Mrs. Carfax vivaciously. "My husband is in Parliament, and he's tremendously keen on getting us the vote. Aren't you, Jim?" to the humorous-looking young man who strolled up.

"She made my support a condition of our marriage," he declared, addressing Ashton, with a nod in his wife's direction. "So as I scarcely liked to jilt the girl, I succumbed. Against my better judgment, of course, but——"

"Jim! How dare you! Don't believe a word of it, Mr. Ashton! He's thoroughly in favor. We're getting up a big petition which Mr. Mill is going to present to Parliament," she went on eagerly, "and it simply must succeed! I'm sure it will."

"I'm not," said Ashton.

"Nor am I," agreed Pamela, rather to the surprise of her listeners.

"Because of the men—or because of the women?" inquired Ashton, turning to her.

"Because of both. Men's prejudices and women's silliness."

"Oh, Pam!" gasped little Mrs. Carfax. "How can you say that?"

"Because it's true of all but a handful—as yet, at any rate. Not surprising either, considering the way most of us are brought up. We've been jeering at Mrs. Ellis' effusions, but all she says is still being repeated and still being loved by the great majority of women to-day . . . Oh, yes! You may laugh, but it is . . . Here's a novel, for instance, that's having an enormous sale." She reached for a book from one of the shelves. "It's called 'St. Olave's.' I daresay no one here has ever heard of it, but women come in every day to buy it, and tell me they consider it simply sweet. And so it is," she added. "Sweeter than treacle . . . Listen!" She turned some pages and began to read: "'For the most part men care little for genius or poetry or enthusiasm (in women) . . . What they want in a woman is rest and quietness, perhaps also a never failing willingness to acknowledge their own superiority' Oh, make no mistake, it isn't 'writ sarcastic!'" she said as the men laughed deprecatingly. "The context proves that, most satisfactorily. Where was I? Oh! . . . 'She must be content to glow, not sparkle. She must cover the flame of her intellect, if she have any, with the ground glass of humility and modesty.' . . . (Sally, how dare you laugh. This is of vital importance.) . . . 'The truest woman is not she who has amassed the most knowledge or cultivated the most enthusiasm, etc., etc. but she who has won this God-given grace of meekness and quietness. If only there were more such women! . .'

"Now, isn't that in the true line of descent from Mrs. Ellis? Could she have beaten it? And it's in a novel published only last month, and is still the ideal for the daughters, wives and mothers of England!"

"But after all, if that's the kind of thing that the majority of women find satisfactory, if, in short, they're happy in their present condition, why disturb them?" asked Ashton.

"We don't want to disturb them. Let them go on shaking their curls!" exclaimed Pamela. "All we ask is that they shall refrain from hindering the minority who don't find slavery as pleasant as they do, or at any rate pretend they do. I'm only trying to say that our deadliest enemies are of our own sex."

"Yes. Men are so much nicer about it!" exclaimed little Mrs. Carfax naively. "Think of Mr. Mill—and Jim," she glanced at her husband, "and—all the other men here."

There was a general laugh.

"You forget that if we weren't nice about it we shouldn't be admitted to Miss Thistlewaite's parties," observed Summers teasingly.

"Oh, you don't mean you're not sincere?" she asked in a distressed voice, opening her child-like blue eyes very wide at him. "That would be dreadful!"

"Poor darling!" exclaimed Pamela, mirthfully affectionate. "The men here are of the elect, of course, as Mr. Summers says. But you'll find out how nice most of the others are when you know more about them! . . . Let's go and ask Nell Truman to sing."

Ashton followed the little bride with his eyes as she moved away with Pamela's arm through hers.

"What a charming little creature!" he exclaimed admiringly.

"Yes. A mere baby. Married out of the schoolroom a month ago. I can see you're regretting her feminist enthusiasms?" went on Mrs. Erskine, smiling rather ironically. "But she's acquired them from her husband, not from Miss Thistlewaite nor from any of the other 'unfeminine women,' as we're called."

"That's the last thing that could be said about any of the ladies here to-night," he returned with a polite little bow. "I think Miss Thistlewaite is the most beautiful girl I ever saw," he added suddenly, with some irrelevance.

"So you can forgive her her brains?" Sally spoke lightly, but a shadow of irony still colored her voice. She could not account for the slightly inimical feeling that her companion roused in her.

"Aren't you being rather unfair to me?" he asked. "I admire Miss Thistlewaite's courage and cleverness more than I can say."

"I'm glad of that," she returned. "Glad, I mean, that it's not only her beauty you admire. She's a wonderful girl, and if you knew the circumstances of her home life you would admire her courage still more. Oh, I don't think men can realise what exceptional girls like Pamela suffer from their repressive upbringing!" she exclaimed. "It's only the very strong ones, like Pamela, who struggle free. For most girls, marriage is the only way out."

"But isn't it the best way?"

"If it's a happy marriage—certainly. The very best way. But nine girls out of ten daren't wait till there's a chance of that. They're too afraid of not being married at all. Pamela isn't one of those. She'll wait. And if she never sees that chance she'll remain as she is."

"IT will be a miracle if Miss Thistlewaite escapes matrimony," he declared.

"You don't know Pam! I needn't tell you how many offers she has already refused. It's the best—or not at all, for her. And if she never marries one couldn't wish for a better proof that the single life needn't be dull—with Pamela leading it."

Ashton shook his head. "Incredible! Sheer waste," he said confidently.

She laughed a little.

"I see you don't really believe that women's lives are their own? You think they should always be complementary—part of some man's existence?"

"Well, isn't it the law of nature?"

Sally shrugged her shoulders. "In that case wasn't it very short-sighted of nature to provide more women than men? They can't all marry. Don't you sympathise at all with the desire of those who either won't or can't be free? To make something interesting of their lives?"

"Yes—up to a point. But I confess I see

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dangers in too much freedom. It would be a dire misfortune if women, who are naturally so much above us men in virtue, should make us lower our opinion of them." His eyes at the moment strayed to the other end of the room, where Mrs. Singleton was talking to Pamela, and the glance was not lost upon Mrs. Erskine. "A woman's very ignorance of life," he went on, "may lead her into paths from which——"

"Nell is going to sing to us!" called Pamela at the moment. "She's brought her guitar like a good girl."

"Miss Truman," whispered Sally to Ashton's inquiry. "She has a lovely voice which ought to be heard in public, but her parents are horrified at the idea of letting her train professionally."

Sally had not over-praised Miss Truman's talent. The quiet-looking, rather plain girl had an exceptionally beautiful voice, powerful, yet tender and moving. Obviously entranced, Ashton listened to singing that in quality as well as in the choice of songs, was unusual in days when sentimental ballads of no worth were considered appropriate for young ladies to warble in drawing-rooms.

"Now, isn't it preposterous that a voice like that should be wasted?" Sally Erskine exclaimed. "Isn't it too absurd that just because she happens to be a young lady in society she mustn't study her art seriously?"

"Oh, is she going? Can't she be persuaded to sing again?" he asked, evading the question.

"No, her maid has come for her, though Nell is twenty-seven and lives just round the corner. And there will be parental coldness for a week because she has been the guest of a girl bold enough to keep a shop! Confess that you wouldn't care to be a woman in this year of grace 1865?" persisted Mrs. Erskine, conscious of a desire to provoke him.

"I'll confess that I've never enjoyed an evening more," he returned with rather stilted courtesy, "and if the ladies here are representative of the new ideas about women, I should subscribe to them most heartily. But——" he hesitated again, his eyes strayed to Mrs. Singleton and the sentence was never finished . . .

PAMELA'S guests were taking their leave, last words were being exchanged, and ten minutes later, Ashton, who had lingered, found himself alone with Pamela.

"It's been a most delightful evening for me," he began. "I don't much care for parties as a rule, but if they were all as original as yours——"

"Well, at least they're not stiff. But by this time you ought to know that I couldn't be conventional if I tried."

"No, and that's just what I want——" He broke off abruptly and looked at her.

"Want me to be?" she suggested with a smile which, though a little quizzical, was full of charm.

His face changed. She saw a look, a glint in his eyes which she knew and recognised as a danger signal, and when she spoke her voice was slightly unsteady.

"I think you'd better give me a lesson in conventionality now . . . It's getting late."

"Forgive me," he exclaimed at once. "I ought to have remembered. But—Pamela—how long are you going to keep me waiting?"

To the urgency in his voice she replied immediately and gravely.

"Will you come to-morrow? At six. I shall be free then—and we can talk." She put out her hand and he bent and covered it with kisses before he moved quickly towards the door. There, turning for a moment, he saw her gazing after him with an expression he did not understand. Hours later he found himself recalling it with vague uneasiness.

. . . . . .

Six o'clock was striking from the tower of Chelsea Church next evening as Ashton entered the white-panelled parlor that adjoined the shop. It was a small room containing nothing but a gate-legged table, a bureau and one or two chairs, with a window that looked upon a strip of garden, its high walls draped by a vine.

During the few moments of his waiting he kept his eyes fixed upon the door at which he himself had been admitted, and at which he naturally expected Pamela to appear, till a slight sound caused him to turn his head to find her on the other side of the room with the table between them.

She smiled faintly at his face of surprise.

"It's not magic. There's an entrance into the shop this way," she said as she gave him her hand across the table. "Rather cunningly disguised in the panel, isn't it? Do sit down."

He noticed she was very pale, and made some distressed comment, feeling a little nonplussed, for in rehearsing this scene the previous night, he had taken her in his arms directly she appeared.

"Pamela?" he urged at last under his breath as, after a few desultory remarks had been exchanged, she fell silent. "I've been living for this moment. You asked me to come——"

"Yes—for a talk," she interrupted hurriedly. "There's much to talk about."

He smiled. "To begin with?"

"Well—the children. I——"

"My dear," he cried before she could finish the sentence, "that's settled beforehand. You can't suppose I should ask you to leave the children?"

"No, that wouldn't be possible," she agreed.

He smiled very tenderly. "Oh, my dear, though I admire your courage with all my heart, I realise that your present circumstances are full of danger. Your very courage and enterprise puts you at the mercy of evil tongues. Oh, Pam! if you could only love me enough to be my wife! I don't, I can't expect you to care for me as I care for you. Why should you, beautiful and brilliant as you are? But if you could care enough to let me love and protect you—and the children, you've so generously adopted——?" He paused a moment, and when she remained silent, went on still more urgently, "You've taken too much responsibility on your young shoulders, my darling. You don't know the world as I do . . . It makes me boil to think of the things that may be, perhaps are said of you. Just because of your own purity, your innocence and ignorance of evil, you think yourself secure from mud-throwing, but—"

"What do you mean exactly by purity and innocence?" Pamela said slowly. She had been listening with her eyes fixed upon the sunlit leaves framing the window, but now she turned and looked at him.

He smiled a little uncertainly, evidently perplexed by her question.

"Why, just that. Just what every man expects in the girl he marries . . . I was only trying to say that your possession of those very qualities which all decent men expect in a woman, constitutes your chief danger. The independent life you're leading gives you a false sense of security. To the pure all things are pure may be true in a sense, but in this wicked world its truth doesn't make it any safer for a woman to stand alone."

"I thought you sympathised with my work? You've often said so."

Pamela's voice had taken on a perfectly colorless intonation; her eyes were again fixed on the flickering leaves round the window.

"I did. I do!" he exclaimed eagerly. "But my sympathy doesn't prevent me from realising its danger, and from the moment I began to love you I hoped to persuade you to leave it, and be my wife."

"Oh! I see," she said, still in the same flat tone.

"Pam! I've offended you?"

He was at her side, bending over her, about to take her in his arms, but she sprang up with an imperious gesture.

"No. Please . . . Don't say any more!" she exclaimed agitatedly, "because it's no use. I can't marry you."

"But—but——" he stammered. "Why?"

"It's just that I—find I can't. Oh, I'm sorry. I don't want to marry at all. You know I've said so from the very beginning. I've promised nothing—ever. Have I?" she said, speaking rather wildly.

He drew himself up, and there was a moment's tense silence.

"NO, you never promised anything," he agreed at last coldly, "but I thought—— It was presumptuous of me, perhaps, but I thought you had begun to care for me. However, I was evidently mistaken. So there is no more to be said."

The wounded vanity in his tone helped Pamela to recover outward calm.

"Don't be angry with me, Felix," she pleaded, almost in the voice of a penitent child. "I'm impossible . . . I could never make you happy. Don't think me ungrateful. I'm proud that you've asked me to be your wife, but—no!" as taking hope from her gentleness he uttered her name entreatingly. "It's no use. It's quite final. I shall never change my mind."

There was a subtle change in Pamela her friends did not fail to observe—a change that grew more marked as time went on. A certain hard brilliancy, an increase in the mocking spirit that to the distress of her more intimate and serious friends had always been a part of her personality, grew more and more pronounced. They agreed that she was over-working, and sought to find the explanation of her altered personality in the nervous strain public speaking imposed upon her.

From her first efforts in debate at the Kensington Society, Pamela had been hailed by the leaders of the Emancipation of Women—to quote the phrase of he time—as a valuable asset to the cause. Eager ladies implored her to speak on this or that platform in favor of the suffrage, of better education for girls, on the subject of adequate pay and more extended opportunities for women's general work in the world.

Determined to leave herself no moment for brooding, Pamela gladly availed herself of these invitations, and in the exercise of her own power of speech, found the excitement she craved. For women to appear in public as orators was then a novelty sufficiently shocking not only to amuse her, but to call forth gifts of sarcasm and mockery which the more timid of the workers in the woman's cause began to recognise with alarm.

"The poor dears are in a divided frame of mind," Sally Erskine remarked to her husband one evening when they were sitting at their fireside alone. "They don't want to lose such a brilliant speaker as Pam, but they're always on tenterhooks about what she's going to say next. Amusing? Oh, yes, of course. Pam couldn't be anything else, and the bolder ones en-

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courage her to sparkle . . . But I'm thinking of Pam herself—and I'm afraid all this work and excitement isn't good for her."

Jack Erskine shrugged his shoulders.

"She's an exceptionally brilliant girl. One can't judge her by conventional standards."

"No, but I do think she's carrying her independence too far by sitting for men in their studios. She's begun to do that, you know, though till a year ago she always refused all their entreaties to be allowed to paint her." Sally's face was troubled. "And besides not being very wise, it means that she doesn't get any rest or quiet even on Sundays—the only day she has for the sittings. I do wish she'd get safely married!" she added with a sigh.

Her husband laughed. "I can't picture Pam settling down to domesticity."

"NO, but on the other hand she obviously isn't meant for the celibate life. You've only got to look at her to see that."

"Pity she seems to have dropped that man Ashton," remarked Erskine between the puffs of his pipe. "He's well enough off to shoulder the whole affair. She's terribly handicapped by those children, of course. Few men have either the means or the inclination to support a ready-made family."

"Oh, I don't believe Pam ever gave him a thought, and I can't say I'm sorry," Sally returned. "He wasn't the man for her. Too conventional at heart, though he made a pathetic effort to appear very modern and advanced—for Pam's benefit, of course!" She laughed a little at the memory of her talk with Ashton at her friend's party the previous year. "I wonder what's become of him?" she added casually.

"He's got some big job in America, I believe."

"Well, I didn't like him very much, though he's a fine-looking man and very polite. Too polite!" Sally smiled again reminiscently. "'You ladies are very charming so long as you keep to your own sphere and don't give any trouble.' That's his attitude . . . I have an idea he was secretly horrified to meet Mrs. Singleton at Pam's house."

"Well, if he's that sort I've no doubt it settled any inclination he might have had to propose to her," agreed her husband, knocking out his pipe—"as it would certainly settle his chances of being accepted by Pam if she knew." He smiled tolerantly. "Our Pamela's a splendid girl—but quite incalculable. She'll probably marry some time or other. She'll anyhow glorify spinsterhood if she doesn't."

About eighteen months after Felix Ashton disappeared from her life, a chance meeting with Mrs. Mavor led to Pamela's acceptance of an invitation to spend a few days at Easter with the family at Church Row.

She had seen nothing of the Mavors for five or six years, and assuming that as perfectly conventional people they disapproved of her shopkeeping, she felt rather touched by the warmth of Mrs. Mavor's greeting.

"Do come," she had urged, "if you can bear our quiet household. There's no one at home now but Cathy. The two younger girls are married, you know, and Freddie is at Oxford. I don't know what's the matter with Cathy," she added in a troubled tone. "She's so depressed. Come and cheer us all up, my dear!"

From the day she left her own home, now nearly six years ago, Pamela had never revisited Hampstead, and on the upward drive in the "fly" drawn by a leisurely horse, her thoughts were busy with the old life and with the people familiar to her in the old days at Gideon Grange. Fanny, Miss Piper, Aunt Serena—poor old Aunt Serena, who only a few months previously had died so peacefully, asleep in her armchair!—the Mavor family. She saw them all as they had appeared to her in her childhood. She remembered Cathy as a fat jolly little creature, and later as a too voluble, but lively young girl.

It was her inconsequent chatter, as Pamela was in no danger of forgetting, that had been responsible for—. But even in thought she evaded that memory.

With a start, roused from her absorption by the quickened pace of the horse, she found herself in Church Row, and a moment later, at the Mavors' door.

Cathy, last seen in memory as a round-faced jolly girl, was following her mother into the hall when Pamela entered, and the sight of her old friend came as an unexpected shock.

Cathy had grown thin; her once plump face had a strained querulous expression which scarcely brightened when she greeted Pamela.

"You haven't lost your looks, Pam!" she exclaimed with a sort of grudging admiration when she had shown her into her bedroom. "You're thin, but you're just as pretty."

"I'm sorry you're not well," said Pamela, ignoring the compliment. "What's the matter, Cathy?"

The girl shrugged her shoulders.

"Oh, I don't know. Nothing. Only dullness. We go on here day after day and nothing ever happens. Mary and Lily are married, you know—lucky things! It's pretty dreary to be left with only Mamma and Papa. We've got nothing to talk about—except the servants and why the butcher hasn't called. Papa goes to sleep all the evening, and Mamma and I sit yawning over the fire. . . . I can't think why you haven't got married, Pam? Do you really like keeping a shop? It seems awful to me to think of you actually selling books, like Mr. Jones, the stationer in the village! Do people know you? I should have thought it would have prevented your knowing anyone? . . . I suppose you're doing it to keep poor Fanny's children? But Mrs. Thistlewaite tells us that your papa offered to keep you all at Gideon Grange. . . . We heard through her that poor Miss Thistlewaite was dead. Rather a mercy, isn't it? The children must be growing up. . . . Nearly seven? Yes, they must be, of course. I know by my own age." She sighed gloomily. "It's terrible how old I'm getting—and not even engaged! But then"—with a momentary brightening—"no more are you, and that makes it seem not quite so hopeless."

The change in Cathy did not include any lessening of her chatter. She still talked incessantly, but as Pamela soon discovered, all and more of what she poured out in the first few moments of their meeting was undeniably true.

After three days spent in an atmosphere of mental, moral and even physical stuffiness—for it was well known that open windows were dangerous to health—Pamela went home, grateful for kindness and hospitality, but gasping with mingled relief, pity and exasperation at a stupidity which made her old playmate's impending tragedy possible.

At the joyful clamor which arose in the night nursery when she opened the door on her return, she had a sudden realisation of what the home and the life she had made for herself by her own exertions, meant to her. The children in their little nightgowns rushed to her with outstretched arms and shouts of welcome. To both of them Auntie Pam, of whom they saw little in the day, was a sort of radiant fairy visitor, who came at bedtime to tell them stories, kiss them and tuck them up. They adored her. . . .

It was half an hour later when the last kisses had been exchanged and Bessie, laughing and scolding by turns, had succeeded in getting her out of the room, that Pamela began to pass her brief holiday in review.

Amidst all the aimless talk of the mother and daughter at Church Row there were two conversations that dwelt in her memory as significant. In the course of one she had gathered news of Archie Waring, and in the other she had made a bid to save Cathy from herself—and failed.

She had dreaded to hear Waring's name, but as she expected, it was very soon uttered by Cathy.

"Do you ever see Archie Waring now?" she inquired eagerly one evening after dinner when Mr. Mavor had retired to the smoking-room and the ladies were alone. Pamela's nonchalant shake of the head let the flood loose. "You know his uncle's dead? Oh well, he is, and Archie's come into the title. Did you ever hear he had a son? No more did we—till Lord Belthorpe died, and then the fact came out. He deserted his wife, you know. . . . Oh, that was before you met him, but the boy must have been a year old then, because now he's about seven or eight, and his mother is dead, and——"

"Cathy, how you do rattle!" interjected her mother. "I'm sure Pam can't be interested in a worthless young man who was never more than an acquaintance of hers."

Cathy, as Pamela remembered, had relapsed into sulky silence at her mother's rebuke, and it was Mrs. Mavor who continued the torturing conversation which if possible put her lover's conduct in a still more dastardly light than she had imagined. That opportunity to gratify his desire had been seized in the full knowledge of its being the last and only one! . . . Would they never leave off talking about him? . . .

As she moved about in her bedroom, unpacking, opening and shutting drawers, Pamela recalled in detail the Mavors' drawing-room in which evening after evening Cathy and her mother sat, boring one another, while Mr. Mavor, a stout, red-faced inarticulate gentleman, dropped asleep behind his paper.

PAMELA recalled a stream of the poor lady's talk, interrupted by her own impulsive proposition in regard to Cathy.

"Why don't you let her come to me, Mrs. Mavor, and learn the business? It's getting more than I can manage alone. I must soon have an assistant, and it would be so much better to have a lady in the shop."

Her urgency, she recollected, had been arrested by the sight of Mrs. Mavor's face, and in retrospect Pamela laughed aloud at the startled horror it expressed.

"Oh, my dear! What a notion! Why, her father would no more let a daughter of his have anything to do with trade than— Oh, I beg your pardon, Pam"; her revulsion from the sense of outrage to embarrassment had been equally comic. "You've done it, of course. But—don't be offended, dear, when I say that if you only knew how the step you've taken is regarded in—well, in nice circles! Your father, for instance, and your stepmother. We daren't mention you before them. And all their acquaintances and ours naturally feel the same. It's only because Cathy and I have

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always been very fond of you——" Again she had paused and reddened so uncomfortably that Pamela, disguising her amusement, finished the sentence for her good-humoredly.

"That you've been kind enough to invite me? Well, I'm not at all offended, dear Mrs. Mavor, but at the risk of your thinking me very conceited, I'm quite sure you're all of you wrong not to allow, or rather not to encourage girls to take up some serious occupation. If I'm different from Cathy, it's only because I've no time to be always thinking of myself. I'm too interested in a thousand other things. But if you consider that her social position makes it impossible for her to work, why not let her take a trip abroad—to India, for instance? Very few girls return from India unmarried, I'm told."

She had been unable to refrain from the touch of irony which had not only passed unnoticed, but had been hailed as a suggestion worthy of consideration.

"I wonder if we could manage it?" Mrs. Mavor had murmured. "I daresay Cousin Ruth would chaperon her . . . It's a good idea, Pam!"

"THE doctor, ma'am. Shall I show him up?"

With a bandage round a badly-sprained ankle, Pamela lay on the sofa in her bedroom, unable to put her foot to the ground.

She nodded assent, and, as the maid withdrew, smiled rather pettilantly, aware of the secret satisfaction with which Sally Erskine and Mrs. Singleton hailed this opportunity of forcing her to see a doctor.

It was three years and more since her mental stocktaking on her return from visiting the Mavors, and during those years she had worked strenuously—far too strenuously, everyone declared, deploring her thinness, telling one another with some truth that she was a "mass of nerves," and but for her amazing will would have broken down long ago.

To her anxious friends, in more ways than one she was a marvel. For a woman to make money in the sense of the word was in their day phenomenal, and Pamela was doing it, and by means only indirectly concerned with the shop.

But the time had come when even Jack Erskine, champion of women's freedom in general, and of Pamela's in particular, admitted that she was killing herself.

Her friend, Mrs. Singleton, had recommended the doctor whose footsteps Pamela heard on the stairs, and the hurried note she had sent round early in the morning lay on the table by the sofa. "I'm sure you'll like the man I'm sending to you," it ran. "He's paying me a professional visit this afternoon, and I shall ask him to go round to you immediately afterwards."

With Mrs. Singleton, despite her insistence that their friendship should be unofficial, Pamela was on terms of intimacy.

It was Jean Singleton who had been specially insistent upon medical advice. "And, of course, the wretch has taken advantage of this stupid sprain to carry her point," was Pamela's mental ejaculation as the door opened and the doctor thus forced upon her entered.

"I'm sorry I don't even know your name," she began, smiling up at him from the sofa. "My friend Mrs. Singleton didn't mention it when——"

She stopped, arrested by a sudden movement from the tall man who stood at the foot of the sofa. It caused her to glance at him again, this time with surprise. He, too, was silent, and for the few seconds that elapsed Pamela gazed at him, struggling with a memory.

Where? When? . . . Somewhere . . .

"But I've seen you before!" he said, breaking a somewhat tense silence. "Eight, ten years ago? At Tamaris. I came when—— Have I mistaken——?" he went on confusedly. "Your name . . . Mrs. Singleton—or so I thought—said Miss Thistlewaite, but ——" He paused abruptly as he saw the color leaving his patient's face.

Of course! Of course! The young doctor who came to Fanny—— What was his name? Dupont—no, Durand. She remembered now. That awful night—a young man pale with fatigue, telling her—telling her that—"But the mother, I regret, madame," —the very words rushed to her mind. "Madame"? . . . And he had come to see Miss Thistlewaite.

In a kind of dream, dazed from the suddenness of the shock, she watched him go swiftly across the room to the washstand, pour water into a tumbler and return to her.

"Drink this," he said quietly.

She obeyed, and, recovering herself a little, looked him bravely in the face, waiting for his next words.

"Let us talk a little," he said so calmly that she was instinctively reassured, "and first let me say that if I know anything, it is in the nature of a professional secret—as safe with me as it would be were I in the grave. You would not insult me by disbelief in this?"

She gave a long sigh, and murmured "No."

He drew up a chair and sat down.

"As we have recognised one another it would be idle to pretend ignorance," he went on, "so let us be frank. A baby was in your arms the night that I attended the confinement of Madame your sister. . . . The patronne of the farmhouse spoke later of your previous confinement. . . . She told me your husband was abroad—in India, if my memory serves. Half an hour ago my patient, Mrs. Singleton, was speaking of you as Miss Thistlewaite, and was telling me with admiration of how you had adopted the twin children of your sister . . . Bien! I understand." He made a quick gesture. "For me, also, they are the children of your sister. Voila tout! Forgive me that in the surprise of seeing you I betrayed myself. You would otherwise have forgotten. Is it not so?"

"I don't know," returned Pamela slowly. "Though I saw you only for a moment, I think I should some time or other have remembered where and how it was."

"And now let me see this foot," he said with a brisk cheerfulness that relegated the past five minutes to oblivion.

When he had carefully examined and bandaged it, he again looked at her keenly.

"The swelling will soon go down. You will be walking in a day or two. It is not the ankle that is of importance, Miss Thistlewaite. No. It is your general health. Your nerves above all. They are not as steady as they ought to be."

Pamela smiled faintly. "But I'm quite well," she declared.

"Pardon me," he returned gravely, "the thing is obvious. You have overworked. You do not sleep well? You are by turns depressed and elated? Is that not so?"

She confessed it, though reluctantly, and when he rose to go, it was with the understanding that she would submit to a course of treatment before he made a second visit in a week's time.

They shook hands.

For the remainder of the day, while he went about his professional duties, Francois Durand did not lose his sense of amazement. The episode at Tamaris was one that at the time had made a deep impression and was still fresh in his memory. The fact that in spite of all his skill and effort he had lost a patient would have been sufficient to account for this, even without the unusual attendant circumstances.

He shrugged his shoulders and smiled again, though without cynicism. Whatever her history, she was a beautiful and charming woman—and a plucky one. Courage was a quality that made a special appeal to Francois Durand.

. . . . . .

"Yes, I like him very much," Pamela admitted when Mrs. Erskine ran in to see her during the evening. She laughed. "I expect all of you wretches are shouting with glee at having forced me to see a doctor? Well, at least you've had the decency to provide a favorable specimen."

"And a very distinguished one at that," declared Sally. "How amazing, Pam, that it should be the French doctor who attended dear Fanny! I can't get over it."

This information, which since it could be imparted with perfect safety, Pamela had at once shared with her friends.

"He's only partly French; he had an English mother. Distinguished? I know nothing about doctors. Who says so?"

"Oh, lots of people know him. I met Mrs. Stuart in Bond Street this morning, and when I happened to mention that you'd seen a Dr. Durand she said he was her doctor, and she swears by him. Then she began to tell me all his private life . . . You know how she talks! I couldn't get away from her."

"What about his private life?"

"Oh, that he's unhappily married or something, I think she said. But I didn't pay much attention because I was in a hurry to get home." She stooped to kiss Pamela. "I hope he'll make you keep quiet for the next six months!" she declared. "Quite seriously, Pam, you've been wickedly overdoing it, and I'm thankful he had the sense to see it. We've all been dreadfully worried about you."

When Sally had gone Pamela's smile fled. She looked worn and jaded. The shock she had newly received had not been without its effect upon nerves already frayed, and she admitted the truth of Sally's remonstrances. She had been over-working. But if she didn't work too hard there was time to think; time to experience the terrible restlessness of mind and body she so dreaded.

DR. DURAND'S unfortunate marriage to which Sally Erskine had made casual allusion was something more and worse than an unhappy union through mere incompatibility of temperament.

Though he had been to college and studied medicine in England, his mother's native land, the social customs of his family remained French, and his marriage had been an "arranged" one. Before its consummation he had scarcely exchanged a dozen words in private with his fiancee, a Belgian girl who brought him a considerable fortune. She was passably pretty, fairly amiable, and for a time the marriage de convenance ran smoothly. Then slowly and by degrees, the young husband was forced to the conviction that his wife was either drugging or drinking in secret. The fact, he remembered, had just been established beyond all doubt, the day he was summoned to the farmhouse at Tamaris.

There followed a year or two of misery when in spite of all his efforts to reclaim

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her she grew steadily worse, and in addition, began to show symptoms of the madness which as he now for the first time discovered was an hereditary curse in her family. He took her to Paris for advice, and in a few weeks was obliged to leave her in an asylum there, certified as hopelessly insane. It was then, that craving for a change from surroundings which filled with horrible memories had become unendurable, he bought the practice in London and devoted himself to work.

He did not often think of his loneliness, but as he drove away from the Chelsea house after his first professional visit to Pamela, it occurred to him that his life was lacking in many things that sweetened and enriched the lives of less eminent, less successful men.

He thought again of the beautiful young woman he had first seen ten years ago.

She must be about thirty by now. Why hadn't she married? Her secret appeared to have been well kept.

The brougham had stopped before a house in Cavendish Square, and abandoning idle but rather fascinating speculation, he prepared himself to see a wealthy patient who was suffering from having nothing to do from morning till night but read sentimental trash, fondle a yapping lapdog, and pay visits to other women whose lives were as idle and useless as her own.

When he drove away after a ten minutes' call, Francois Durand's mind reverted to the topic that had engrossed it before the interruption.

IN their respective rooms, Lan and Fan Freeland, and Pamela Thistlewaite were dressing for the dance which was to celebrate the eighteenth birthday of the twins.

Below, the big room, once the shop, now Pamela's very delightful drawing-room, stood cleared of rugs and furniture, with well-polished floor; shining, flower-decked, ready for the evening's festivity.

In the eight years that had passed since Francois Durand came into Pamela's life there had been many changes, and while she dressed, her thoughts were busy. It was incredible, preposterous, but true nevertheless, that the children should be eighteen! Fan indeed, as on each of her successive birthdays Pamela never failed to remember, had unofficially achieved that age three weeks previously . . . The children were grown up.

Fan, after a year in Paris, was working at the Slade School. Alan had left Winchester and in a few months would be going up to *Oxford*. He had returned half an hour ago from a visit to the country home of one of his schoolfellows, only just in time for the evening's dance.

How the years had flown! The children were little things when her own secret happiness began. Now, though very youthful, they were man and woman, and she herself was perilously near forty. Incredible! But again true. From this rather painful fact her mind darted to the material circumstances which had transformed the shop into a living-room, and changed her own manner of life.

Four years previously, through the death within a few months of one another of two relatives she had never seen—her mother's mother and "Uncle Richard," the husband of Aunt Kitty of cherished memory—she had come into an income sufficiently substantial to enable her not only to give up shopkeeping, but to send Alan to Oxford and to give Fan the best procurable education. To-night, grateful though she was for legacies which had freed her from financial anxiety, Pamela remembered with pardonable pride the many years during which by hard work and good management, she supported herself and her family entirely through her own exertions.

So much for the outward changes in her circumstances.

For the inward change, the equally unexpected joy that had entered her life eight years ago, she could only give thanks as for something transcending all material good fortune; something she would not exchange for the world's wealth.

It was to Francois that her thoughts soon turned, and even while she remembered the many hardships attendant upon the course of their mutual love, they turned as a flower turns to the sun.

She sighed, because marriage was denied her, but a moment later reproached herself for ingratitude towards a fate which had given her so much more than she had ever dared to hope—she who had resigned herself to a life of work, unsweetened by joys forfeited through her girlhood's indiscretion.

After all she had much. There were Francois' daily letters. She met him often in the society of her intimates who had long since unhesitatingly accepted her friendship "with that nice French doctor who attended her poor sister." "It was so fortunate for dear Pam to have come across him again . . . Quite natural of course that he should take such an interest in the twins he had brought into the world . . . What a pity he happened to be married! Otherwise no doubt he and dear Pam——? Though certainly there was no telling, for Pam was perhaps too independent for matrimony? Evidently she disliked the idea, or she must long ago have accepted one or other of her admirers."

She dressed early in order to have time for the last finishing touches to the preparations below, but before lowering the gas in her bedroom she turned for a long look at herself in the glass. The aesthetic craze originated by the much-discussed young man Oscar Wilde was at its height, and in the realm of dress was responsible for many ludicrous garments, but also, given taste and the right figure for their display, for some that were beautiful. Pamela's flair for dress had not deserted her, and a skilful adaptation of the prevailing mode had produced a gown that combined dignity with grace.

She looked and was satisfied. Nearly forty she might be, but she had not lost her beauty, and she was glad that it was of the particular type that Francois admired . . .

From Fan's bedroom, as she passed it, came laughter, and the sound of Bessie's affectionately scolding voice while she dressed Pamela's daughter for her first dance.

Her mother smiled, but refrained from opening the door, guessing that the girl wanted to show herself "finished" rather than in an intermediate state of adornment.

Downstairs, she opened the drawing-room door and cast a satisfied glance within. A pioneer in more spheres than one, Pamela Thistlewaite's house had been the first in Chelsea to be decorated and furnished in the new Morris style, with wallpapers of good design, painted dados and friezes. Her drawing-room had won the admiring envy of her friends, and empty to-night, Pamela looked with pleasure at its green walls and frieze of conventional tulips rising above the highly-polished floor. It really made a beautiful ballroom!

She started when the door at the other end of the room was thrown open and Fan came whirling in, dancing with an imaginary partner while she hummed a waltz tune.

In the middle of the room, catching sight of Pamela, she stopped and laughing, stood still to be admired.

"Am I all right, Auntie?"

Pamela checked an exclamation. It was uncanny, almost too poignant, to be confronted thus suddenly and simultaneously by herself, her sister, her daughter—and her daughter's father! But that was how this white and silver apparition for a moment presented itself to her startled senses.

The girl looked lovely, but she was herself and Fanny, yes—and Archie, mingled.

Hurriedly she pulled herself together and smiled approbation.

"Yes, darling. It's a charming dress, and it suits you beautifully."

"So does yours you!" declared Fanny rather incoherently. "You look lovely. But then you always do." Pamela noticed that this was rattled off without a glance. "What a time Lan is!" she went on in the same eager, excited voice. "He takes longer to dress than a girl, conceited thing! I only had a glimpse of him as he bolted upstairs. Who's the young man he's bringing, Auntie Pam? And where is he?"

"Staying for the night with relations, I think, and coming on from their house, wherever it is. I don't even know his name. I've scarcely had time to speak to Lan yet."

"Ah! here he comes at last," Fan exclaimed. "Oh, yes, you look quite nice, Lan," and then derisively, "but so you ought, after the hours you've been at it. Awfully proud of your first dress suit, aren't you? Now pay me a compliment, please. Don't I look nice too?"

"Not bad," returned the boy judicially. "Only don't be too conceited about it. Just glance at Auntie Pam when you feel uppish. She'll take the shine out of everybody to-night. Doesn't she look stunning?"

"Silly boy!" said Pamela as she glanced proudly from one to the other of them.

They were certainly a pretty pair. "My Fanny and I didn't do so badly for our children—physically at any rate," she thought. "Ah, if she could see them to-night—her boy and my girl!" was the further thought that darted through her mind just before the sound of the door-bell set her heart beating in response to another, different emotion.

"GREAT SCOT!" exclaimed Lan, alarmed. "Not a first arrival? Why, it's half an hour yet before the doors open."

"It may be Dr. Durand," said Pamela. "I asked him to come early. I thought you'd like to have a talk with him, Lan, before the crowd is upon us?"

"Rather!" "It is the darling doctor!" exclaimed Lan and Fan simultaneously, receiving him with an enthusiasm as fervent, if not as boisterous as in their younger days.

"Let's go into the morning-room; it's chilly in here," suggested his hostess, when Fan had been admired to her heart's content, Lan assured that he had grown an inch during the past month, and Pamela's hand kissed in the French fashion, a formality that for her was a caress and occasioned a happy thrill.

The small panelled room leading from the drawing-room was arranged for cards. "Because, you see," Pam explained, "everyone's coming who knew us as infants, so there'll be lots who are quite elderly."

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"Like me," interrupted Francois, in mock despair.

"And me," added Pamela, smiling.

"I wish we'd got some new men coming. By the way," she broke off suddenly, "there is a new one. I forgot! There's a friend of Lan's coming and we don't know a thing about him yet. Who is he, Lan? I hope he dances decently? Shall I like him?"

"He dances like any derrish and you ought to be very grateful to me for bringing him, my good girl. It's jolly decent of him to come, because he's an older chap than I am and very swanky and all that——"

"Heavens!" ejaculated Pamela laughing. "Shall I be a sufficiently important hostess for him, I wonder? Let me at least learn his august name, Lan."

"Oh, I don't mean he's swanky in any horrid way like that," said the boy flushing a little under her mockery, "because he isn't a bit—though he's an honorable or something. His name's Waring and he's an awfully nice chap himself, but I believe his father, Lord Belthorpe, is rather a rotter, and— Where are you going, Aunt Pam?"

"I'd forgotten about the pianist," she said hurriedly from the door, and without turning, "I must see if she's come."

Pamela was in the drawing-room when the three entered it from the morning-room, just moving forward to receive the first-comers. Glancing at her anxiously, Durand saw her perfectly composed, smiling, gay, if a little paler than usual. The room rapidly filled.

In a few moments the music struck up, dancing began, and with it chatter and laughter, the swirling of many-colored frocks, the rhythmic sound of moving feet.

From his seat in the morning-room Francois guardedly and simultaneously watched her and the door at which there presently entered a tall young man to whom Lan hurried. Durand saw the boy presenting him to Pamela who had followed. For a moment or two the dancers concealed them, then as the music stopped and the floor cleared, he watched Pan join the three at the door and witnessed her introduction to the new-comer. . . .

The evening was more than half over before he could snatch a moment alone with Pamela. It came at last when the supper-room was full, and the ante-room almost deserted.

She glanced at him mutely as she took the glass and plate he had brought her.

"Yes. I know. I guessed," he said quietly. "At first the name didn't convey — My dear, don't look like that. It's unfortunate, but the boy will be a mere passing acquaintance."

"She's attracted by him. At once. Already. I saw it," Pamela murmured. Alone with him, able to relax her guard for a moment, her voice was toneless, her face set and white with anxiety.

"Now, Pam! Courage!" he returned in the voice which always heartened her. "Don't let imagination run away with you. . . . Is he like?" he asked after a moment when with a rather heart-breaking smile she had recovered self-control.

"Not very—though he recalls— Not so handsome. A better face——"

"Yes, a decent lad, or Lan wouldn't have taken to him. You may be proud of your nephew, Pamela, and he shows sound sense in adoring you."

She smiled again, responding to his endeavour to change the current of her thoughts.

"Yet, he's a dear, and always was. It's Pan who makes me anxious. Oh, I'm not thinking of to-night. I mean—generally. She's too much like me."

"I wish I could think so. I should not be afraid of that."

"But I am. And of other qualities—also inherited." Again he noticed the toneless voice, and refused to pursue the train of thought it indicated.

The evening was over at last. After the rousing tune of "John Peel," the sound of dancing feet, of the babel of voices and of laughter settled into the comparative quiet of leave-taking and comments on the delights of the evening. Youths and maidens and guardians one by one departed, leaving the ballroom deserted except for Pamela and Pan. Alan was at the hall door helping to find hansoms for the outgoing guests.

"Oh, Auntie, it's been a perfectly lovely dance!" exclaimed Pan, pirouetting down the long shining floor, her eyes starry with excitement. "I like that friend of Lan's awfully—and he's coming to live in London. Won't it be fun?"

"How do you know?" Pamela was blowing out candles on the mantelpiece with her back to the girl. "That he's coming to London, I mean?"

"Why, he told me so. He doesn't want only to live in the country on his estate, he says. He wants to have some profession. He's thinking of architecture, and an uncle of his, knows a man called Felix Ashton—a well-known architect, he says—so he hopes to go and work with him, and——"

A short laugh from Pamela arrested Pan's eager talk. "Why do you laugh? What have I said?" she asked, disconcerted.

"Nothing! Nothing, darling. I was—was thinking of something else." Pamela returned hastily. "Well, Lan," as he came into the room, "Did you see them all off?"

"Yes. . . . Aunt Pam, you're frightfully tired, aren't you?" The boy's voice was startled and solicitous. "You ought to go to bed at once. . . . Stop talking, Pan, can't you? Don't you see how tired she is?"

SIX months later, with all the sensations of an uneasy dream from which the dreamer awaits release, Pamela sat in the drawing-room looking at Archie Waring. Her prescience had not been at fault. Despite all her tactful efforts to keep them apart, Archie and Pan had fallen in love, and with all the vehemence and impatience of youth, were clamoring to have their engagement announced.

The boy had just made an impassioned appeal, and his words, though they hung in her ears, seemed to have no meaning.

"Oh, Miss Thistlewaite, if you only knew what this means to me. I love her so much —I would do anything——"

Aware of the desperate anxiety in his voice, yet as though struggling to free herself from a nightmare, Pamela glanced about the room and strove to fix her attention upon it, with some mad notion that by doing so she could evade reply.

"Miss Thistlewaite, won't you—won't you at least say—something?"

It was of no use to evade it. This was real and must be faced. Pamela pulled herself together.

"My dear boy, you and Pan are much too young to be engaged," she marvelled to hear her own voice gently remonstrating, a little humorous, as though she were replying to some preposterous request of a child.

The young man flushed. "I'm twenty-one," he said with some dignity. "Old enough at any rate to love Pan with—oh, with all my heart!" He made a hopeless gesture. "You don't trust me, Miss Thistlewaite? Is it—" he glanced at her, and went on bravely, though in an embarrassed voice and with heightened color, "I'm afraid it's because of—well, of my father?"

Pamela controlled an involuntary tremor.

"Of your father?" she repeated.

"Yes." The boy's flush deepened, but he went on firmly. "It may be a horrible thing for a son to say, and worse, to feel—but I haven't a father to be proud of, and of course you know that. But I can't help being his son, and—and I hope I'm not like him. Oh, Miss Thistlewaite, if it's because you're afraid to trust Pan with me, do believe that I'm not like him! I'd rather kill myself than behave as I know he has behaved!" he went on passionately. "I wasn't too young when my mother died to know how he treated her, and I've hated, hated him for it, and for all the other things that have made him a byword. . . . I've suffered enough from it. Oh, of course I'm not good enough for Pan—no one is, but no one could ever try harder to be. So if it's that, won't you believe——"

Pamela leant forward and took the boy's hand, interrupting the eager passionate words.

"Archie, will you listen to me, and try to trust me?" she said very quietly.

For a long moment, the boy's honest eyes met hers.

"I do trust you," he returned at last in a choking voice. "You are the most wonderful, the most beautiful— Lan must have told you what I think about you," he broke off, all at once shy as a schoolboy.

Pamela's eyes filled suddenly with tears. "You're a dear boy, Archie," she said very quietly still, "and I want you to believe that I'm not thinking of you as your father's son at all, when I beg that there shall be no formal engagement between you and Pan. You are both very young, but Pan in many ways is still a child. She doesn't know her own mind——"

"She says she loves me. It's too good to be true, but she says——"

Pamela forced a smile.

"I know, my dear, and I'm sure she believes it. But she's too young to be bound, Archie. It's just because I like and trust you, that I ask you to agree not to bind her, to leave her free for a year or two. It will—I mean it may save you both much pain. In any case it is my most earnest wish," she went on, losing control a little, and speaking with desperate entreaty. "Oh Archie, don't think me capricious or unreasonable—though I may seem so. I know it's hard for you to believe that I'm not asking you this lightly, but will you promise not to—not to—bind Pan in any way?"

"But you don't mean not at all? Not ever? You can't mean that? If you do, I can't promise. It would mean giving Pan up, which is unthinkable. I won't——"

"Well—wait."

"For how long?"

Both voices were agitated, trembling on the verge of an outbreak of irrational entreaty on one side, and of obstinate refusal on the other.

The young man's eyes, perplexed, uncomprehending, exasperated, sought Pamela's face in which he read an urgency of appeal that overwhelmed, while its cause baffled him.

"I don't understand you," he exclaimed at last.

"Archie, I can't. I won't have Pan bound by any promise."

Suddenly she checked herself, and abandoning her tone of peremptory insistence, smiled bewitchingly.

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"No Archie dear, don't let us get angry with one another," she said, consciously exercising every atom of the charm with which she knew how to invest her personality. "We'll both be reasonable. You tell me that Mr. Ashton wants you to go to America with him. For how long?"

"For about six months." By the change in the boy's voice she knew the charm had begun to work, and was encouraged to make her own voice even more caressing and seductive.

"It's a wonderful opportunity for you, Archie, and you owe it to yourself not to miss it. Mr. Ashton must think very highly of you as a promising architect, or he wouldn't want to take you with him. The work he has undertaken in New York is a most important one, no doubt?"

"Yes. A great public building. It ought to be very fine."

"And the profession you've chosen interests you? But I know it does!"

"Oh, yes. I'm frightfully keen on it, but——"

"Well then, do you think it wise to throw up such a chance as this? Oh, my dear boy, it would be madness! Think what you'd lose by refusing to go. It's a wonderful opportunity for you to be working with such a brilliant man as Mr. Ashton, and to risk his loss of interest in you would be the height of folly. What will he think of you for refusing such a chance? If you do, I can only tell you this, that you will drop considerably in my esteem, at least! I have no use for weaklings, nor for sentimentalists. And I don't believe you are either of these, Archie."

The last words were accompanied by another bewitching smile, to which the boy responded with a wavering one.

"You want me to go away—without being engaged to Fan?"

"Yes, my dear, I do—for both your sakes," she added with so much intensity that his puzzled look returned.

"But when I come back?"

"Then—we will talk of it again."

There was silence for a moment while Pamela held her breath.

At last he nodded slowly.

"Very well. I'll go."

She leant forward and took both his hands.

"There's a wise boy!"

"I wouldn't consent for anyone but you," he burst out, "but you're a witch, Miss Thistlewaite! You can make people do just as you want. I believe I fell in love with Fan because she's so like you." The words seemed to escape without his volition.

Still trembling with relief at the reprieve, Pamela managed to laugh.

"Now mind, Archie," she said gaily impressive, "you're bound by your promise to me, so no matter how much Fan urges a formal engagement you are to withstand her. That's understood?"

"Yes—for six months. No longer . . . Now may I see Fan? It will be to say good-bye."

The boy's voice was husky, and with a pang she saw that he was struggling to control trembling lips.

"When do you go, Archie?"

"To-morrow. It wasn't to have been till next month, but Mr. Ashton had a cable this morning asking him to start at once. That's why I came round. I have to give him my decision this afternoon."

"Then it's good-bye for me too. Thank you, dear boy. I can't thank you enough, my dear, for yielding to me in this." She gave him both hands with a gracious affectionate gesture. "You must trust me, and not think me too much of a dragon. I'll send Fan down to you here—but if you're wise you won't take too long over your leave-taking. Anyhow, I know I may rely on your promise, Archie?"

Her eyes were full of tears as the boy raised both her hands to his lips.

FAN dashed past her as she went wearily upstairs, walking slowly like an old woman.

"Yes, I saw him come. I knew he wanted to talk to you," she called over her shoulder in a hard tone.

Pamela slowly shut her bedroom door and sank into a chair. She felt exhausted, and knew that the worst was yet to come. She still had Fan to deal with, and the dread of that interview was like ice at her heart.

She must keep herself calm. She mustn't even think, till it was over . . . How long would the boy stay? What was he saying to Fan now? She forced herself to cross the room and open her workbox, and when ten minutes later Fan knocked and entered simultaneously, it was to see her Aunt Pam quietly engaged in needlework.

The girl shut the door behind her and leant against it.

She was white with anger, her eyes bright and tearless.

"He's gone!" she began abruptly. "You've spoilt it all, Aunt Pam. Why? What for? We were going to be properly engaged, but he says he's promised you not to. What right have you to make him promise any such thing? You've made us quarrel . . . You've spoilt my life. You're cruel! Cruel!"

The last word came choked with angry tears.

Pamela's face was as white as her daughter's, but she kept her voice quiet, ignoring a mode of address she had never before heard from Fan. It called for no reproof. Reproof? Her heart failed her as she thought how her conduct must appear to the girl. Yet what to do? What else to do? What even to say?

"Fan, dear," she began at last, "try to be quiet. Try to believe that I'm not—not cruel." She passed her tongue over her dry lips. "Archie has promised me to let the whole matter rest till his return." (Oh! this horrible quibbling!) She pulled herself together once more. "You are both too young yet to bind yourselves to any promise about such an important step as marriage. . . . Oh, I know Archie can't believe it any more than you, but he trusted my judgment. Won't you trust me, too, Fan? . . . My darling child, how could I be cruel to you without reason? Fan, say you at least believe that?" She made a blind movement towards the girl, arms half outstretched, but Fan still stood rigid, not touched by the unusual passion of the endearments.

"But what have you against Archie?" she demanded hotly. "You've tried to prevent us from seeing one another ever since we first met! You made me go away on that visit in the spring when I didn't want to . . . I suppose you hoped Archie would forget about me? But he didn't. He never will. We shall never, never forget each other! . . . Just because you've never been in love yourself, you think it doesn't matter, I suppose? But it does, it does! It matters more than anything in the world!" She was sobbing now, like a heartbroken child, but the dagger in Pamela's heart was pain too great for the relief of tears. She rose, and overcoming the girl's resistance, put her arms round her and drew her down beside her on the sofa.

"It does, dear. Even your spinster aunt knows that . . . And it is just because it matters so much that I want you to wait. Not to make a mistake. You're so young—"

"We needn't marry yet! We could wait ages. A whole year even. Then I should be nearly twenty. Quite old. But I believe even then you wouldn't want me to marry Archie? And why? Lan says his father's a bad man, but Archie's not bad. You can't say he is, Auntie!"

"I don't, dear."

"You said once when I asked you, that you liked him."

"I do."

"Well, then?" There was relief in her tone as she drew a sobbing breath. "And it isn't even as though I should be making a bad match. We might be married to-morrow so far as money goes. Archie says so. And I should be Lady something or other one day!"

Pamela was silent.

"You can't say all this isn't true, can you?"

"No."

"Well, then, why can't I write and tell him we'll be engaged?"

"Because he won't consent. He's given his promise to wait six months before—talking about it again. I don't think he'll break that promise."

"Then it's awfully unfair!" cried Fan, anger and resentment flaring out again. "You always get your own way. You can twist people round your little finger and always make them do what you want! But this is my affair, and you've no right to interfere! You're supposed to be very advanced and all that," she went on, her voice growing shrill, "but when it comes to the point you're as narrow and arbitrary as all the other old-fashioned women who interfere with their daughters! . . . You've got hold of Archie and made him promise, behind my back. You may be clever, but you're very unjust!"

She sprang up from the sofa and stood before Pamela quivering, beside herself, the angry, injurious words tumbling over one another in a torrent.

Despite the easy natural terms of their relationship, never before had the girl dared to speak rudely. Pamela was of all women the last with whom anyone presumed to take a liberty, but now, as she gazed blankly at the girl's distorted face, and listened to the discourteous words, another scene arose in her mind, and in that scene she herself, not Fan, was the speaker.

She stood before her father in the study at Gideon Grange, as angry, though for a different reason, as her daughter to-day. "I'm sorry you're a judge. You must be a very unjust one." She heard her own words—the words which Fan, twenty years later, had so nearly repeated.

So in her own daughter's view it was she who was now the judge—and an unjust one at that? . . . Well, what else could she seem to Fan? What was there to say? What to do? Nothing.

"I think you'd better go, Fan," she replied at last very quietly, her voice quite flat. "There's nothing to be gained by any further discussion."

"IT'S a reprieve, but nothing more. I shall have to tell them, Francois."

Pamela's face was haggard as she sank on to the sofa in the drawing-room whither Durand had followed her after a professional visit to Fan upstairs. It was now some years since Durand had given up his regular practice for research work in bacteriology, though at their insistence he continued to attend a few of his more

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devoted patients. Pamela's household had naturally known no other doctor.

"What did you say to Fan?" she went on in the same hopeless tone, as he began to pace the room.

The girl had cried herself sick, and was developing hysterical symptoms.

"Oh, I tried to reason with her, but——" The sentence was concluded by an expressive shrug.

"That's the awful part of it," Pamela asserted in a low voice. "One can't reason with her without raising false hopes . . . without telling lies. What is her attitude towards me?" she went on pitifully. "Yes, tell me, Francois," as he hesitated. "We are so estranged already that it can't matter. It may in fact be better to know exactly what she feels. Archie must have told her that his promise only holds for six months, and as of course she knows nothing of the truth why is she in such despair?"

"Well, she takes your opposition as the death blow to her marriage. She says if you've made up your mind that Archie is not to marry her, he won't. She says you've bewitched him . . . that you always bewitch people, to get your own way."

"To get my own way? My own way being the destruction of her happiness?" Pamela's little laugh was more poignant than tears. "But, after all, how can she explain my attitude, poor child?" she added in a whisper.

"She supposes you won't believe the boy hasn't inherited his father's bad qualities, and declares you will continue to believe this, and so work upon Archie that he'll give her up."

"She over-estimates my power—unfortunately," Pamela returned with quiet bitterness.

"My dear one—don't!" he urged below his breath. "After all, the child only speaks truth," he went on with a smile that strove to lift the discussion into a lighter mental air. "All her life she has seen you as she says 'bewitching' people, and, yes—bringing them round to your point of view. It has been the chief part of your public work—is it not so, ma mie? And this boy, this Archie—he adores you. It is, I believe, without knowing it, you he loves in little Fan!"

Pamela pushed the hair back from her forehead with a nervous gesture of impatience.

"All that's quite interesting, but it doesn't help!" she exclaimed impatiently. "The awful fact remains that I must stop this marriage. In six months the boy will be back, and if I know Fan at all she'll stick at nothing to gain her point. I may withhold my consent—and she'll reply by persuading him into a secret marriage. The mischief may be done while I sit helplessly by. I shall have to tell them—to tell him the truth at all events, the moment he returns. And oh, Francois, the thought of it is—I can't bear it!" she whispered. "After all these years . . . after I thought it was finished and done with! . . . But no. It's here again. I can never escape from it. It has followed me all my life—that consequence of what happened twenty years ago. And now my child must suffer for my fault! What shall I do, Francois? What shall I do?"

He could hardly bear the terror in her eyes and in her voice, but controlling himself he drew up a chair and sat down opposite her with a calm face.

"The first thing to do is to take short views. We are safe for six months. Let us be grateful for that. Fan must go away somewhere as soon as possible. It will be bad for both of you to be together just now, and as doctor I prescribe for her complete change of scene. . . . Let us now consider. Abroad, if possible? But you must not take her. Is there no one else?"

"Mrs. Wilshire is going to the South of France for the winter," said Pamela after a moment's thought. "She might be willing——"

"Tres bien!" he interrupted in a tone of satisfaction. "We will make her willing. I myself, as her doctor, will order the child to go, with or without her consent."

"She'll be glad enough to leave me. I scarcely see her as it is," returned Pamela sadly. "Bessie does all the nursing. Fan won't speak to me if she can avoid it. She was violent at first, now she's silent and sullen. And I can't resent either mood, because they're both so natural. From her point of view there's nothing against Archie and everything in his favor. . . . Money, position, and as she's forced me to admit, a charming and trustworthy nature—which I can only suppose comes from his mother. An ideal husband for her, in fact—if he didn't happen to be—her brother."

The intense bitterness of the words uttered below her breath almost startled Durand out of the self-control he imposed upon himself whenever he was with her in her own house—even when they were alone.

Now, though he only took her hand for a second between both if his, the tenderness in his face was balm to her heart so tortured and distracted.

"You know that I love you?" he said irrelevantly, but with a smile that restored her courage.

She even faintly smiled in return. "What should I do without you, Francois?" she murmured.

AMONG the women with whom in her public capacity Pamela worked, there was a growing consternation in regard to her.

"What can be the matter with Pamela Thistlewaite?" was a question more and more frequently asked, and followed by various suggestions and comments.

"She's ageing before one's eyes! . . . She ought to see a specialist. . . . Something must be very wrong with her to make her so thin and worn-looking. . . . She ought to give up work for a time—yet what should we do without her?" The latter was the more frequent remark, for Pamela held an increasingly important position in that section of feminine society out for reform in the social status of womanhood.

"Is she in love—at last?" was another question that found expression among friends who had almost ceased to marvel at her long-continued spinsterhood. "She's so attractive; she's so beautiful. It isn't as though she seems to have any antipathy to men! No, indeed, far from it. What is it then?" . . . So the talk had run ten years previously—talk that now revived and gained piquancy from the theory based upon Pamela's haggard appearance, that if love had come at last its course was not running smooth.

The situation was summed up by one of the ladies after a meeting from which Pamela had departed early.

"It's no good to speculate. We shall never know anything about Miss Thistlewaite, for all her easy surface manner. And as a matter of fact we're all selfishly thankful that she hasn't married. She's been of much more use to us single—especially since she closed that shop of hers and had all her time to give us. I hope to goodness she isn't going to be ill. It would mean a terrible loss to us. Such a brilliant speaker as she is!"

It was a tribute to the fascination which Pamela exercised for her own, as well as for the opposite sex, that there was very little jealousy on her account among her feminine colleagues. Always generous in praise of their efforts, she was popular enough to make invitations to her beautiful house coveted, and to cause general agreement that the purely social side of her life was a great asset to the movement affectionately known amongst themselves as "the Cause." "She's influencing the people who matter," they said on returning from one of her always gay parties where they met the writers, the painters, the musicians of the day.

In the twenty years of her life at Chelsea, Pamela had made for herself as distinguished a position socially as that she had achieved among the leaders of the women workers, and before this new thunderbolt was launched into the serenity of her life she had known moments of pardonable pride in her achievements. Her work had helped to wirf most of the reforms which since her girlhood days had come to pass. She had borne no mean part in the struggle for the better education of her sex, for their admittance to professions hitherto closed to them, and for the repeal of unjust and humiliating laws relating to marriage. The recent passing of the Married Women's Property Act owed something at least to her power of speech in public—and she had rejoiced. But now? Sometimes during sleepless nights memories of these triumphs would flit across her mind—and were destitute of significance.

They weighed as dust in the balance of her personal anxious misery.

The months were passing; soon the young lovers would meet. And then? Fan was still at Nice, and through Mrs. Wilshire, Pamela was aware that they were in active correspondence. Fan herself wrote nothing but bald little notes, which from their lack of any affectionate phrase, cut her to the quick.

The girl had parted from her sullenly, with a perfunctory kiss, and as her letters showed, evidently cherished undimmed her resentment of "Aunt Pam's interference."

"Will she hate me more—or less, when she knows I'm her mother?" she once asked Francois with an attempt at levity that ended in a burst of hopeless crying. . . .

They had met at their trysting-place in France to spend a few days together before Christmas, when Lan would be coming home, and for the first time since they became friends they met without joy.

"Have you heard from the boy lately?" Francois asked after one of their interminable discussions on the subject.

"Yes. Just before I left home."

"No sign of any change in his feelings?"

She shook her head. "Far from it. He said he was counting the days to see her, and to have their engagement settled; that he loved her more than ever, and if I'd made him give that promise as a test of faithfulness I must by now be satisfied. . . . He writes charming letters, and he's a charming boy," she went on after a moment. "Evidently he has not confided in his chief! If he had, he would have heard too much to my disadvantage to preserve any affection for me. From Felix Ashton he would certainly gather that I'm a cruel, cold-blooded spinster woman. Oh, forgive me, Francois," she broke off as she saw him frown. "I know you hate me to mention him. I forgot. It's so unimportant now. Everything is unimportant—except this nightmare."

They were sitting in the little salon of the French inn in the red glow of the stove. Outside, through a curtain of rain, a long white road bordered with poplars stretched interminably. It was a dreary, monotonous prospect, and Pamela's voice seemed to have borrowed its flatness from the landscape.

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In this crushed, spiritless woman Durand found it hard to recognise the gallant, fighting Pam of earlier days. . . . And then, even while he hesitated, wondering how best to treat her, she startled him by one of her abrupt changes of mood.

"Is there anything so melodramatic as life?" she said with a laughing wildness painful to hear. "At any rate for some people—certainly for me. Once, when I was a girl, I overheard Aunt Kitty saying to someone, 'nothing will ever happen to Pam in an ordinary way'—and it hasn't. The way I met you again, for instance—the one man in the world who as yet knows—what I must soon tell those children! Next, Fan must, of course, meet and fall in love with his son—the one man on earth she mustn't marry. . . . And then, to make the whole thing more nightmarish, the boy must needs be the pupil of Felix Ashton, who—— Oh, there's a curse on me, Francois—no doubt about it! The devil has marked me for his own, and if you don't want to be damned too, you'd better have done with me——"

"Now enough of this!" interrupted Durand peremptorily. "You to become hysterical, Pam? You, whose courage it was first drew me to you! . . . I will not have it. Do you hear me? I will not allow that you lose control. Listen! So soon as this young man returns I go to him. I tell to him and Fan the truth. . . . They must bear it, as others have to endure what comes to them in life. At all hazards I stop this suspense which is killing you—and me. You are no longer the woman I have loved——"

He stopped, arrested, struck to the heart by the face she raised to his, the face of a frightened child on the verge of tears, disarmingly pitiful.

She had never heard sternness in his voice before, and by the lapse in his ordinary fluent English she knew that he was deeply stirred. By anger? . . . He was angry. . . .

"Oh no! No! Not that. I can't bear—that," she cried despairingly.

The incoherent words were murmured in his arms.

"My darling! I'm a brute. I didn't mean to hurt you so. It is that I can't bear to see you like this. You so gallant, so wonderful——"

Soothed, pacified by his returning tenderness, she gave a long sigh.

"You're quite right, Francois. I deserved it. And I've been vilely selfish to you. But I'll make up for it, my dear." The old witchery of her smile set his heart beating. "I can be brave for myself, Francois—that's comparatively easy. It isn't so easy to be brave for—my child. But I'll try," she added meekly, and she forced another smile.

SHE was back in town to welcome Alan down from Oxford, and the boy's first shocked glance at her face made her realise as nothing else had done the change in her appearance.

Two or three days later she was touched to hear from Francois that Lan had been to him on her account.

"He asked if I had seen you lately," he wrote, "and begged me to call, so that I might, as he put it, 'cast a professional eye upon you.' The boy was terribly anxious. I reassured him, and he went away looking as though a weight of several tons had been lifted from him! You will, of course, say nothing about this, but I want you to know that one at least of your children loves you as you deserve to be loved."

This oblique allusion, the first Francois had ever made to something that to Pamela was only too clear, cost her an added pang of grief.

It was Alan, not Fan, who loved her as a child loves its mother. Fan might be, and indeed, according to all the signs, was capable of passion, but as Pamela knew, she had no tenderness, very little real affection in spite of her effusive manner when she happened to be pleased or flattered.

Vaguely, ever since Fan began to grow up, Pamela had felt the difference in this respect between Fan and Alan's attitude towards herself. It was Lan who might have been her own child.

She sighed hopelessly. This tie of blood! Was it only powerful when one knew of its existence? If Fan knew, would it make any difference to her? She thought not. Perhaps when the girl herself was a mother—? But the panic she now took care to disguise from her lover once more overswept her at the thought of that possible motherhood for Fan which it was her own duty at all costs to prevent.

"I must let Francois tell them the moment they both return. What shall I do then? Go abroad? Keep out of Fan's way? Oh, I don't know!"

Bessie, coming in with her morning cup of tea, found her white-faced, tense, staring absently straight before her.

"You're takin' on worse than you ever took when there was more need, and you as brave as a lion then!" the old woman whispered, bending to kiss her. "They ain't married—nor ever will be, and you must jest pull yourself together for the sake of Master Lan, which he's most terrible upset about the looks of you, pore dear boy!"

"You're quite right Bessie. I'm a selfish toad. I'll pull myself together," returned Pamela resolutely after a moment.

She did, and to such good purpose that Alan, reassured, began to enjoy himself in his usual light-hearted fashion. They went to parties and to plays together. Pamela never forgot to be gay, nor to listen with animation to his talk of Oxford and of the friends he was making there.

"I do think Fan might have come back for Christmas!" he said one evening which they happened to be spending at home. "She's been out there three months now. When is she coming home?"

"In March, I think."

"That's when Archie Waring comes back?"

"Yes."

There was silence for a moment, and from her side of the fire Pamela glanced across at the boy who sat staring rather gravely into the fire. "What a splendid-looking young man he's growing," she thought with a thrill of pride, watching him as he lay back idly in the deep chair, long-limbed and lithe, slenderly framed, yet with the promise of a fine athletic figure.

His smooth head, its despised hair now much darkened, rested quietly for once against the chair back, and at the moment something in his expression, something very gentle and sweet, so vividly recalled Fanny as to draw a little involuntary murmur from Pamela.

Alan turned to look at her inquiringly.

"Only that you were so like your mother just now," she said.

"I'm like you."

"Well, that's not surprising, as she and I were twins. But I think you have your mother's nature, Lan—thank goodness."

"I'd rather have yours," the boy said.

"Why? If you had known your mother——"

"But I didn't, and I know you." He smiled at her very charmingly.

"Be content to be like your mother, Lan," she said rather sombrely. "It's Fan who has my nature," she added after a moment, and waited rather anxiously for his reply.

"Just a tiny bit of it, perhaps," returned Alan calmly, "but with all the best of it left out."

"Lan! But you're very fond of her?" exclaimed Pamela, startled.

"Oh, yes! Very—of course. She's such fun. All the same, she's as vain as a peacock and as selfish as a pig—though I admit she's much too pretty to be likened to a pig."

Pamela was silent. The boy's assured nonchalance in his remarks about Fana rather took her breath away.

"Does she write to you, Lan?" she asked a little wistfully.

"NOT often. I haven't heard from her since she wrote to tell me—about all the fuss over Waring. I expect she didn't like what I told her in reply," he added, again coolly.

"What did you tell her?"

"Not to be such an idiot as to suppose you wished 'to blight her life' or any tosh of that kind. I just pointed out that if you wanted her not to be engaged just at once, you must have had a very good reason. I also remarked that six months wasn't a lifetime and if she cared about the chap it couldn't make much difference that the engagement wasn't to be announced for a month or two. That's all you meant, of course? Just to make sure it was genuine on both sides?"

Pamela leant forward to re-arrange the fire.

"That's all I asked Archie to promise."

"Well, it wasn't asking much—considering that Fan's pretty young. But of course she went on about our mother having been married at seventeen or some such silly age. I told her that very largely thanks to you and all you've done for girls and women, infant brides are not considered so sweet and touching as they were in Early Victorian days."

In spite of the harrowing turn the conversation had taken, Pamela smiled.

"You could scarcely expect her to be pleased."

"No. But I felt rather sick with her for not trusting you more. Just as though you were likely to stand in the way of her happiness. And I'm sure you think Waring would make her happy? You do, don't you, dear? He really is a jolly decent chap. You're not afraid that he takes after that rotter of a father of his, are you? Because he's as different from him as any fellow could be. I expect he had a decent mother."

The lamps had not yet been brought in, and Pamela drew back out of the revealing firelight. Her silence brought a shade of anxiety into the boy's voice. He sat upright and leant a little towards her.

"It isn't that, is it? I mean—it isn't that you don't want Fan to marry him—ever?"

"It's not a very good inheritance," she said at last, speaking with difficulty. "Not—not a very desirable family for Fan to enter. Is it?"

"Oh, but Aunt Pam, she needn't have anything to do with the father! He probably wouldn't want to have anything to do with her. From what the Seaton's tell me Waring's almost completely estranged from him. Lord Belthorpe doesn't care a rap for him, hates him, in fact, because of the will that was left. He has only some sort of allowance. Archie is quite independent and every one says his place is beautiful. Oh! apart from being in love and all that, it's a jolly good match for Fan. And I really do know what I'm talking about, Aunt Pam, when I say that Waring's a good fellow. Everyone I've met up at Oxford who knew

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him when he was at Merton, likes him and speaks well of him. . . . You're not going to be against the marriage altogether, are you? Just because of his father — who doesn't count?"

Alan's voice as he poured out the words grew more and more apprehensive, and Pamela, her hands clasped so tightly in her lap that the knuckles gleamed white, barely restrained the hysterical laugh that marked the breaking point.

Just because of the father—who doesn't count. Could irony go further? Yes, before long she would certainly hear the same phrase on the lips of his daughter—and hers.

"I'm sure Archie is all you think him. You know I like him, Lan." She must have managed to say it in a tone which satisfied Alan, for he nodded his relief.

"That's all right! I knew you did. I told Pan she was a little fool to imagine anything else. Why, you've been like a mother to both of us all our lives. Just as though you'd stand in Pan's way!"

The entrance of the maid with lamps, put an end to the conversation, and on the pretext of fetching some needlework, Pamela escaped for a moment to her own room.

Mingled with her distracted thoughts, bringing with it a little healing balm to her heart, was the memory of Alan's loyalty to her.

"He's like Fanny right through!" she told herself, and all at once, with an inexpressible sense of comfort, she felt that Fanny was near her, had in a sense come back in the person of her son, so that her love, her sympathy, her unshakable allegiance might continue and express themselves through her child. Alan, with his mother's nature, was Fanny's gift to her, a gift even more precious than the giver knew.

THE night before the Oxford term began, at Alan's express desire, Francois Durand, for whom he had an enthusiastic admiration, was asked to dine. Pamela had exerted herself to be gay and the little dinner a trois had been a success.

"My hat!" Alan exclaimed while they were still at the table talking and smoking after coffee was served, "I haven't packed yet."

"Well, run up and do it now, wretched boy!" said Pamela.

Something all at once flat and tired in her tone caused him to turn to look at her as he was rising from the table. She was leaning back in her chair in an attitude of utter weariness. The mask of animation had slipped from her face which even in the shaded candlelight looked grey and worn. The boy glanced from her to Durand.

"Look here, Dr. Francois, I shan't go on thinking much of you as a swagger medical man if you can't do anything for Aunt Pam! You wait till I'm a bloomin' doctor! I'll see to her!" Alan had never wavered in his determination to follow the "beloved physician's" profession.

The anxiety beneath the light words was only too apparent, and when the door closed upon him Francois' eyes met Pamela's. Before either of them could speak the door was again opened, and Alan reappeared for a second with a letter in his hand.

"On the hall table. Came by the last post, I suppose. It's from Fan. . . . I shan't be long stuffing my things in."

"Let's go into the drawing-room," said Pamela, rising.

Durand followed her.

"Pan hasn't written for nearly a month," she remarked as she sank on to a sofa and opened the envelope, while he went to the piano and began to play softly.

There was such a long silence that at last he turned.

Pamela was sitting upright, the letter clasped convulsively in both hands, her eyes bright with some strange rather terrifying expression, all the color drained from her face.

"Read it," she said under her breath as he sprang up, and he took the letter from her outstretched shaking hand.

"My dearest Auntie Pam,—

"I expect you'll be very surprised at what I'm going to tell you. I'm awfully surprised myself! Well, I'd better come to the point at once, which is that I'm engaged to Michael Wilshire. He's Mrs. Wilshire's nephew—by marriage—and he's been out here about six weeks. Mrs. Wilshire is very pleased about it. She's going to write to you but I wanted to write first. He's twenty-eight and frightfully nice-looking and I'm awfully happy. You were quite right, Auntie dear —I mean to want me not to be engaged to Archie, for it makes things so much easier now. If we had been engaged it would have been much more awkward. I've just written to tell him. I made the letter as nice as possible, of course, and I hope he won't be too upset about it. But after all, thanks to you I've broken no promise to him, have I! No doubt he'll think me very changeable, but I can't help that. I know now that I was never really in love with him, though at the time I thought I was. He's only a boy, and Mike is a man, and that makes all the difference. You must have known that Archie was not the right husband for me, and I do thank you very much, Auntie, dear, for not allowing me to make a fool of myself and I'm sorry I was so naughty about it. Archie is a dear, of course, but he's much too young to marry. You will have no objection to make to Mikky, I'm sure. He's very well off already, and Mrs. Wilshire says he has "expectations" from a lot of rich relatives. His family is in the shipping trade. Mick doesn't do anything. I mean he has no profession. But then, he needn't work. He's awfully fond of sport and he says he finds that quite sufficient occupation—lazy boy! All the same, I shall persuade him to go into the business when we're married. I think it would be rather a bore having a man about the house all the time, and he might just as well increase his income. One can't have too much of a good thing! Well, I won't write any more now because we are all three coming home next week and I'm very glad, for I want you to meet Michael as soon as possible. He's going to write to you to-morrow and wants us to be married soon. Good-bye, dear Auntie Pam. I'm sure you'll be glad to know how happy I am.

"Your loving Pan.

"P.S.—I'm not writing to Lan because he'll be with you just now, and you will tell him."

Alan crossed the hall whistling, and opened the drawing-room door, where he stood arrested, looking from Durand, who had just read the last words of the letter now hanging limply from his hand, to Pamela, still speechless on the sofa.

"What's up? What is it?" he asked sharply. "Pan? Anything wrong?"

"No, dear. Pan's all right. Read her letter." Pamela got up from the sofa and moved unsteadily towards the door as Alan, wondering, took the sheet Francois held out to him, while his eyes followed his aunt.

"No! No! I'm all right, Lan! Don't come, either of you"—as they both sprang forward. "Bessie will . . ."

The door closed swiftly behind her.

"Leave her! She's better alone," said Durand when the boy turned a bewildered face to him. "Here's Pan's letter. It will explain."

Alan's lips were set when he looked up from its perusal, his eyes bright with indignation.

"She's a heartless little cat!" he cried. "No wonder Aunt Pam's ashamed of her. I am!" . . Good Heaven what are girls made of? You ought to have seen her letter to me only a few months ago! She'd never forgive Aunt Pam for trying to blight her life, and that sort of tosh! And now just because she wasn't officially engaged to him, to pretend it's all right. Archie's well rid of her! . . . Not that he'll believe it, poor chap. He's the faithful sort. Isn't she a little cat?"

Durand shrugged his shoulders.

"Don't take it too much to heart, old boy. I don't think Miss Pan is likely to have made the 'faithful sort' happy."

"I expect that's what Aunt Pam felt," Lan said slowly. "I couldn't think why she didn't seem keen on the marriage. Now I know she had a good reason. She always has! It was Pan she mistrusted—not Waring. But that can't account for the way she's looked lately. It's not enough to account for it. You're not keeping anything back from me, Dr. Francois? Please don't . . I simply can't bear to think—— And she does look frightfully ill!"

THE lad's faltering voice, his imploring eyes moved Durand deeply, but he reassuringly patted the lad's shoulder. "I'm not deceiving you, mon vieux. A passing indisposition. Nothing serious."

Another unconcerned smile in Alan's direction was, however, necessary a minute later when Bessie entered, with a request that the doctor would step upstairs to the mistress, who didn't seem very well.

"Bessie is a treasure beyond price!" whispered Francois, half-laughing, as he took Pamela in his arms. "I was wondering how I could manage to see you again to-night. . . . But, my darling!" with a change of voice when he saw her face, "she was right. You're not well. You're all to pieces."

She tried to smile.

"I suppose it's the long strain. And now the relief! But that's all mixed up with —other feelings. Oh, Francois, she's like him! I feared it, but I wouldn't let myself believe it. Now I know. Light-minded, cruel, callous—just as he was. That poor boy! As deceived in her as I was in her father, long ago. And it's not all his fault. I've given her bad qualities, too. . . . So between us . . ." She made a despairing gesture. "Oh! I know! I know! The danger is over. I'm free of that nightmare. To-morrow, perhaps, I shall realise it more and be thankful. But to-night I can only realise that Pan is her father's daughter—and that's terrible." Again she smiled heart-brokenly. "I scarcely expected to have to condole with his son for the loss of my daughter!"

She was tearless, but she trembled from head to foot, and the rapid words were almost inaudible.

He soothed her, and with quick insistence made her lie down. Presently he rang for Bessie, with whom within a few minutes he left her to send Alan out for a sleeping draught.

"Tell Bessie to give her this," he said when the boy returned with it. "Don't go in to see her to-night. Let her sleep, and you'll find her a different woman in the morning. Now I must be off, my boy. It's getting late."

At the hall door he turned to Alan with a slightly enigmatical smile.

"You set your face against a long engagement for your sister, Len! The sooner she marries this new young man of hers, the better."

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DURING the last few moments of the year that closed a century the drawing-room of the Erskines' country home was crowded. Sally Erskine's house-party included individuals whose ages ranged from the middle fifties or more to the very early teens, and the relationships represented were many.

Two minutes previously the young people who had been dancing in the hall had come trooping into the drawing-room to await the midnight bells.

"Hush! Stop it!" shouted one of the boys in the midst of the laughing clamor. "It's going to strike." He ran to a window, threw it open, and as a sudden silence fell the village church clock began to boom. Almost before the last stroke of twelve died away the bells broke upon the quivering air with their clash and jangle of welcome to another year.

"Nineteen hundred!" "New Century!" "Happy New Year, Mother! . . . Daddy!" Happy New Year, Aunt Pam! . . ." The excited voices again arose. Some one rushed to the piano in the hall, and to the strains of Sir Roger the crowd of girls and boys, young men and young women, swept out into the hall again and dancing was renewed.

Jack Erskine got up and shut the door, returning with a smile to the fireside, round which were seated his wife, Pamela, and Alan Freeland, now an increasingly successful doctor and a married man of ten years' standing.

"Well, if noise is any indication of success, your house party beats the record, my dear!" observed Jack Erskine, looking across at Sally, who smiled placidly.

"I wish Fan and Michael could have come," she said. "We should have had every one then. But, anyhow, we have their children, and yours and Phyllis', Alan."

"Well, at least one of ours isn't helping to make this infernal din," Alan returned. "Phil went up to look at her just now. Fast asleep, was the report."

"Nineteen hundred!" exclaimed Erskine, lighting his pipe. "I wonder what the new century is going to bring us?"

"Lots more money to you, anyhow!" declared Alan with a grin. "Judging from the proceeds of the last book. If you don't take care, sir, you'll be a best-seller, won't he, mother Sally? . . . Aunt Pam," he went on, glancing at her, "you're very quiet to-night. What's the matter? Reviewing your ill-spent life? Good resolutions for the new century?"

"Rather late in the day, isn't it?" returned Pamela. "Let's hope we've heard the last of that silly phrase fin de siecle," she continued, rousing herself to animation. "I suppose everything will be 'New Century' now. I do hate catchwords!"

"I wonder how Fan's enjoying herself abroad?" observed Mrs. Erskine, adding a remark to the desultory conversation.

"Yes—very fin de siecle of her to insist upon going to the Riviera for Christmas. But, then, Fan is fin de siecle, isn't she, Aunt Pam?" said Alan teasingly. "New century now, though, of course."

Pamela's eyes were again fixed on the fire. She smiled rather dreamily. If she had intended to make any reply it would have been unheard, for at the moment one or two of the younger members of the noisy party outside rushed in.

"We're going to have a new game that takes lots of people! Do come, Aunt Pam, and Uncle Lan, and every one," shouted Mikky, Fan's eldest boy. . . .

"Yes, come along, Lan! Come along, Daddy!" called Alan's wife, putting her laughing face round the door. "You, too, Mummy, and Aunt Pam!"

"Mother's tired to-night, dear," said Pamela. "I'll stay and talk to her."

But even when they were alone it was some time before either of the two spoke. Sally, only recently recovered from a severe attack of influenza, still tired easily, and Pamela was sunk in her own thoughts.

With stealthy steps, imperceptibly, and with outward placidity, time had crept on since the day nearly sixteen years ago when she had been released from a great fear. It was more than fifteen years, she reflected, since Fan had become Mrs. Michael Wilshire, and ten years since Lan, to her great content, had married little Phyllis Erskine, Sally's only child—a marriage that was as happy and satisfactory as heart could wish.

Fan's marriage? Well, Fan was satisfied—or seemed to be. She had money, there was a knighthood in prospect for her husband. Her jewels were the envy of her feminine acquaintances. She had a big house in town, another in the country, a yacht at Cowes. Her last letter had been full of excitement about a motor car which Michael had promised to buy early this year; cars were still new enough to be envied possessions. Her two boys, Mikky and Hugh, were at an expensive preparatory school, getting ready for Eton. Their mother saw very little of them, even in the holidays, when, as at present, she was usually away from home—at Nice in the winter, yachting at Cowes later in the year. Fan, in short, was a very important personage in society. And it was to society that she seemed chiefly to belong, for neither her husband nor her boys played any very great part in her existence. It was difficult indeed to imagine Michael Wilshire playing a great part anywhere, Pamela sometimes ironically reflected. Nature seemed to have expressly designed him as a background for a pretty extravagant wife such as in Fan he had undoubtedly acquired. She treated him with amiable tolerance, and if he disliked his role of combined banker and attendant, it was not apparent. He seemed indeed quietly proud of the most expensive of his possessions. The little boys, happily for themselves, were neither imaginative nor exacting. They, too, accepted Fan without criticism, and certainly without complaint. Beautiful, rich, and lively, she naturally had many admirers, but so far no scandal had ever tarnished the good name and fame of Mrs. Michael Wilshire.

"NOR will it ever do so," thought Pamela, who had long since discovered, and it was certainly to be accounted fortunate, that Fan's head completely governed the very little she possessed of heart.

Her thoughts of Fan soon strayed only too willingly to someone else, and it was after watching her for a moment that Sally Erskine at last broke the silence.

"A penny for your thoughts, Pam, though I'm sure they're worth more. You looked so happy a moment ago." Then as Pamela turned a smiling face, "You're a wonder, Pam!" she exclaimed, suddenly admiring. "How is it you manage to keep so young? Why, we're—how old are we?"

"Both fifty-seven on our next birthdays, my dear. Awful, isn't it?"

"Not for you, with your figure. It hasn't altered for twenty years, I do believe! But look what a stout little podge I am! You're still beautiful, Pam. I remember mother used to say you'd keep your looks for ever, because of your good features."

Pamela shrugged her shoulders. "Well, we're both grandmothers, my dear. Grandmother and great-aunt—to be correct."

"Yes, it's lovely to have children about again, isn't it? Oh, it was almost too good to be true that Lan should have fallen in love with my Phyllis! And how happy they are, aren't they? And the children. Jack and little Sally are such darlings!"

"And so amusing. Sally's going to be clever, I think."

"Yes, but she's plain, and so is Jack. They have broken the monotonous record of beauty in your family!" insisted Sally with a laugh. "They're like their mother, who, though attractive enough, bless her, is undeniably 'homely'—as the Americans say."

"But so much more interesting than the majority of pretty women."

"Perhaps. But Lan has all the looks of the family. He's quite dangerously handsome for a doctor. Don't his women patients fall in love with him?"

"If they do, Phyllis knows how to hold her own."

"And does!" returned Phyllis' mother with a smile. "Fan won't be home till after the holidays, will she?" Sally went on after a pause.

"No. The boys are coming to me for a week, and then going on to their grandmother Wilshire."

"Lucky for them to have you," remarked Sally. "They don't see much of their mother." There was disapproval in her voice.

"No," assented Pamela, without further comment.

"Pam," began Sally again presently, "do you ever hear anything of Archie Waring now?"

"Yes. I had a letter from him not long ago. I meant to tell you. He's been married for seven or eight years you know, and happily, I'm glad to say."

"That's a mercy! But I'm afraid that love affair with Fan went very deep. Is he living at Grasslands now?"

"Yes, but he tells me he's not given up his profession, and doesn't mean to. He has an office in town. His father died some years ago," Pamela added after a pause.

"What a relief! I expect that's why the boy kept away from the place so long. He must always have been afraid of a visit from him. Not a parent to be proud of. But what a charmer he was as a young man, wasn't he? You remember him, Pam? You used to dance with him a great deal—to the envy of all the other girls. Half of them were in love with him, I do believe!" she laughed reminiscently. "Mother and your Aunt Kitty were desperately afraid you might fall a victim, I remember. But you were always so level-headed about your admirers. I expect you had an idea he was rather a bad lot in spite of his fascination? Wasn't it strange that the son should fall in love with fan?" she went on, still interested in the subject. "There's no doubt she treated him very badly, but perhaps it was just as well that marriage never came off."

"For him—certainly." Pamela's voice was dry and quiet. "She told you all about it at the time, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, my dear—and everyone else, too. And how he was the love of her life (at eighteen!)" Sally chuckled a little. "And how she meant to run away and marry him the moment he returned, and all that nonsense, silly girl! And then, only a few months later. . . . Well, Michael's not very inspiring, certainly, but I suppose we may consider that Fan's made a success of her marriage."

"For herself," Pamela answered.

"You're thinking of the children? She does neglect them. I know you consider her very selfish, Pam, and I'm afraid you're right. Such a pity, for she was a dear little girl before she grew up. I can't think how,

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with her nature, she came to be the child of Fanny and Alan. Fanny, the sweetest, most generous thing that ever breathed, and that poor young husband of hers, as reliable and steady as a rock, and full of kindness! Perhaps it's grandpapa coming out?" She smiled interrogatively.

"Possibly," said Pamela sombrely.

"Do you ever see or hear anything of the Hampstead people nowadays?" Sally continued, eager as she ever was to talk over old times when Pamela was her visitor. "Your stepmother? or Cathy Mavor?"

"I went to see Alice after Papa died, ten years or so ago, and she's called on me once or twice—since I gave up the shop bien entendu. She makes a very comfortable and complacent widow." They both laughed. "She's still doing woolwork and tatting," Pamela continued. "By now I should think every cushion and toilet-table in the house must be decorated, so I can't think how she kills time. . . . Cathy?" Her eyes began to sparkle with amusement. "Did I ever tell you that Cathy has got religion? Well, she has, and though from my point of view it's a very dull brand, it's a perfect godsend for Cathy herself. Before it came on, I was seriously afraid she'd end in a mental home, poor dear! Now she's busy from morning till night with mission meetings and prayer circles and what not. She's had that big house all to herself since her parents died, and she's peppered it with harmoniums and shiny black Bibles—you know the kind! . . . Hymns going all day, I'm told, till the neighbors complain, and shoals of females running in and out organising one spiritual excitement after another. She's tried to convert me, and as I didn't show any great coming-on disposition, she reinforced her arguments the other day on a postcard. It was brief and to the point. 'You must either believe or Go to Hell.' Yes, truly!" in reply to Sally's incredulous merriment. "Cathy's sense of humor was never her strong point, if you remember."

"WASN'T there something about religion for the blighted spinster in one of those adorable early Victorian books you used to know by heart years ago?" asked Mrs. Erskine.

"Oh, yes. They provided for every contingency. It's Mrs. Sandford, I think, who says that a woman should turn to religion 'when her nuptial wardrobe has become obsolete.'"

"Your memory is as wonderful as ever!" Sally, declared, recovering her gravity. "Things have moved since those manuals by dear perturbed ladies were taken seriously, haven't they? A little too rapidly, I sometimes begin to think, what with this bicycling mania for girls, and this clamor for latchkeys and complete independence! I'm glad it hadn't reached quite such a pitch ten years ago, when Phil was under twenty."

"Now Sally! That's middle-aged!" Pamela turned a vivaciously expostulating face to her friend. "Things will go on moving still more rapidly if I'm not mistaken. And who are we that we should talk rubbish about 'the girl of the period,' seeing that we've both spent the best years of our life in bringing that type of independent young woman into existance? All the present chatter about 'Revolting Daughters' and 'New Women' exasperates me! Isn't it more interesting, fuller, better worth living? If a girl wants a good education she can have it. There are decent schools and colleges now. If she's drawn to a profession she's allowed to study for it. She can go out with a young man on her bicycle without a chaperon, or even have tea with him alone at a teashop without being considered 'fast.' And we've helped to make all this possible, Sally. So don't let us grouse about liberty when it's just the thing we've been fighting for!"

"You're still as keen as ever you were, Pam, aren't you? You'll never lose your energy if you live to be a hundred. I own to being tired. I want to sit back now, and if there's any more fighting, to let others do it."

"That's only because you've been ill, dear." Pamela's voice lost its vehemence and became tender and caressing. "Besides, you've done enough. You have your household, your husband, your grandchildren to care for—and I'm a lone spinster, so I can still be full of fight. It will be time for me to sit back when we get the vote!" . . . She gave a little sigh and looked about the large pleasant country drawing-room with eyes grown suddenly dreamy.

"New Year's Day is a landmark, Sally! What a long time ago it seems since you and Jack were a young impecunious couple in that tiny Chelsea house, before Jack's novels began to pay. And now you have this beautiful home, and Jack is a celebrity, and you the most popular hostess for miles round!"

"But we were very happy in that tiny house. What fun we all had in those days when we were the 'modern' women! Your shop parties! I shall never forget them. . . . Oh, I'm very happy now. Jack is the best husband in the world, and Phyllis' marriage is the best thing—except my own—that ever happened. But there's nothing like being young, is there, Pam?" she asked rather wistfully.

"No, though one could suffer quite a lot even when one was young," returned Pamela slowly. "Now, it's chiefly memories that hurt when we come to the landmarks. My dear old Bessie died on New Year's Day, you know. Four years ago. She was nearly ninety, and very feeble, so for her sake it was time. But you can't think what her loss means to me, Sally. She was part of my life. She was with me when Fanny died; she was our first nurse. I'm so glad she lived to see and spoil Fan's boys! She adored Fan. Her one wish when she was dying was to see Fan once more."

"And didn't she?" asked Mrs. Erskine gently.

Pamela shook her head. "Fan was in Paris. I telegraphed to her on the morning of New Year's Eve, but she was going to some special New Year's ball, and replied that she'd come next day. Bessie died late that night, so Fan's visit was not interrupted. . . . And after all it didn't matter," she went on in the same quiet tone of sadness, "for the poor old darling went off to sleep believing she was coming, and never woke again."

Mrs. Erskine's silence was more expressive than any words.

"But Alan must have been a comfort then?" she said at last. "I know how much he felt the old lady's death."

"Oh, Alan!" Pamela's sudden smile was so radiant as to give her friend the illusion that the girl of thirty years ago had mysteriously taken the place of the dignified, beautiful but elderly woman to whom a moment previously she had been talking.

"Pam!" she exclaimed with only apparent irrelevance, "is Dr. Durand never going to be free? You'd marry him, wouldn't you? I'm sure you like him well enough? You've been such friends—such wonderful friends—for so long, and he must, of course, be devoted to you. How I should like to see you his wife! He's such a splendid man. It's so awful to think of that poor demented creature living on and on."

At the first mention of Francois' name Pamela's eyes had been again directed towards the fire, but before Sally could finish the last of her breathless sentences she turned her head and with a strange little smile regarded the friend of her youth who sat leaning forward in her eagerness, as bright-eyed and animated as though her hair had never turned grey nor her once slim little figure become shapeless and a trifle unwieldy.

"Sally," she began, and paused.

"Yes?"

The expectant monosyllable was never answered, for the sounds of revelry that for some time had reached them only as a distant uproar proceeding from the dining-room, now increased in volume, and the whole party, preceded by the children in impromptu fancy dress burst into the room.

LONG after the house was silent Pamela sat over the dying embers of her bedroom fire.

Her talk with Sally had revived too many memories to make possible the thought of sleep, and amidst the crowding and jostling of her thoughts she was trying to decide whether she was glad or sorry for the interruption which silenced the news she had been about to impart.

The letter that had reached her two days ago lay in her lap. She already knew it by heart, but she turned to it again for the pleasure of actually seeing the words that would alter her life.

Francois Durand wrote from an hotel in Paris.

"It was all over by the time I reached Passy. Forty years of death in life, has, thank God, ended for her, and I am a free man! At last, at last, my most dear, we can be together. I am still dazed with the wonder of the thought, and cannot write coherently. In a few days I shall see you, and then my dear and only love, we will talk, we will arrange. It must be soon. There is nothing to wait for. Wait? We have waited a quarter of a century!"

Pamela's eyes were as soft and glowing as a girl's when she folded and safely locked away her New Year's gift beyond all price. She was glad not to have told Sally. She would tell no one—till after her marriage. It would be easier at her age, less embarrassing in that way, and as she with a somewhat rueful smile reflected, she was accustomed to keep her own counsel. For thirty-five years she had kept it on a matter of graver moment than an impending marriage which by the world in general would, she hoped, be received in a kindly spirit and by her friends with delight. Oh, it was easy enough to keep silence for a little while. She was glad she hadn't told Sally, and in the bustle of departure to-morrow—no, to-day—with a glance at the clock on the mantelpiece—even if Sally remembered something left unsaid, she would be too busy to question her.

To the end of her life, the fortnight that followed her Christmas visit to the Erskines remained a blur in Pamela's memory. She recalled events, but out of their proper sequence; time seemed to have lost all significance. She could never place in her mind exactly how things had happened. But with their happening, even the semblance of her youth fled. Henceforth she was old.

She returned to Chelsea with the two boys. She took them to the pantomime, to a circus . . . she arranged some treat for them every day during the week they stayed with her. Between whiles, and many times, she saw Francois. They smiled into one another's eyes and talked, and arranged

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for an absolutely private marriage . . . When? She could never remember—but it must have been for the early part of the following week. Nothing remained clear in her mind except her last parting from him as the man she knew and loved—a man vigorous and erect, in perfect health, and at that moment radiant with happiness. "My wife!" he had whispered. "I like the sound, Pam! My wife . . . ma femme? No, I like the English word better. You have made me English all through, my dear! . ."

It seemed only a few hours, though the hours must have been days before Lan was walking up and down the drawing-room telling her something, agitatedly, with a grave troubled face . . . Something about an experiment that Durand had been making in the research work upon which he was engaged. Something about a germ which by misadventure—He was ill . . . the poison was acting rapidly . . . No, it would be useless to see him and—and better not. He was unconscious . . . Then a blank—a long blank, or perhaps it only seemed long? Perhaps it was only a day or two later that Lan was in her bedroom early one morning when she had slipped on her dressing-gown to admit him—Lan, pale, with tired lines under his eyes from an all-night watching, and a great grief.

He said nothing, but when he took her in his arms she knew.

Then the room swam round her. She felt his arms tighten, and again, or possibly a moment later, heard his voice, gentle and tender as his mother's long ago.

"Cry, darling! Don't be afraid of me. I know—but no one else—not even Phyllis. No one but me shall ever know . . . He has been—your husband, for years. I've known it, but only lately—and darling, I've been so glad! Oh, don't look like that! Don't, don't! Try to cry. It will be better . . . I love you as though you were really my mother. You're the only mother I've had, the dearest, the best . . . Mother, you must live . . . if only for my sake. I can't do without you."

EARLY in the afternoon of a mild January day a car drove in at the big gate of Gideon Grange, swept up the carriage drive, and stopped before the pillared porch.

A maid hurrying through the hall to open the door was just in time to take wraps, and to help its sole occupant to alight. Not that the old lady who walked up the flight of shallow steps to the house seemed in any great need of assistance. Pamela at eighty-five was still erect, still moved with ease and an assurance which made the silver-headed stick she used more of a decorative adjunct than a prop for faltering steps.

"Thank you, Jane. Leave my fur coat down here. I shall be going out again later. Yes, I've told Brockley to bring the car round at half-past four. I'm going to rest for an hour, and then I'll ring for you."

She went upstairs to her bedroom, but apparently forgetting her intention to rest, sat down before her looking-glass and regarded herself with an expression hard to read, even when it resolved itself into a slow smile; for even the smile was of doubtful significance.

The visit she had just paid to a specialist and the verdict he had pronounced in no way either startled or perturbed her. She had been prepared for it, and the appointment she had made with Sir Charles Fenton was rather for confirmation of her own knowledge as to the state of her heart than for any other reason.

"So I may die at any moment?" Her lips moved to frame the words, and she watched them in the glass. "And I'm to rest, lie down continually, never to exert myself in any way—be a confirmed invalid, in short? Well, my dear man, I'm going to disregard all your warnings—thank you very much, nevertheless! I hope I shan't die at a party, or anyhow in someone else's house," she went on to herself as she began to move about the room, and finally settled herself on the sofa. "It would be annoying for strangers, certainly. But I must risk that. No one knows about it. How angry Lan would be with me if he did!" She smiled a little again. "Anyhow I'm going on as usual, and in all probability I shan't annoy anyone. Old people often die in their sleep, I believe—so perhaps I shall be lucky. There was Aunt Serena . . . And Bessie . . ."

She closed her eyes, and let thoughts wander through her mind at their will.

It was twenty-nine years to-day since Francois died—an appropriate day to receive her own death sentence, even though it carried with it a reprieve that while indefinite, must certainly be short. It was now nearly twenty years she went on reflecting, since she had come back to live in her childhood home. . . Incredible that Lan and Pan should be sixty-four! Pan was wonderful. She didn't look anything like her age. Nor would she ever . . . But Lan did. Dear Lan, who had never got over the loss of his son in the war. Ten years ago now. Again incredible . . . Why, even Pamela, Pan's youngest, who so greatly to her mother's annoyance arrived unexpectedly late in the day, must be twenty! . . What a joy the child had been to her—Pamela. Strange that even as a tiny child she should have insisted upon calling her great-aunt Granny—evidently jealous that others should possess grandmammas while she had none. "Not Aunt Pam—no!" she could hear the peremptory baby voice. "Granny!"

And Granny she had remained for little Pam, in spite of the laughing remonstrance she had once overheard from Pam's mother, to the effect that as applied to her "chaste great-aunt!" it was "most invidious!" . . . Once more a smile flitted over the face of the old lady on the sofa, before her reminiscences became part of the dreams that came with a light ten minutes' sleep.

TO her friends of twenty years previously, it had been a great surprise that Pamela Thistlewaite should have gone back to live at Gideon Grange.

"I thought you would hate the idea," Mrs. Erskine had observed when Pamela's purchase of the house was under consideration. "Too many memories, surely?—And few of them pleasant ones?"

"Well, do you know, it's only the pleasant ones that have remained," was Pamela's reply. "Papa and Miss Piper have faded out. Alice was never more than a passing acquaintance, and has left no mark on the place for me . . . It's atmosphere now recalls only Fanny—with Aunt Serena as a gentle scarcely perceptible background, vaguely pleasant. Pan and I loved the garden. Oh, and the house, too, though we didn't realise it at the time."

Pamela bought the house after the death of Judge Thistlewaite's widow, for it had come into the market rather opportunely, just when circumstances forced her to leave her own.

For many years previously, Chelsea had been undergoing "improvements" which had almost succeeded in destroying its ancient charm. Her house, one side of which faced the Embankment, together with other fine old Georgian dwellings, was to come down to make way for flats. Chelsea, in fact, was no longer the lovely "village" she had known in her girlhood. The changes saddened her. She had been ready to leave it.

"Gideon Grange will last my time," she told Sally.

"No one in the family will want it after I'm gone, but I have a fancy to restore its eighteenth-century beauty, removing all traces of Grandmamma Thistlewaite and of Papa and Alice, you understand." She could well afford to do so, for Francois Durand's will had made her a wealthy woman.

With a wisdom that his aunt could not gainsay, Alan had been careful to spread the story of the marriage that was to have taken place on the eve of Dr. Durand's death, with the result that the terms of his will caused neither surprise nor any occasion for scandal in or out of the family. Nothing but sympathy had been extended to Pamela Thistlewaite then, or later and the circumstances of her frustrated marriage had by now become dramatic history to be recounted to a new generation whenever "beautiful old Miss Thistlewaite," was mentioned or appeared in society.

"They waited for one another twenty-five years, and he died, I believe, on the day they were to have been married. Oh, she's never got over it. A sad face in repose, isn't it? But how fortunate he'd made his will leaving everything to her—as, of course, was only natural! . . . Have you never seen her house at Hampstead? It's quite celebrated, and so was she, I understand—in her youth. I really must ask her if I may take you to call one day. You never saw anything so beautiful as that house and garden. I hear she lived there as a child and went back to it in her old age . . . Oh, quite a wonderful life! The daughter of that rather celebrated Judge Thistlewaite—Ah! before your time, of course, my dear. And she ran away from home to keep a backshop. Quaint idea, wasn't it? at that time. I mean when shopkeeping for ladies wasn't the craze it is now. And then she got mixed up with all those Women's Rights women of fifty or sixty years ago. But naturally you don't know anything about them. They were considered shockingly 'advanced in my young day, but I was too busy enjoying myself to pay any attention to them, I remember . . . They were supposed to be unattractive females who couldn't get married, but as Miss Thistlewaite was one of the crowd, there must have been exceptions, because she couldn't have been anything but a lovely girl, could she?"

This, a typical if somewhat inadequate version of her life history, was imparted to Mrs. Hume, a young married woman, by her hostess, Mrs. Stuart Llewellyn, who was giving a cocktail party at her palatial flat off Piccadilly.

The story was occasioned by the entrance of Pamela Thistlewaite herself a few moments previously, after Mrs. Hume had crossed the room to make enthusiastic inquiries concerning her.

"How sad! Quite a romance!" the lady exclaimed, her eyes straying to the end of the long drawing-room where Pamela sat on a sofa surrounded by a group of elderly men and women—the men predominating. "But I can't think why she wasn't carried off and married out of hand, long before that doctor, whoever he was, came along. She's beautiful in the grand manner, isn't she—with those perfect features, and that ivory-colored face, and the snow-white hair. And so stately! I wonder if our generation brought up on jazz and cocktails will achieve dignity when we're old? I'm afraid we may be nothing but skittish wrecks!" Mrs. Hume, a smartly-dressed young mat-

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ron with five or six years' experience of matrimony behind her, laughed a little ruefully.

"An old friend of mine who knew her years ago, says her hair used to be a wonderful red," Mrs. Stuart Llewellyn continued, "and that it became as white as it is now, less than three months after the man died . . . She tells me also that she used to have a lovely color, but that, too, went, after the shock of his death. She's always looked like old ivory since I first met her."

"Well, she knows how to dress up to it," the younger woman declared. "That long black lace veil, you know, and the stiff silk dress. Quite enchanting!"

"Look, this is her niece, Lady Wilshire. Just coming in! I must introduce you, my dear. She gives quite amusing parties. Awfully rich. Her husband's rolling. Made a lot more money in the war, too, somehow or other, and got knighted for it."

"I'd much rather know the aunt," murmured Mrs. Hume as her hostess moved across the room to greet the newcomer, a fashionably-dressed woman followed by a tall, hatchet-faced old man with a manner as quiet as his wife's was voluble.

"Why! here's Aunt Pam!" exclaimed Pan as she passed the sofa and stooped to kiss her. "Your namesake threatens to dine and sleep at Gideon Grange to-night, Auntie. I expect you'll find her there when you get back. We can spare one of the cars to take her. I've got a whole heap of Americans staying in the house, you know—a regular house-party. But they'll have to put up with bridge to-night as we're not going out."

"That's unusual, isn't it?" asked Pamela.

"Yes. So tiresome. We were all going to a first night, but the stupid thing's been postponed . . ."

A girl who stood near the sofa combining an effort to overcome a shyness quite unusual in modern youth, with intense interest in the beautiful old lady, followed her glance as Lady Wilshire moved away—and wondered. To her, at eighteen, both ladies were "old," in varying degrees, and though the less-aged of the two must, she thought, have been very pretty once, she did not care for her appearance. "Too dressed-up!"

Trying to be young with all that rouge and lipstick, and not succeeding," was the severe verdict appropriate to the extreme youth of the judge.

But the very old one? . . . Oh, she was lovely! So dignified, so stately—yet so gracious. Perhaps there was something in what Dad said about the grace and charm of women of his day, as compared with post-war girls and women? . . . Anyhow, this old lady bore out his contention, and perhaps her own frequent derision of "stuffy Victorian ideas" was misplaced? A little stupid?

She longed, but did not dare to speak to her. . . . She was like a queen surrounded by her courtiers—rather elderly courtiers, certainly, but so attentive, so absorbed in her conversation! And no wonder, for though on account of the babel in the room she only caught an occasional sentence, the old lady was talking with an ease, a fluency such as she had never before heard. She must be witty, too, for every now and then the men round her laughed suddenly, with amusement evidently unfeigned.

The girl wished the young man to whom she herself was supposed to be talking would go away. She wanted to listen. Presently he did go, to fetch her a cocktail, and undistracted for a moment she heard a fragment of a conversation.

"But is there such a thing as perfect happiness?" one of the "courtiers" was demanding. "Don't we all 'look before and after and pine for what is not,' as Shelley remarks? Is perfect happiness obtainable?"

"Very rarely, I grant you," the listening girl heard the old lady reply, "but when it is achieved—even for an hour—it is worth all the cheerful content which in most lives passes for happiness, stored up, pressed together, and running over!"

She rose to go a few moments later, and the girl had her opportunity of securing the glance craved by her romantic little soul.

"Oh, thank you, my dear!" Miss Thistlewaite broke off her talk with her escort as the girl, darting after her, mutely offered a filmy handkerchief. "I dropped it? How kind of you.—Ah! how adorably young you are!" she suddenly exclaimed with a smile that together with the words she had just overheard, the girl all her life remembered.

IN the entrance hall downstairs Pamela encountered a Hampstead acquaintance who had preceded her in the lift, and was peering anxiously into the darkness outside.

"This is fortunate! I can drive you home," she said, politely, addressing Mrs. Tobin.

"Very fortunate for me, dear Miss Thistlewaite," returned the lady, "and so kind of you. I was just debating whether an omnibus or the tube would be the lesser evil. To be taken home in this luxurious fashion is quite wonderful. . . . What a crush!" she went on volubly when they had entered the car, "and what a noise! Mrs. Stuart Llewellyn was evidently determined to get us all in. Such a mistake, I think, to mix up so many of these impossible young people of to-day with those of us who are older, and have some decency. All that cocktail-drinking, you know! . . . Don't you agree with me that the girls and boys of to-day—the girls especially—are positively shocking?"

"Well, no," returned Pamela. "I can't say I do. They vary, of course—as they've varied from the beginning of time. The only girl I spoke to this afternoon, for instance, seemed a charming young creature, and as shy as even a Victorian mamma could desire," she added smiling.

"Oh, you're very tolerant, I know, dear Miss Thistlewaite, but if you'd had daughters I'm sure you would view the present state of things with——"

"With horror? No, I think not. You see, I was a rebel myself in my youth, and as the greater part of my life has been spent in helping to get freedom for women, I'm more inclined to look upon the good than the evil side of the liberty they have attained. Quite honestly I think the good predominates."

"Oh, do you?" It was scarcely light enough to see Mrs. Tobin's face, but Pamela accurately judged the nature of her expression and inwardly smiled. "All this jazzing? These cocktail parties, this freedom between the sexes? No morality. No modesty. No reticence or decency. When I see these girls putting horrible red stuff on their lips in public, combing their hair, powdering their faces—" she made a gesture of disgust.

"There I'm completely with you!" Pamela agreed. "It's bad taste and a revolting habit . . . I was in the train the other day," she went on, "with two little creatures who, quite oblivious of a carriage full of people, made the thorough toilet that in my young day was performed in the seclusion of the bedroom, and even then with the omission of the paint and powder. . . . It was not pretty, I admit. But—" her sudden laugh was as gay and mischievous as it had ever been at twenty-five, "in the interests of truth I must confess they looked considerably better 'after' than 'before.' Their young men were on the platform to meet them when they got out—" She made an amused little gesture which aroused no answering smile on the stolid face of Mrs. Tobin.

"Disgusting!" she ejaculated, but whether the comment referred to the make-up or the young men remained undecided.

"But I was thinking not of surface manners or matters, but of essentials," Pamela went on. "The liberty that has been gained I consider all to the good; the licence that has been taken is largely the result of the war, and applies chiefly to a small circle of idle young people. Oh! it's a mere handful compared with the army of workers which nowadays, includes women of all classes."

"Well, do you know I'm sure things were better formerly, when girls stayed quietly at home and helped in the house, and were a comfort to their parents, instead of all this wanting to have lives of their own and going out into the world like men! Now there's Chrissie, my daughter. She wants to be a lawyer—of all things in the world. I tell her there's plenty to do at home that's much more suitable for a girl. However, she's got round her father and he's going to let her study for the law. They get all their own way nowadays, these young people! . . . . Things must have been much better and simpler and happier when you were a girl, Miss Thistlewaite."

"What a pity then that I should have spent so much time and energy in trying to alter them," said Pamela lightly. "Well, here you are."—when the car stopped at the door of a block of flats in a Hampstead road which she remembered as a tree-shaded lane. "Oh, not at all. Delighted to have had the chance of giving you a lift. Good-bye! And good luck to Miss Justice Tobin! . . . Home, please, Brockley."

Pamela's smile as she leant back in the car, glad to be alone, retained all its old irony. How types survived! That stodgy conventional woman who had just disappeared from view, sixty years ago, and with popular approval, would have been adding her then effectual voice to the clamor against wider life for her own sex. She wondered how "Chrissie" and Mamma got on together!

The car had turned into Church Row, was passing the Mavors' old house, long since in the hands of strangers. Facing her, a black mass against the night sky, rose the tower of Hampstead Church, and Pamela suddenly thought of Cathy, laid to rest twenty years ago in the family vault in the churchyard—poor Cathy, for whom that "better, simpler, happier life" whose passing Mrs. Tobin, deplored, had ended in religious mania. Not from her old home, but from an asylum in which before her death she had been two years an inmate, was she taken to that second and last of her dwelling-places. . . . If she and Sally—dear Sally, also a memory—could have foreseen the future when they laughed together about Cathy's "spiritual excitements"! . . . Pamela stifled a pang of unavailing regret for that levity.

A glance at the upper windows when the car drew up at the front door of Gideon Grange showed her that Pam had arrived. There was a light in the room that was always kept for the girl, and the elder Pamela entered the house with a feeling of gladness.

A wood fire crackled and sparkled in the wide hall; through half-opened doors she caught glimpses of the red damask curtains, the vague shapes of old furniture, the flash of silver and glass revealed for an instant,

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then obscured as the firelight waxed and waned. Never had the house she had made so beautiful seemed pleasanter, more inviting. It was the house that for twenty years had known the coming and going of nephews, nieces and their children, the house that held memories still older; memories of other children—one of them herself, whose feet had raced across this marble paved hall, whose little hands had pushed open the doors that led from it. She could see Fanny leaning on the balustrade, half-way up the wide staircase opposite—Fanny in a short, full skirt, with frilled pantalettes to her ankles, begging her to come to the attic and "dress up." This was the many-memoried home she was so soon to leave!

In her momentary pause upon the threshold, the realisation came to her with an odd thrill of something incredibly strange, something not even yet completely realised. . . .

There was a rustling on the landing out of sight above, and a moment later, running down the stairs towards her with outstretched arms, laughing and breathless with haste, came—herself!—Herself out of the long past, herself, as Fanny's bridesmaid in the crinoline gown of blue-and-white striped muslin!

"Isn't it lovely, Granny! I found it in the attic, in that big trunk. I wanted something for the Slade fancy dress, next week, and I found this, and Mrs. Carter ironed it for me. I've been here hours, while you were out gallivanting, you gay old darling! Don't I look nice in it? . . . Whose was it, Granny? Did it belong to you, or to my real grandmother?"

Pamela held the girl at arm's length, and silently for a moment looked her up and down. In comparison with her own beautiful youth, Pam was scarcely pretty, for though her brown shingled head was well-poised, and her figure lithe and graceful, her features were irregular—the mouth too wide, the little nose too blunt for anything approaching real beauty. It was only the lovely changeful eyes that made her face arresting, and at the moment, flushed, excited, those eyes brilliant with animation, she looked charming.

Pamela tried to smile, but her sight was suddenly dimmed.

"It was my dress—when I was bridesmaid to your—to my sister," she said.

Pam's face changed.

"Granny? You're sad?—I didn't know I oughtn't to wear it," she began distressfully.

"No! No, child! I'm delighted for you to have it. It suits you beautifully. Turn round. It really is a pretty dress. The fashions of my youth were not so bad after all, were they now?"

"Oh, they were lovely!" declared Pam, reassured. "But it's too tight for me, Granny. You must have had a tiny waist. We don't go in for them nowadays. I shall have to let it out somehow. And of course my hair isn't right. I must have curls. Ringlets they were called, weren't they? Lucky I kept my hair when I was shingled. It can be fastened on under the wreath. There's a wreath that must belong to the dress, all made of dear little blue spiky flowers. They're faded, but I shall dip them. I want the whole thing to be correct. Really old, you know. Shall I keep it on, Granny? I can't bear to part with it."

HALF an hour still remained before dinner when Pamela dismissed her maid, and mindful when it suited her of doctor's orders, lay down on the sofa in her bedroom. Two or three books newly arrived from the library were on the table beside her, and she took up the first that came to hand—a recent novel.

Idly turning its pages she read a paragraph here and there, till her attention was held by an episode near the end of the book dealing with a girl's thoughts and conversation on the morning of her wedding.

Pamela let the book slip on to her lap, and for a moment sat very still. The clamor of the gong sounded through the house, and reaching for her stick, she rose from the sofa. Half-way to the door she hesitated, then turned, and picking up the novel, carried it with her downstairs.

In the drawing-room after dinner the younger Pam threw a heap of cushions on the floor before the fire, close to her "Granny's" armchair, and sinking into the midst of them leant back against the old lady's knees.

"An awkward position for the crinoline?" observed Pamela with a laugh as the hooped skirt billowed sideways over the cushions, leaving exposed a pair of slim legs unaccustomed to be hidden.

"Yes, I can't think how on earth you could have put up with the things! I don't know how to manage this one. Life must have been nothing but prunes and prisms when you were young, Granny. And yet I can't in the least imagine you being stiff and proper. Were you? You must have looked beautiful in this frock," she went chattering on, without waiting for an answer. "Uncle Lan says you and my grandmother were called 'the beautiful Miss Thistlewaites!' There's a sad falling off in me, isn't there?" she interpolated with a rueful laugh. "Was my grandmother really so lovely?"

"Yes, lovely in face and form—and nature," said Pamela quietly.

"Tell me about her wedding, Granny. Were you the only bridesmaid?"

"Oh dear, no. There were six of us, all under twenty then—and all dead now except me. The last to go was my dearest friend, your Aunt Phyllis' mother, Sally Erskine. She was Sally Rinlake when Fanny was married. She died when you were a baby, and her husband, Jack, he was your great uncle, the novelist, you know—a year before you were born."

Pamela's eyes watched the leaping flames. She spoke dreamily, more to herself than to the girl at her feet.

"Yes, they're all gone—'the old familiar faces'—and soon, very soon, my dear, I shall follow them."

"Oh, no! No, granny!" Pam turned swiftly and laid her arm across Pamela's knee. There was real fear in her voice. Had not Mrs. Carter the housekeeper told her only this afternoon that her aunt's fainting fits were growing more frequent? "Only not a word to her, Miss Pam. She doesn't want it known."

"I only meant in the natural course of things, my darling," Pamela hastened to say.

The girl met her smile with an answering one, but turned her head to hide lips that quivered.

There was a pause, while little Pam glanced about the room with a heightened sense of its beauty and of all that Gideon Grange which she had known from her babyhood meant for her.

"I'm sure this is the nicest house in the world—and the most comfortable!" she exclaimed at last, irrelevantly.

"Well, I'm afraid I've been very extravagant over it," said Pamela, without however much regret in her tone, "but I wanted to make it a place that all of you young things should remember with pleasure. Comfortable? It wasn't always that," she went on with a laugh. "When I lived here as a child there wasn't a bathroom in the house, and of course such luxuries as central heating, electric light, telephones, were unknown. My sister Fanny and I used to go shivering to bed in the winter. I remember the icy chill of the hall and passages, and of our bedroom to this day! No one ever dreamt then of a fire in a bedroom, nor even of a hot water bottle."

"Awful!" declared Pam with a shudder.

"Oh, no! We just accepted all the conditions of life as they were then, and were none the worse for it."

"What a lot of new inventions and things you've seen in your time, Granny! All the things we take for granted. Electricity, telephones, wireless, motor-cars, too. I suppose?" she added tentatively.

"Of course. Motor-cars are quite recent."

"Oh, no, Granny. Why, they were in before I was born."

"Well, that's recent enough in all conscience," laughed Pamela. "Go on. You haven't nearly finished. "Aeroplanes, the cinema, television——"

"WHY, simply everything! I can't think what there was in your day," the girl added, turning a genuinely puzzled face.

"There was always the arrogance of youth," mocked Pamela.

"Well, I really can't imagine the life you led when you were my age, Granny. And yet you were very busy, I know. Much busier than any of us are now. You've done such a lot in your time, haven't you?"

"Oh!" returned Pamela rather dryly, "who told you that? I thought any little work I happen to have done in the past was completely forgotten?"

"Uncle Lan often talks to me about you and about the bookshop you kept in Chelsea when he and Mummy were children, and great-grandpapa was furious with you for insisting upon bringing them up yourself. I love to hear him talk about the old times! He says you were a leader among the people who were then thought very advanced, and you used to speak in public—brilliantly. What did you speak about, Granny? Uncle Lan seems to think I ought to know, so he doesn't explain, and I don't like to let him see what an ignoramus I am!"

"Oh—about such trifles as the need for better education of women, the throwing open to them of various professions, the alteration of the marriage laws, the suffrage—and so forth."

Pamela's voice was still faintly ironical.

"Everything for women that's been going on for as long as I can remember, you mean?"

"Everything that you take for granted like the air you breathe, my dear. But how do you suppose your present freedom has come about? How is it that you girls can come and go unquestioned and unchaperoned. That you can go for motor drives and dances alone with young men; travel alone; choose your work in life; go to college if you please, take part in all the world's work and play, unchallenged and unhindered? . . . How is it that next year you will go to a polling station, record your vote, and beyond a little amusement because it happens for the first time, fail to think it at all amazing?"

"I see," said Pam slowly. "It's because of you—and people like you."

"Because of a long and brave fight of pioneers now for the most part dead and practically forgotten. I helped a little, certainly, but during my best years I was too busy earning a living for myself and your mother and uncle to give much of my time to the fight . . . Well, it's over now, and the rebels of yesterday are the retrograde old ladies of to-day—like me." She

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smiled down into the eyes of the young girl who was grave and attentive. "There's considerably more to be added to your list of the changes I've known, my dear," she went on. "The whole status of our sex has been revolutionised since I was a girl. We are represented in almost every profession, and I've lived to see women in Parliament. All that you young creatures take as a matter of course, sixty years ago was the mad dream of a handful of maniacs, who, according to popular opinion, ought to have been in a lunatic asylum. Those dreamers are dead, or as good as dead, because forgotten. But their works live after them," she added in a dreamy voice.

"YOUR works will never be forgotten while Uncle Lan lives, Granny, darling!" declared Pamela rather tremulously. "He remembers everything — much more than mother. Mummy doesn't seem to have a very good memory. But Uncle Lan is always telling me stories about you when they were children. He's such a dear, isn't he? And he adores you."

Pamela smiled without reply, but it was the happy smile that the mention of Alan always brought to her lips. To her, Alan meant all there was of comfort of affection, of understanding. He alone knew and guarded at least one of her secrets. To him she had long since given the deepest love that now remained for her to bestow on any human being.

"Mummy doesn't seem to have a very good memory!" It was true. She recalled her recent sight of Pan in the crowded drawing-room a few hours previously, well preserved, well dressed, a pretty woman still—though her mother now saw in her no trace of the likeness that had once recalled an earlier and sweeter Pan. She thought of her daughter without emotion. Pan had long ceased in any way to depend upon her, and for many years past their relationship, though perfectly friendly, had not included intimacy. Pan, as Pamela dispassionately reflected, was a typical mondaine. From the day of her marriage to a dull but wealthy man, she had lived exclusively for the material side of life. She had known few sorrows. Her two sons, both now in the early forties, and decent enough unimaginative men like their father had come out of the war unscathed. They both had money and were making more. Their wives, drawn from the same wealthy classes that with which their father had identified herself, were sufficiently pleasing to her sense of fitness and her grandchildren were pretty enough to make them worthy of display.

Without too much ironical exaggeration, Pamela was inclined to believe that the greatest trial of Pan's life had been the unlooked for arrival of a baby late enough in the day to disorganise her easy luxurious existence. For the little girl there awaited no welcome in her own family. But it was on this child, among all the others, that Pamela's heart was fixed, this child who in all innocence had bestowed upon her the title which, though she had no official right to bear it, was, in fact, the rightful one.

"Granny!" It was the very word with which Pam broke in upon her reverie, and it was uttered rather hesitatingly. A pause followed.

"Well?"

"Granny!" repeated Pam, "didn't you ever want to get married?"

"Yes, dear," said Pamela quietly.

"Then why didn't you?"

"Because the man I was going to marry died."

"Oh, poor Granny!" She laid her soft young cheek against Pamela's hand. "Did—did you love him very much?" she inquired.

"Very much."

There was silence again. "I'm not going to marry till I love someone very much," announced Pam at last. "And I hope that won't be for a long time," she went on earnestly, turning to look at Pamela.

"Why?"

"Because I want to go on with my work. I think I'd have to love a man—desperately—to let him interfere with that. And being married does interfere, you know. I want so much to do something frightfully good in painting, and you have to give yourself up to an art if you're ambitious, don't you? Distractions are so fatal!"

That the girl had more than ordinary talent for painting Pamela was aware. It had descended to her by a sideline, beginning with Fanny's slight gift, and continued casually but with some increase of talent by the younger Pan. It was now taken very seriously by Pan's daughter.

"I'm terribly keen on it, Granny," Pam went on, "and it's only you who understands what it means to me. It's funny that Mummy doesn't, though she went to the Slade, too. But only for such a little while before she married that I suppose she never got at all mad about it as I am, and she can't understand why I give up parties and things that interfere. She says I'll never get married." Pam laughed. "Well, if I don't it won't matter. You never did—and look what a success you've made of your life!"

"Have I? I don't know, child. I don't know." Pamela checked a sigh. "But you're right to wait till you really fall in love," she went on, and then before the girl could speak she put out her hand for the book she had looked at upstairs, and brought with her from the dining-room.

"Have you read this novel by any chance?" she asked, holding it so that the girl could read its title.

"Oh, yes! I think it's terribly good, don't you? How up to date you are, Granny!" she went on with a chuckle. "Now most Grannies would have fits at one or two things in that book."

"Well, I'm not sure that I didn't have a private one upstairs."

Pamela sprang up and looked down at her feet, all at once absorbed in the question of "correct" fancy dress.

"What sort of shoes ought I to wear with this frock, Granny? Sandals, I suppose, with crossed elastics? But how I shall ever dance in them I don't know!"

Pamela looked the girl up and down with an expression which, serious at first, gradually transformed itself into a slow smile.

If she ever loved, it would be, she thought, with something of Fanny's sweet steadfastness, and Fanny's instinctive choice of the right mate, for despite all the surface differences of another age and other manners, it was of Fanny the child often reminded her.

"Thank Heaven for it!" was her grandmother's mental exclamation as she realised how easily, but for an inherited temperament, this girl, whose freedom was unlimited, might make havoc of her life. Except that she slept under the parental roof, her home scarcely counted for anything in the way of influence or training. Though Pan was casually affectionate when she happened to meet her daughter, the child, unwanted from the outset, had grown up with the minimum of attention. She had struck out her own path in life, neither helped nor hindered by a mother engrossed in her own social round, and a father too old to have any concern with the younger generation.

"I suppose I ought to see about getting her presented," Pan had recently observed rather irritably, "but as she doesn't care a bit about anything except that old Slade, I shall let it slide for a bit."

From her armchair Pamela watched her granddaughter practising dancing steps before a long glass, the blue-and-white crinoline skirt swaying about her as she performed negroid movements undreamt of when that dress was made by Madame Celeste of a bow-windowed shop in Bond Street.

"What did you dance when you wore this frock, Granny?" she called in her gay, fresh voice. "Not jazz, certainly! Let me see if I can make a curtsy now." She performed one gracefully enough, but before the recovery was properly effected came running back to her seat on the floor and put both arms on Pamela's lap. "Oh, I simply love Gideon Grange!" she exclaimed impulsively, glancing about the room. "It's so beautiful and so different from every other house I know. I hate modern houses! This one's got an atmosphere . . . I felt it even when I was tiny and used to spend weeks up here with you, you know. Oh, Granny, what should I do without you?" She knelt up on the cushions to embrace her. "This has always been my real home—and you've always been the person I love best in the world!"

ONE afternoon in May of the same year, to her secret annoyance, Miss Sadie Crossland, whose first novel, "Candid Avowals," was attracting so much attention, found herself expected to accompany her hostess to an old lady's birthday celebration.

Driven from her flat by the evil behaviour of a maid she had taken without a reference, Miss Crossland had accepted with bored resignation an invitation to stay for a few days with her distant cousin, Sally Burton, a married daughter of the well-known physician Dr. Alan Freeland. The plunge into family life was not to her taste, but things might easily have been worse. Sally, though quite elderly—she must be nearer forty than thirty—was not a bad sort, and the doctor, often at his daughter's house, was rather an amusing old boy, and must have been quite handsome in his youth . . . The children were not too bad, either.

Anyhow, it was something to live comfortably in a decent house for a few days before deciding whether to hunt for a new maid and return to her Chelsea flat.

"Aunt Pamela will be delighted to see you with me on Wednesday," Mrs. Burton had informed her one morning, turning away from the telephone. "It's her eighty-sixth birthday, you know, dear, and there's to be a great family gathering. I'm so glad I may take you."

From her cousin's tone of satisfaction one might almost have gathered that a singular honor had been bestowed upon a brilliant young writer for whose novel one had to wait weeks at the circulating libraries! It was absurd. . . .

However, the house really was worth seeing, she admitted when Wednesday came, and the garden also.

"It's Granny's joy and pride," said the girl who walked round with her, a girl of two or three years younger than herself and apparently a great-niece of old Miss Thistlewaite. "I call her Granny, but of course as Miss Thistlewaite she's not really my grand-

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mother" . . . she explained. "Yes, I'm Pamela too, and very proud to be her namesake. No, Granny won't appear till teatime. . . . We've made her promise not to come down till then. She's wonderful—but she often has bad fainting fits, and I'm rather afraid that all this big party may be trying for her."

Ten minutes later when all the people who had been scattered over the grounds were gathered about an enormous table in the dining-room, Miss Crossland, as the only non-relative, looked about her with some interest, and decided that the scene, though typically English in its domesticity, was quite pretty, and possessed a certain "quality."

She made no attempt to disentangle relationships. Elderly men and women, men and women a little less elderly, girls of her own age, half-grown boys, small children, were all represented at a table bountifully spread, with a cake as centrepiece mounted high in a blaze of light from tiny candles—a sight which drew shrill exclamations from the excited youngest generation.

Yes, it really was quite pretty, and the old lady in whose honor the family had assembled, was certainly beautiful. She must have looked terribly attractive sixty years ago, playing croquet with the curate, in a crinoline and poke bonnet. Was it croquet they played then, or archery? Perhaps they "arched." She must look it up.

A scene for a novel dealing in brilliantly sarcastic vein with the Victorian Age, occurred to her. She would rather like to interview the old lady in the armchair at the head of the table with whom she had but exchanged a word of greeting. Perhaps it might be managed later. She ought to be able to supply several hints that could be amusingly worked up.

Heavens! what a stuffy life she must have led in her far distant youth. But they were such timid shrinking creatures then, poor fish. Curious that this old dear had remained a spinster! Her looks couldn't have been against her, at any rate. . . . What eyes she had! . . . Rather too bright. Kind of penetrating. . . .

Those brilliant dark eyes had been turned more than once in Miss Crossland's direction during tea, and the young woman experienced an unacknowledged sensation of relief when the juvenile members of the party, having escaped into the garden, Miss Thistlewaite's attention was given to the little group of elderly people round her. Miss Crossland, a little to her own surprise, chose to remain with them. It was curious, but the old lady rather fascinated her.

"The garden is lovelier than ever this year, Aunt Pam," exclaimed the pretty, rather made-up grey-haired woman, the mother, Sadie thought, of that girl who had shown her round the garden.

"It's even prettier now, than it was when I knew it as a child!" declared Mrs. Burton. "You and father were never here as children, were you, Aunt Pam?" she asked, turning to Lady Wilshire?

"Yes, they were—once," put in the old lady, smiling. "When they were six months old. They lay side by side on a hideous horsehair sofa in the morning-room, in long robes, while dear old Aunt Serena gushed over them!"

Dr. Alan Freeland laughed, and laid his hand affectionately over the wrinkled one on the arm of the chair, while he glanced at Lady Wilshire.

"I remember Aunt Serena; don't you, Pan?"

"Vaguely . . . What a shame we were kept out of this paradise as kiddies!" she added in a tone of real vexation. "There was no garden worth mentioning at the Chelsea house."

"We had a rattling good time there, garden or no garden," observed Dr. Freeland a little dryly.

"I remember a summer-house somewhere over in that direction," pursued Mrs. Burton presently, nodding towards a semi-circle of trees. "A little white temple thing very dilapidated, but we used to love playing in it before I went away to boarding-school. What happened to it, Aunt Pam?"

"It fell to pieces long before you were grown up, my dear. I had its ruins removed and put that marble sundial in its place . . . To mark the flight of time," she added in rather a faint voice.

Dr. Freeland unobtrusively glanced at her. "Look here, my lovely aunt, it's time you rested. Where's my wife, poor wretch? On, playing with the babies on the lawn, of course. Well, I'm going to take her and our contingent away. You've had enough excitement, Aunt Pam."

"We'll come too, Dad! I'll call the children to say good-bye to Aunt Pam, if you're ready, Sadie?" said Mrs. Burton rising to follow her father.

Sadie crossed the room with her boyish slouch, and held out her hand to the queenly old lady in the armchair.

The brilliant eyes which had secretly embarrassed the girl travelled swiftly from the close-cropped head down the slim body, more like a youth's than a woman's, and then returned to the contemplation of an arresting if rather hard little face.

"Good-bye, my dear," she said kindly.

THE housekeeper folded a shawl over her mistress's feet, and left her lying in a chaise longue on the lawn

Pamela closed her eyes contentedly. She was very tired, but the party had been successful, and as Mrs. Carter remarked, she had "kept up wonderfully"—in spite of a fainting fit more than usually prolonged from which she recovered only just in time to take her place at the tea-table.

How sweet the tiny ones had looked, and how good they had been! . . . She wondered what Pam made of that strange-looking girl brought by Sally? So young! So full of confidence in their own transcendent wisdom, these girls, bless them! . . . So many types of young things even in her own family . . . Pam, for instance, modern enough, but sweet and lovable, too . . . Dear little Pam, who had more than compensated for that old aching disappointment in her own daughter . . .

She opened her eyes and let them wander over the garden, lovely in the late afternoon sunshine, with its beds of flaming tulips, its smooth emerald lawns broken by flowering trees, snow white, rose pink, against the blue of the sky.

Her gaze followed the stretch of lawn to where it touched the house and then travelled upwards over its mellowed front, while with quite peculiar vividness, scene after scene enacted within its rooms rose to her mind. She saw them as they had looked when white uniformed nurses moved about between the rows of narrow beds, a wounded man in each.

Impossible that it should be fourteen years ago since Gideon Grange was a hospital! . . . Then, soldiers, nurses, doctors vanished. The house had returned to its normal aspect, and she to her normal life. Not quite such an active one, though, as it had been before and during those shattering years . . . The war had told, and with failing strength she had been compelled one by one to resign her membership of societies which had kept her in touch with the working world, and to turn to her library, her garden, and her "family" for solace.

"Those tulips are beautiful! . . . Has the lilac ever been quite so beautiful before? . . . I'm glad to have seen the spring! . . . It is my last," was the thought that followed, bringing with it a little sadness, but no panic—merely a sense of curiosity perhaps soon to be gratified. Perhaps—not.

"I've lived my life. It's time to go," she thought, and closed her eyes again.

It was pleasant to lie still, to feel the warm air on her face, to hear the drowsy hum of bees . . . to be half-asleep in the pleasant summer weather! . . .

Asleep? She presently heard a childish laugh—her own, and then a child's voice—again her own.

"I dreamt I was an old lady, Fan! It felt so funny . . . Come along, let's rush to the bower before Miss Piper calls us!" and she and Fanny were scampering across the lawn towards the shrubbery . . .

Then, with no surprise, she found herself on a platform overlooking a hall crowded with people. She heard a roar of amused laughter . . . She was talking about something, conscious of exhilaration, of excitement, of triumph . . .

Again that scene effaced itself, leaving no memory. . . . She was trying to calm an angry girl who stood before her crying, storming—who was it? Why, Fan, of course. Her daughter Fan . . . And Fan wanted to marry someone? It was impossible! Impossible . . . she couldn't explain to the child why it mustn't be. She couldn't even herself remember why . . .

All at once she was conscious of lying in the cane chair herself, old Pamela Thistlewaite, one hand pressed against her side, aware of a terrible ache at her heart, whether physical or mental she could not determine.

Then suddenly, a girl once more, she was in her bedroom, in the dawnlight. She saw her own face in the dim glass above a frilled muslin dressing table, her white terror-filled face. Something had happened. The summer-house . . . something . . . A horror, a great fear, clutched at her heart with a physical pang . . . She struggled with her failing mind, and at last in a sudden overwhelming rush of clear memory relieved the anguish of a summer's dawn sixty-five years ago. Once more she feared to look in the glass because that stupendous soul-shattering thing that had happened must have burnt some stamp upon her face.

She thought of her long agony in this very house in that room upstairs where she had lain sleepless, devising means of suicide . . . The terror, the awful horror of it all! . . . The shame, the bitter self-abhorrence!

A wave of intense sadness overwhelmed her, a sense of loss, of frustration, of hopeless longing—for what? For whom? And then—she thought she gave a cry. . . Suddenly, with incredible joy, she knew! Francois was beside her. She saw his smiling eyes, heard his voice, Francois whom she had foolishly thought was dead—years and years ago dead!

He laughed, and took her in his arms.

. . . . . .

Alan Freeland at the telephone let the receiver slip from his hand as he turned to his wife. There were tears in his eyes. "She's gone, dear," he said huskily.

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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